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THE

EDINBURGH REVIEW,

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2. *St François d'Assise.* Par E. J. DELECLUSE. Paris: 1844.

IT was a noble design which died with Robert Southey. His History of the Monastic Orders would not perhaps have poured a large tribute of philosophy, divine or human, into the ocean of knowledge; but how graceful would have been the flow of that transparent narrative, and how would it have reflected and enhanced the beauty of every rich champaign and of every towering promontory along which it would have swept! Peremptory and dogmatical as he was, he addressed himself to the task of instructing his own and future generations, with a just sense of the dignity and of the responsibilities of that high office. He was too brave a man, and too sound a Protestant, to shrink from any aspect of truth; nor would he ever have supposed that he could promote a legitimate object of ecclesiastical history by impairing the well-earned fame of any of the worthies of the Church, because they had been entangled in the sophistries or the superstitions of the ages in which they flourished.

M. Chavin de Malan has adopted the project of our fellow-countryman, and is publishing his Monastic History in a series of fragments, among which is this volume on the founder and the progress of the Franciscan Order. Though among the most passionate and uncompromising devotees of the Church of Rome, M. Chavin de Malan also is in one sense a Protestant. He protests against any exercise of human reason in examining any dogma which

that church inculcates, or any fact which she alleges. The most merciless of her cruelties affect him with no indignation, the silliest of her prodigies with no shame, the basest of her superstitions with no contempt. Her veriest dotage is venerable in his eyes. Even the atrocities of Innocent the Third seem to this all extolling eulogist but to augment the triumph and the glories of his reign. If the soul of the confessor of Simon de Montfort, retaining all the passions and all the prejudices of that æra, should transmigrate into a Doctor of the Sorbonne, conversant with the arts and literature of our own times, the result might be the production of such an Ecclesiastical History as that of which we have here a specimen—elaborate in research, glowing in style, vivid in portraiture, utterly reckless and indiscriminate in belief, extravagant, up to the very verge of idolatry, in applause, and familiar, far beyond the verge of indecorum, with the most awful topics and objects of the Christian faith.

The episode of which M. Chavin de Malan disposes in this book, is among the most curious and important in the annals of the Church, and the materials for the Life of Francis of Assisi are more than usually copious and authentic. First in order are his own extant writings, consisting chiefly of letters, colloquies, poems, and predictions. His earliest biographer, Thomas of Celano, was his follower and his personal friend. Three of the intimate associates of the Saint (one of them his confessor) compiled a joint narrative of his miracles and his labours. Bonaventura, himself a General of the Franciscan order, wrote a celebrated life of the Founder, whom in his infancy he had seen. And lastly, there is a chronicle called Fioretti di San Francisco, which, though not written till half a century after his death, has always been held in much esteem by the hagiographers. Within the last thirty years a new edition of it has been published at Verona. On these five authorities all the more recent narratives are founded. Yet the works of Thomas de Celano and of the 'Tres Socii,' with the writings of Francis himself, are the only sources of contemporary intelligence strictly so called; although Bonaventura and the chronicler of the Fioretti had large opportunities of ascertaining the reality of the facts they have related. How far they availed themselves of that advantage, may be partly inferred from the following brief epitome of those occurrences.

The city of Assisi, in Umbria, was a mart of some importance in the latter half of the 12th century. At that period it could boast no merchant more adventurous or successful than Pietro Bernadone di Mericoni. Happy in a thriving trade, and happier still in an affectionate wife, he was above all happy in the prospect of the future eminence of his son Francisco. The foremost

in every feat of arms, and the gayest in every festival, the youth was at the same time assiduous in the counting-house; and though his expenditure was profuse, it still flowed in such channels as to attest the princely munificence of his spirit. The brightest eyes in Assisi, dazzled by so many graces, and the most reverend brows there, acknowledging such early wisdom, were alike bent with complacency towards him; and all conspired to sustain his father's belief, that, in his person, the name of Bernadone would rival the proudest of those whom neither transalpine conquerors, nor the Majesty of the Tiara, disdained to propitiate in the guilds of Venice or of Pisa.

Uniform, alas! is the dirge of all the generations of mankind, over hopes blossoming but to die. In a combat with the citizens of Perugia, Francis was taken prisoner; and after a captivity of twelve months, was released only to encounter a disease, which, at the dawn of manhood, brought him within view of the gates of death. Long, earnest, and inquisitive was his gaze into the inscrutable abyss on which they open; and when at length he returned to the duties of life, it was in the awe-stricken spirit of one to whom those dread realities had been unveiled. The world one complicated imposture, all sensible delights so many polluting vanities, human praise and censure but the tinkling of the cymbals,—what remained but to spurn these empty shadows, that so he might grasp the one imperishable object of man's sublunary existence? His alms became lavish. His days and nights were consumed in devout exercises. Prostrate in the crowded church, or in the recesses of the forest, his agitated frame attested the conflict of his mind. He exchanged dresses with a tattered mendicant, and pressed to his bosom a wretch rendered loathsome by leprosy. But as he gradually gathered strength from these self-conquests, or as returning health restored the tone and vigour of his nerves, his thoughts, reverting to the lower world, wandered in search of victories of another order.

Walter of Brienne was in arms in the Neapolitan States against the Emperor; the weak opposed to the powerful; the Italian to the German: the Guelph to the Ghibelline; and Francis laid him down to sleep, resolved that, with the return of day, he would join the 'Gentle Count,' as he was usually called, in resisting the oppressor to the death. In his slumbers a vast armoury seemed to open to his view; and a voice commanded him to select from the burnished weapons with which it was hung, such as he could most effectually wield against the impious enemy of the Church. The dreamer awoke; and in prompt submission to the celestial mandate, laid aside the serge gown and modest bonnet of his craft, and exhibited himself to his admiring fellow-citizens

armed cap-à-pie, and urging on his war-horse towards the encampment of his destined leader. At Spoleto fatigue arrested his course. Again he slept, and again the voice was heard. It announced to him that the martial implements of his former vision were not, as he had supposed, such as are borne beneath a knightly banner against a carnal adversary, but arms of spiritual temper, to be directed, in his native city, against the invisible powers of darkness. He listened and obeyed; and Assisi reopened her gates to her returning warrior, resolute to break a lance with a more fearful foe than was ever sent by the Emperor into the field.

To superficial judges it probably appeared as if that dread antagonist had won an easy triumph over his young assailant. For Francis was seen once more the graceful leader of the civic revels, bearing in his hand the sceptre of the king of frolic, and followed by a joyous band, who made the old streets echo with their songs. As that strain arose, however, a dark shadow gathered over the countenance of the leader, and amid the general chorus his voice was unheard. 'Why so grave, Francis? art thou going to be mar-'ried?' exclaimed one of the carollers. 'I am,' answered Francis, 'and to a lady of such rank, wealth, and beauty, that the world 'cannot produce her like.' He burst from the jocund throng in search of her, and was erelong in her embrace. He vowed to take her 'for his wedded wife, for better for worse, to love and to 'cherish till death should them part.' The lady was Poverty. The greatest poet of Italy and the greatest orator of France have celebrated their nuptials. But neither Dante nor Bossuet was the inventor of the parable. It was ever on the lips of Francis himself, that Poverty was his bride, that he was her devoted husband, and the whole Franciscan order their offspring.

His fidelity to his betrothed lady was inviolate, but not unassailed by temptation. Pleasure, wealth, ambition, were the syrens who, with witching looks and songs, attempted to divert him from his Penelope; and when he could no longer combat, he at least could fly the fascination. Wandering in the Umbrian hills, he wept and fasted, and communed with the works of God; till, raised to communion with their Maker, he knelt in a rustic church which the piety of ancient times had consecrated there to the memory of St Damiano.

The voice which directed his path in life was heard again. 'Seest thou not,' it cried, 'that my temple is falling into ruins? 'Restore it.' Again the spirit of interpretation failed him. Instead of addressing himself to renovate the spiritual, he undertook the repairs of the material fabric—an arduous task for the future spouse of Poverty! But obedience was indispensable. Rising

from his knees, he hastened to his father's warehouse, laded a stout palfrey with silks and embroideries, sold both horse and goods at the neighbouring town of Foligno, and laid down the money at the feet of the officiating priest of St Damiano. The more cautious churchman rejected the gold. Francis indignantly cast it into the mire; and vowed that the building so solemnly committed to his care should become his dwelling-place and his home, till the Divine behest had been fulfilled.

During all this time hallucinations of his own, though of a far different kind, had haunted the brain of the respectable Pietro Bernadone. Grouping into forms ever new and brilliant, like spangles shaken in a kaleidoscope, the ideas of bales and bills of lading, of sea risks and of supercargoes, had combined with those of loans to reckless Crusaders and of the supply of hostile camps, to form one gorgeous Eldorado, when intelligence of the loss of his draperies, his pack-horse, and his son, restored him to the waking world and to himself. The goods and the quadruped were gone irrevocably. But as the exasperated father paced the streets of Assisi, a figure emaciated with fasts and vigils, squalid with dirt, and assailed by the filthy missiles of a hooting rabble, approached him, and as it moved onwards with a measured tread, an uplifted eye, and a serene aspect, it revealed to the old merchant, in this very sorry spectacle of dignified suffering, the long-cherished object of his ambitious hopes. What biographer even now can tell the sequel without a blush! Francis was hurried away from his persecutors and his admirers, in the grasp of the elder Bernadone, and, from his vigorous arm, received that kind of chastisement under which heroism itself ceases to be sublime. The incensed judge then passed a chain round the body of the youth, and left him in a kind of domestic prison, there to satiate his love for penances, until his own return from a journey to which the inexorable demands of his commerce had summoned him.

Wiser far and more gentle was the custody to which Francis was transferred, and a voice was heard in his penitentiary full of a more genuine inspiration than any of those by which his steps had been hitherto guided. It was the voice of his mother, soothing her half-distracted child in accents as calm and as holy as those which first broke the silence of Eden. It spoke to him of maternal love, of reconciliation, and of peace. But it addressed him in vain. He was bound to leave father and mother, and to cleave to his betrothed wife, and to the duties of that indissoluble alliance. Convinced at length of the vanity, perhaps trembling at the impiety, of any further resistance, his mother threw open his prison doors, and permitted him to escape to his sanctuary at St Damiano.

In those hallowed precincts Francis found courage to oppose, and constancy to disarm, the rage with which he was pursued by his father. Gradually, but surely, the mind of the old man embraced the discovery, that, though dwelling on the same planet, he and his son were inhabitants of different worlds. From that conviction he advanced with incomparable steadiness to the practical results involved in it. Why, he enquired, should a churchman, to whom all earthly interests were as the fine dust in the balance, retain the price of the pack-horse and of his pack? The priest of St Damiano immediately restored the scattered gold, which he had providently gathered up. Why should a youth who despised all treasures, but those laid up in heaven, retain his prospective right to a sublunary inheritance? A renunciation of it was at once drawn up, signed, and placed in his hands. Why should a candidate for cowl and scapulary retain the goodly apparel in which he had reached his place of refuge? In a few moments the young probationer stood before him in his shirt. Carefully packing up the clothes, the parchment, and the gold, the merchant returned to accumulate more gold at Assisi. And here history takes her leave of him; without regret and without applause, but not without a sullen acknowledgement, that, after all, it was from the mortal Pietro that the immortal Francis derived one inheritance which he could not renounce—the inheritance of that inflexible decision of purpose which elevated the father to distinction among the worshippers of Mammon, and the son to eminence among the saints of Christendom.

It was indeed 'an obstinate hill to climb.' An orphan with living parents, a beggar entitled to a splendid patrimony, he traversed the mountains with the freedom of soul known only to those for whom the smiles of fortune have no charm, and her frowns no terror. Chanting divine canticles as he went, his voice attracted the banditti who lurked in those fastnesses. They tossed the worthless prize contemptuously into a snow drift. Half frozen, he crawled to a neighbouring monastery, and was employed by the monks as a scullion. He returned to the scene of his former revels, and obtained the cloak, the leathern girdle, and the staff of a pilgrim as an alms from one who, in those brilliant days, had confessed his superiority in every graceful art, and in every feat of chivalry. With the dress he assumed the spirit of a pilgrim, and devoted himself to the relief of the sorrows of those who like himself, though for a very different reason, were estranged from a cold and a fastidious world.

Into all the countries embracing the Mediterranean, the Crusaders had at this period introduced the Leprosy of the East. A ritual was compiled for the purpose of celebrating with impressive

solemnity the removal of the victims of that fearful malady from all intercouse with their fellow Christians. It was a pathetic and melancholy service, in which the sternest interdict was softened by words of consolation and of pity. Nor were they words of empty ceremonial. A sentiment of reverence towards those miserable sufferers was widely diffused throughout the whole of Europe. The obscurity which hung over the origin, the nature, and the cure of the disease, and the mysterious connexion in which it stood to the warfare for the Holy Sepulchre, moved that wonder-loving age to invest it with a kind of sacred character. The churchmen of the times availed themselves skilfully and kindly of this popular feeling. They taught that Christ himself had regarded the leprous with peculiar tenderness; and not content to enforce this lesson from those parts of the evangelic narrative which really confirm it, they advanced by the aid of the Vulgate further still, and quoted from the 53d chapter of Isaiah, a prophecy in which, as they maintained, the Messiah himself was foretold under the image of a leper. 'Nos putavimus 'eum quasi *Leprosum*, percussum a Deo, et humiliatum.' Kings and princes visited, countesses ministered to them, saints (as it was believed) wrought miracles for their cure, and almost every considerable city erected hospitals for their detention and relief.

Some time before his betrothment to Poverty, Francis, crossing on horseback the plain which surrounds Assisi, unexpectedly drew near to a leper. Controlling his involuntary disgust, the rider dismounted, and advanced to greet and to succour him, but the leper instantaneously disappeared. St Bonaventura is sponsor for the sequel of the tale. He who assumed this deplorable semblance was in reality no other than the awful Being whom the typical language of Isaiah had adumbrated. Little wonder, then, that after his vows had been plighted to his austere bride, Francis had faith to see, and charity to love, even in the leprous, the imperishable traces of the Divine image in which man was created, and the brethren of the Divine sufferer by whom man was redeemed.

Yet, despite this triumph of the spiritual discernment over the carnal sense, neither faith nor charity could subdue his natural terror in the prospect of a continued and familiar intercourse with such associates. Some distinct disclosure of the Divine will was still requisite to such a self-immolation; and such disclosures were never long denied to him. The now familiar voice was heard anew. 'Hate what thou hast hitherto loved,' it cried; 'Love what thou hast hitherto hated.' He listened, and became an inmate of the Leprous Hospital at Assisi. With his own hands he washed the feet and dressed the sores of the lepers; and once

at least reverently applied his lips to such a wound. The man (so says St Bonaventura) instantly became whole. 'Whether shall we most admire,' he exclaims, 'the miraculous power, or the courageous humility of that kiss?' A question to be asked of those who believe in both. But even they who reject the miracle, will revere the loving-kindness of such a sojourn among such unhappy outcasts.

In later days Francis became the father and the apostle of the leprous; and when weightier cares withdrew him in person from that charge, his heart still turned towards them with a father's yearnings. Among his numerous followers, were some who, though destitute of the higher gifts of intellect, were largely endowed with the heroism of self-denying love. James, surnamed the Simple, was amongst the most conspicuous of them, and in those abodes of woe he earned the glorious title of steward and physician of the leprous. It happened that, in his simplicity, James brought one of his patients to worship at a much-frequented church, and there received from Francis the rebuke so well merited for his indiscretion. The heart of the sick man was oppressed as he listened to the censure of his benefactor; and the heart of Francis was moved within him to perceive that he had thus inadvertently added to the burden of the heavy laden. He fell at the leper's feet, implored his forgiveness, sat down with him to eat out of the same dish, embraced and dismissed him! Had he grasped every subtle distinction of the Summa Theologiæ itself, or had he even built up that stupendous monument of the learning of his age, it would have been a lower title to the honours of canonization.

The church of St Damiano still lay in ruins. The command to rebuild it was still unrevoked. Ill success had followed the attempt to extract the requisite funds from the hoards of the old merchant. Plutus, his inexorable father, had been invoked in vain. Poverty, his affianced wife, might be more propitious. He wooed her in the form she loves best. In the dress and character of a beggar he traversed the city through which he had been wont to pass, the gayest of her troubadours, the bravest of her captains, the most sumptuous of her merchants. Assisi had her witty men who jeered, her wise men who looked grave, and her respectable men who were scandalized, as this strange apparition invoked their alms in the names of the Virgin and of St Damiano. Solemn heads were shaken at the sight, in allusion to the supposed state of the brain of the mendicant. But the sarcasms of the facetious, and the conclusive objections of the sensible, fell on Francis like arrows rebounding from the scales of Behemoth. His energy silenced and repelled them all. Insuperable difficul-

ties gave way before him. The squalid lazar became the inspiring genius of the architect, the paymaster of the builders, the menial drudge of the workmen. Sometimes he came with money in his hand, sometimes with stones and mortar on his back. At his bidding, nave, chancel, arches, roof, and towers, rose from their foundations. The sacred edifice appeared in renovated splendour. The heavenly precept was obeyed.

Prompt and decisive was the reaction of popular feeling. Instead of debating whether this strange mortal was rogue or maniac, it was now argued that he must be either a necromancer or a saint. The wiser and more charitable opinion prevailed. Near to the city was a ruined church sacred to the prince of the apostles. Confident in his late success, Francis rather demanded, than implored, contributions for rebuilding it. Purses were emptied into his hands, and speedily the dome of St Peter's looked down in all its pristine dignity on the marts and battlements of Assisi.

There were no church-building commissioners in those days. In their stead, a half-starved youth in the rags of a bedesman moved along the streets of his native city, appealing to every passer-by, in quiet tones and earnest words, and with looks still more persuasive, to aid him in reconstructing the chapel of La Porzioncula; a shrine of Our Lady of Angels, of which the remains may yet be seen, at once hallowing and adorning the quiet meadow by which Assisi is surrounded. 'He wept to think 'upon her stones, it grieved him to see her in the dust.' Vows were uttered, processions formed, jewels, plate, and gold were laid at the feet of the gentle enthusiast; and Mary with her attendant angels rejoiced (so at least it was devoutly believed) over the number and the zeal of the worshippers who once more thronged the courts erected in honour of her name.

From that devout company he was not often absent, by whose pious zeal the work had been accomplished. As he knelt before the altar, the oracular voice so often heard before again broke in upon the silence of his soul. It cried, 'Take nothing 'for your journey, neither staves nor scrip, neither bread nor 'money, neither have two coats a-piece.' A caviller, in the plight to which Francis was reduced already, might have evaded such an injunction. But Francis was no caviller. The poor fragment left to him of this world's goods, his shoes, his staff, his leathern girdle, and his empty purse, were abandoned; and in his coarse cloak of serge, drawn round him with a common cord, he might defy men and devils to plunge him more deeply in the lack of this world's wealth, or to rekindle in his heart the passion for it.

And now were consummated his nuptials with his betrothed spouse. Dante has composed the Epithalamium in the eleventh Canto of the *Paradiso* :—

'Not long the period from his glorious birth,
When, with extraordinary virtue blest,
This wondrous Sun began to comfort earth;
Bearing, while yet a child, his father's ire,
For sake of her whom all as death detest,
And banish from the gate of their desire.
Before the spiritual court, before
His father, too, he took her for his own:
From day to day then loved her more and more.
* * * *
But lest my language be not clearly seen,
Know, that in speaking of these lovers twain,
Francis and Poverty henceforth I mean.
Their joyful looks, with pleasant concord fraught,
Where love and sweetness might be seen to reign,
Were unto others cause of holy thought.'*

Nor did Bossuet himself disdain to emulate this part of the 'divine comedy.' In the panegyric bestowed on the saint by the great orator, Francis is introduced thus addressing his bride:—

'Ma chère Pauvreté, si basse que soit ton extraction selon le 'jugement des hommes, je t'estime depuis que mon maître t'a 'épousée. Et certes,' proceeds the preacher, 'il avait raison, 'Chrétiens! Si un roi épouse une fille de basse extraction, elle 'devient reine; on en murmure quelque temps, mais enfin on la 'reconnaît: elle est ennoblie par le mariage du prince.' 'Oh 'pauvres! que vous êtes heureux! parce qu'à vous appartient le 'royaume de Dieu. Heureux donc mille et mille fois, le pauvre 'François; le plus ardent, le plus transporté, et, si j'ose parler de 'la sorte, le plus désespéré amateur de la pauvreté qui ait peut 'être été dans l'église.'

Art contributed her aid to commemorate this solemn union. In one of the churches of Assisi may yet be seen a fresco by Giotto, of Francis and his bride; he placing the nuptial ring on her finger, and she crowned with light and roses, but clothed in sordid apparel, and her feet torn by the sharp stones and briars over which she is passing.

As often as the rising sun had in former days lighted up the spires of Assisi, it had summoned the hard-handed many to earn their bread by the sweat of their brows; and the prosperous few

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* Wright's *Dante.*

to drive bargains, or to give them legal form; to chant masses, or to assist at them; to confess, or to lay up matter for confession; to arrange their toilettes, or to sit in judgment on the dresses and characters of others; to sleep through the sultry noon, and to while away the long soft summer nights with dice, music, scandal, or lovers' vows; till, after some few circuits through the Zodiac, the same sun looked down on their children's children sauntering at the same listless pace, along the same flowery road, to the same inevitable bourne. But no sooner had these prolific nuptials been celebrated, than the great mass of human existence at Assisi began to heave with unwonted agitation. In her streets and public walks and churches, might be daily encountered the presence of one, most merciless to himself, most merciful to others. His few, simple, and affectionate words, penetrated those cold and frivolous minds; for they were uttered in the soul-subduing power of a seer, whose wide horizon embraces the sublime objects visible to the eye of faith, though hidden from the grosser eye of sense.

Of the union of Francis and Poverty, Bernard de Quintavalle was the first fruits. He was a man of wealth and distinction, and had cherished some distrust of the real sanctity of his fellow townsman. Bernard therefore brought him to his house, laid himself down to rest in the same chamber, and pretended to sleep while he watched the proceedings of his guest. He saw him rise and kneel, extend his arms, weep tears of rapture, and gaze towards heaven, exclaiming repeatedly, 'My God, and my all!' At this sight all doubts were dissipated. 'Tell me,' said Bernard to his friend, when they met shortly afterwards, 'if a slave should 'receive from his master a treasure which he finds to be useless to 'him, what ought he to do with it?' 'Let him restore it,' said Francis, 'to his master.' 'Lo, then,' replied Bernard, 'I render back 'to God the earthly goods with which He has enriched me.' 'We will go together to church,' rejoined the spouse of Poverty, 'and, after hearing mass, we will ascertain his will.' In their way thither they were joined by Peter of Catania, who, though a canon of the cathedral church of Assisi, was another aspirant after the same sublime self-sacrifice.

The three knelt together before the altar; and when the mass had been sung, the officiating priest, at their request, made the sign of the cross over the missal, and then devoutly opened it. Once on behalf of each of them were these *sortes sanctorum* tried. To the first enquiry, the response of the oracle was, 'If ye will 'be perfect, go and sell all that ye have.' To the second it answered, 'Take nothing for your journey.' To the third and last was returned the admonition, 'He that would come after me,

let him deny himself, and take up his cross and follow me.' 'Ye have heard, my brethren,' exclaimed Francis, 'what must be our rule of life, and the rule of all who shall join us. Let us obey the Divine command.' It was obeyed implicitly. Bernard and Peter sold all they had, and gave it to the poor; and having stript themselves of all temporal wealth, as absolutely as their leader, they assumed his austere dress, and avowed themselves his disciples.

A great event had happened in an unconscious world. Though but three had thus met together, yet the order of Minorites or Franciscan brethren was constituted. Six centuries have since passed away; and it still flourishes, one of the elements of life, if not of progress, in the great Christian commonwealth.

The grain of mustard-seed soon began to germinate. Francis, Bernard, and Peter retired together to a hut in the centre of the plain of Rivo Torto; so called from a serpentine stream which wanders through it. With what authority the founder ruled even these, his first followers, may be inferred from the fact (attested by the usual evidence,) that after the death of Peter, such prodigies of healing were wrought at his tomb, as much disturbed the devout retirement of his surviving friends. 'Brother Peter, 'you always obeyed me implicitly when you were alive,' at length exclaimed the much perplexed Francis—'I expect from 'you a similar submission now. The visitors to your tomb annoy 'us sadly. In the name of holy obedience I command you to 'work no more miracles.' Peter at once dutifully desisted from his posthumous works of mercy. 'So obedient,' observes M. Chavin de Malan, writing in this nineteenth century, 'were the family 'of Francis even after death.'

At Rivo Torto, Egidius, another rich citizen of Assisi, sought out and joined the new society. Famous for many graces, and for not a few miracles, he is especially celebrated for having received at Perugia a visit from St Louis in disguise, when the two saints long knelt together in silence, embracing each other, so as to bring their hearts into the closest possible contiguity. On the departure of the King, Egidius was rebuked by his brethren for his rudeness, in saying not a word to so great a sovereign. 'Marvel not,' he answered, 'that we did not speak. 'A divine light laid bare to each of us the heart of the other. No 'words could have intelligibly expressed that language of the soul, 'or have imparted the same sacred consolation. So impotent 'is the tongue of man to utter divine mysteries.'

Sabbatini, of whom we read only that he was *vir bonus et rectus*—Morico, a crusader, who had been miraculously cured by the prayers of Francis—John de Capella, 'who like another

Judas hanged himself at last'—Sylvester, who, in a dream, had seen the arms of Francis extended to either end of the world, while a golden cross reached from his lips to heaven—with four other worthies, of whom history has preserved only the names, followed the steps of the mystic Egidius. In the dilapidated hut of Rivo Torto, twelve poor men had now assembled. To a common observer they might have passed for the beggar king and his tattered crew. To the leader himself they appeared, more justly, an image of the brotherhood of which the patriarchal family had been the type, and the apostolic college the antitype.

The morning had dawned over the hills from which the Rivo Torto flows, and long had been the prayer of Francis, when rising from his knees, he called his brethren round him, and thus addressed them. 'Take courage, and shelter yourselves in God. 'Be not depressed to think how few we are. Be not alarmed 'either at your own weakness, or at mine. God has revealed to 'me, that He will diffuse through the earth this our little family, 'of which He is himself the Father. I would have concealed 'what I have seen, but love constrains me to impart it to you. 'I have seen a great multitude coming to us, to wear our dress, 'to live as we do. I have seen all the roads crowded with men 'travelling in eager haste towards us. The French are coming. 'The Spaniards are hastening. The English and the Germans 'are running. All nations are mingling together. I hear the 'tread of the numbers who go and come to execute the commands 'of holy obedience.' 'We seem contemptible and insane. But 'fear not. Believe that our Saviour, who has overcome the 'world, will speak effectually in us. If gold should lie in our 'way, let us value it as the dust beneath our feet. We will not, 'however, condemn or despise the rich who live softly, and are 'arrayed sumptuously. God, who is our master, is theirs also. 'But go and preach repentance for the remission of sins. 'Faithful men, gentle, and full of charity, will receive you and 'your words with joy. Proud and impious men will condemn 'and oppose you. Settle it in your hearts to endure all things 'with meekness and patience. The wise and the noble will 'soon join themselves to you, and, with you, will preach to kings, 'to princes, and to nations. Be patient in tribulation, fervent 'in prayer, fearless in labour, and the kingdom of God, which 'endures for ever, shall be your reward.'

Such, we are assured by his three companions, was the inaugural discourse of Francis to his disciples. Then drawing on the earth on which he stood a figure of the cross, each limb of which was turned to one of the four cardinal points of the compass, and arranging his companions in the four corresponding

lines, he dismissed each of them with the solemn benediction—'Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and He shall nourish thee.' The new missionaries departed to their work of mercy, and Francis himself retired to the solitude of the hut of Rivo Torto.

In that retirement an arduous duty awaited him. He drew up there, in twenty-three chapters, the rule of his new monastic order, 'the Magna Charta of Poverty.' It did not essentially differ from the similar institutes of the Benedictines. To the vows of chastity and obedience, was however to be added a solemn vow of Poverty. His brethren were to labour with their hands, and were to be maintained by alms. But they were to solicit alms, not as suitors for a gratuitous favour, but as assertors of a positive right, which Christ himself had bestowed on the poor. A code of higher authority than any human laws, had imposed on the rich the office, and the obligations, of stewards for such as had need of sustenance. The indigent were the real proprietors of all earthly treasures. The food on which Dives fared sumptuously, belonged of right to Lazarus; and Dives could acquire an equal title to be fed, only by lying, in his turn, a beggar at the gate.

A doctrine always so welcome to the great body of mankind, could never have been announced with a surer prospect of a wide and cordial acceptance, than in the commencement of the thirteenth century. But the establishment in the church of a polity thus democratic, seemed no easy enterprise. The sanction of him who wore the Triple Crown, could, it seemed, be scarcely expected for an institute so menacing to all sovereigns, whether secular or spiritual. Yet without that sanction, the founder might become an heresiarch as guilty as Peter Waldo, and his followers obnoxious to punishments as terrible as those of the Albigenses. It was in the summer of the year 1210 that Francis, accompanied by two or three of his disciples, made a pilgrimage to Rome, to propitiate, if possible, to these startling novelties, the formidable potentate who then bore the keys and the sword of Peter.

The splendid palace of the Lateran reflected the rays of the evening sun as the wayworn travellers approached it. A group of churchmen in sumptuous apparel were traversing with slow and measured steps its lofty terrace, then called 'the Mirror,' as if afraid to overtake Him who preceded them in a dress studiously simple, and with a countenance wrapt in earnest meditation. Unruffled by passion, and yet elate with conscious power, that eagle eye, and those capacious brows, announced him the lord of a dominion which might have satisfied at once the pride of Diogenes and the ambition of Alexander. Since the Tugurium was

built on the Capitoline, no greater monarch had ever called the seven hills his own. But in his Pontificate no æra had occurred more arduous than that in which Innocent the Third saw the mendicants of Assisi prostrate themselves at his feet.

Twelve years had elapsed since his elevation to the Pontifical throne. In that period he had converted into realities the most audacious visions of Hildebrand. He had exacted the oath of fealty to himself from all the Imperial officers of the city. He had seized on the marches of Ancona and Umbria. He had annulled the election of Frederick, the infant son of the deceased Emperor, and as Vicar of Christ on earth, had substituted for him the young Otho of Brunswick, whom he afterwards excommunicated. He had laid France under an interdict to punish the divorce of Philip Augustus. He had given away the crowns of Bohemia and Bulgaria. He had received homage from John for the crown of England; and, availing himself of Count Baldwin's capture of Constantinople, he had become the arbiter of the fortunes of the Eastern Empire. So far all had been triumphant. But dark clouds had now arisen, which may well be supposed to have shaped and coloured the evening reverie of this great conqueror, when it was interrupted by the sudden appearance of Francis and his companions.

The interruption was as unwelcome as it was abrupt. As he gazed at the squalid dress and faces of his strange suitors, and observed their bare and unwashed feet, his lip curled with disdain, and, sternly commanding them to withdraw, he seemed again to retire from the outer world into some of the deep recesses of that capacious mind. Francis and his companions betook themselves to prayer; Innocent to his couch. There (says the legend) he dreamt that a palm-tree sprouted up from the ground between his feet, and swiftly shooting up into the heavens, cast her boughs on every side, a shelter from the heat and a refreshment to the weary. The vision of the night (so proceeds the tale) dictated the policy of the morning, and assured Innocent that, under his fostering care, the Franciscan Palm would strike deep her roots, and expand her foliage on every side, in the vineyard of the church.

Never, however, was there a time when the councils of Rome were less under the influence of narcotics of any kind. It must have been in the vigils, not in the slumbers, of the night, that the Pontiff revolved the incidents of the preceding evening, and perceived their full significance. Yet why deliberate at all when it is impossible to err? Infallibility should advance to truth by one free intuitive bound, not hobbling on the crutches of enquiry and inference. It is among the mysteries which we are bound to

revere in silence, that, whether in solitude or in synods, the inspired wisdom of Rome has always groped its way by the aid of human reasonings. No record remains of those which now governed the resolves of Innocent; but an obvious conjecture may supply them.

The great traditional maxim of the Papal dynasty has ever been, to direct the tendencies of each succeeding age, by grasping and controlling the springs of action from which the spirit of each successively derives its mould, and form, and fashion. From every province of his spiritual empire, had recently reached the Pontiff tidings of the appearance and rapid diffusion of a spirit full of menace to all thrones, and urgently demanding subjugation. It might be called the fraternizing spirit. It manifested itself in the creation of brotherhoods as barriers against despotism, both feudal and ecclesiastical. In all the chief cities of Europe, the merchants, citizens, and workmen, were forming themselves into guilds, and electing their own syndics and magistrates. Already might be discerned the active germs of the great commercial commonwealths of Florence, Pisa, and Genoa; of Frankfurt, Ghent, and Bruges; of Hamburgh, Lubeck, and Bremen; and those of the no less great commercial corporations of London, Bristol, and Norwich. Still more numerous were the religious associations which, in one vast, though incoherent alliance, opposed the pride and luxury of their spiritual lords. From the Guadalquiver to the Elbe—from the Thames to the Tiber—swarms of such socialists practised, or seemed to practise, extreme austerities, and inculcated doctrines abhorred of the orthodox and the faithful. Obscurely distinguished from each other as Patarins, Cathari, Bons-Hommes, Poor men of Lyons, Josephins, Flagellants, Publicani, and Waldenses, or grouped together under the general term of Albigenses, they rejected the sacraments of marriage and penance, and disbelieved the magical influence of baptism and the eucharist. They denied the lawfulness of oaths and of capital punishments. They maintained that no Divine ordinance was valid if administered by a priest in mortal sin. They taught that the successors of the Apostles were bound to succeed to the apostolic poverty; and since none so well fulfilled that hereditary obligation as themselves, they thought that none were equally well entitled to discharge the apostolic office.

To refute these errors, Rome had employed her most irrefragable arguments; the bitter curses of Lucius; the cruelties, beyond conception horrible, of Innocent. The brand, the scourge, and the sword, had fallen from the wearied hands of the ministers of his vengeance. Hundreds were cast alive into the furnace, and not a few plunged into the flames with exulting declarations of the faith for which they perished. The Vicar of

Christ bathed the banner of the cross in a carnage, from which the wolves of Romulus, and the eagles of Cæsar, would have turned away with loathing. But the will of the sufferers was indomitable, and this new scourge of God was constrained to feel, that, from conquests which left the immortal spirit unsubdued, he could derive no effectual security, and no enduring triumph.

Such was the menacing aspect which Christendom presented to her sacerdotal head at the moment, when, after having first repulsed, he again summoned to his presence, the mendicants of Assisi. The other monastic orders formed so many ramparts round his throne. But neither the Benedictines with their splendid endowments, nor the Carthusians with their self-immolations, nor the Cistertians in their studious solitudes, nor the Templars and Hospitallers with their sharp swords, nor the Beguines and Maturins with their half-secular pursuits, could oppose any effective weapons to the migratory gospellers, who in every land toiled and preached and died, at once the martyrs and the devoted antagonists of his power. It was, then, in no dreaming phantasy, but in open vision, that the palm-tree sprung up between his feet, a new and a welcome shelter. The fervid speech, the resolved aspect, the lowly demeanour, the very dirt and wretchedness of those squalid vagrants, gave to that penetrating eye assurance of a devotedness which might rival and eclipse, and, perhaps, persuade those whom Simon de Montfort had in vain attempted to exterminate. And as, in later days, Aristotelian innovations were neutralized by scholastic subtleties;—the all-emancipating press by the soul-subduing miracles of art;—the impassioned revolt of Luther by the ardent allegiance of Loyola:—so now the ill-organized confederacy of the reformers of Western Europe might be counteracted by a zeal as impetuous as their own, but more efficient when guided by the unerring sagacity of the Roman conclave. The popular watchwords of Poverty, Continence, Lowliness, and Self-denial, would no longer be used only as reproaches on the Roman hierarchy, but as the war-cry of the self-mortified adherents of Rome. Her enthusiastic missionaries, commanding the sympathy of the multitude, would direct it in holy indignation against the vices of the mitre and the coronet, but in pious loyalty towards the tiara which had rested for a thousand years on the brows of the successors of Peter.

With such prescience, Innocent recalled the youth whose first overtures he had contemptuously rejected. He now accepted them, cordially indeed, yet with characteristic caution. The laws of the proposed order of Minorites were examined, discussed, and approved. Heedless of the sinister predictions of the Sacred Col-

lege, the Pope was willing to recognize, in the severity of their discipline, the perfection which Christ himself requires; and Francis, having plighted solemn vows of obedience, and having received in turn a no less solemn apostolic blessing, departed from the Lateran with an *unwritten* approbation of his rule.

Inflamed with holy ardour for the conversion of men, and for the defence of the fortress and centre of the Catholic faith, he returned to his native city. His toilsome march was a genuine ovation. His steps were followed by admiring crowds; church bells rang out their peals at his approach; processions chanting solemn litanies advanced to meet him; enraptured devotees kissed his clothes, his hands, his feet; proselytes of either sex, and of every rank and age, repeated the vows of poverty, continence, obedience, and labour; and as the words passed from mouth to mouth, other vows mingled with them, devoting lands, convents, and monasteries, to the use of those whose abandonment of all worldly wealth was thus enthusiastically celebrated. Superb inconsistency! No homage, however extravagant, is refused by mankind to a will at once inflexible and triumphant; so great is the reverence unconsciously rendered, even by the least reflecting, to the great mystery of our nature;—the existence in man of volitions and of resolves not absorbed in the Supreme Will, but, in some enigmatic sense, distinct from it. The simple-hearted Francis had a readier solution. 'They honour God,' he exclaimed, 'in the vilest of his creatures.' Whatever may have been the motive of the donors, the fact is certain, that on his return from Rome, the spouse of Poverty received for the use of his spiritual offspring a formal grant of the church of St Mary-of-Angels, or the Porzioncula, which his pious zeal had reinstated.

Among the saints of the Roman calendar few enjoy a more exalted renown than St Clare, a scion of the noble house of Ortolana. 'Clara,' so runs the bull of her canonization, 'claris 'præclara meritis, magnæ in cœlo claritate gloriæ, ac in terra mira- 'culorum sublimium, clare claret.' Even before her birth a voice from heaven had announced that her course of life was to be a brilliant one, and at the instance of her mother, to whom the promise had been addressed, she therefore received at the baptismal fount the significant name on which, after her death, Pope Alexander the Fourth was to play this jingle. From her childhood she had justified the appellation. Beneath her costly robes, and the jewels which adorned them, she wore the penitential girdle; and vain were the efforts of countless suitors to win a heart already devoted to the heavenly Bridegroom. The fame of her piety reached the ears of Francis. She admired the lustre of his sanctity. The mutual attraction was felt and acknowledged. They met, con-

ferred, and not again. By his advice an elopement from the house of her parents was arranged, and by his assistance it was effected. They fled to the Porzioncula. Monks, chanting their matins by torch-light, received and welcomed her there; and then, attended by her spiritual guide, she took sanctuary in the neighbouring church of St Paul until arrangements could be made for her reception in a convent. The heroine of the romance was in her nineteenth, the hero in his thirtieth year. Yet she was not an Eloisa, but only one of those young ladies (all good angels guard them!) by whom the ether of sacerdotal eloquence cannot be safely inhaled in private. He was not an Abelard, but only one of those ghostly counsellors (all good angels avert them!) who would conduct souls to heaven by the breach of the earliest and most sacred of the duties which He who reigns there has laid upon us. Such, indeed, was the superiority of Francis to any prejudice in favour of filial obedience and parental authority, that despite the agony and the rage of her father, and the efforts of his armed retainers, he induced her two sisters, Agnes and Beatrice, to follow her flight and to partake of her seclusion. The shears which severed the clustering locks of Agnes, were held, we are assured, by his own consecrated hands.

So bewitching an example was, of course, fatal to many other flowing tresses, and to the serenity of the heads they covered. The church of St Damiano, which the zeal of Francis had reconstructed, became the convent of the order of poor sisters. Monks cannot cease to be men; and, in their silent cells, the hearts of the Minor brethren throbbed to learn that their cravings for woman's sympathy were thus, at least, partially satisfied. Under the guidance of the ladies of the house of Ortolana, and the legislation of their common founder, colonies of this devout sisterhood were rapidly settled in all the chief cities of Europe; and Clara, the disobedient and the devout, being elected the first abbess of the order, performed miracles of self-conquest in her lifetime, and miracles of mercy in the tomb.

At the summit of his hopes, Francis surveyed the path which yet lay before him; and his spirit fainted at the prospect. Renown, influence, supremacy, had gathered round *him*, and his soul was oppressed with the responsibilities of trusts so weighty, and for the use of which he was wholly unprepared by any literary or theological education. In words which he ascribes to Francis himself, St Bonaventura depicts the conflict of his mind on the grave question, whether, by a life of solitary devotion, or by a life of apostolic labours, he should best fulfil the Divine counsels. If the quotation of his language be accurate, it is evident that he inclined to the more active choice, but dreaded to

oppose to the wisdom of his age the foolishness of such preaching as his untaught mind, and unpractised tongue, could utter. If the difficulty itself is characteristic of him, the escape from it is still more so.

Silvester, one of his associates at the Rivo Torto, still remained in the adjacent mountains, a hermit absorbed in devotion. To him, and to Clara, Francis despatched injunctions to ascertain what was the pleasure of the great Head of the Church on this momentous question. The answers of the hermit and the abbess were the same. To each it had been revealed that the founder of their order should go forth and preach. God, they assured him, would put words into his mouth. To receive the joint message he knelt on the earth, his head bare and bowed down, his hands crossed over his breast. On hearing it he vaulted from the ground, crying, 'Let us go forth in the name of the Lord!' At his first appearance as a preacher, burning eloquence burst from his lips, diseases fled at his touch, sinners abandoned their vices, and crowds flocked into his order. Every day witnessed the increase of the numbers and zeal of his proselytes; and on the 30th of May 1216, a goodly company, constituting the first chapter of the order of the Minor brethren, had assembled at the Porzioncula.

This convention was rendered memorable in their annals by the apportionment which was then made of the Christian world into so many Franciscan missions. For himself, the founder reserved the kingdom of France, as the noblest and most arduous province. Tuscany, Lombardy, Provence, Spain, and Germany were assigned to five of his principal followers. Such were now their numbers that thirty-four departed for Provence, and no less than sixty found their way to the Empire. The land of the Ghibellines, the future birth-place of Luther, formed, however, even in the 13th century, an exception to the welcome with which, in other parts of Europe, these new emissaries of Rome were enthusiastically received. Of the itinerants along the banks of the Rhine and the Danube, not one could make himself intelligible in the German tongue. Destitute of the ever ready resource of miracle (it is difficult to conjecture why), they could not convince a people with whom they could not communicate, and were driven away with ridicule and outrage.

The French mission received a yet more unexpected check. To place this great undertaking under the special care of St Peter and St Paul, Francis commenced his journey by visiting their sepulchres. Rome had at that time received another, not less memorable, guest, since known in the calendar of the saints by the name of Dominick. He was a Spaniard, the member of a noble house, a man of letters, and a priest. Amid the horrors

of the crusade against the Albigenses, and while himself deeply stained with that blood-guiltiness, he had preached repentance, and inculcated orthodoxy. And now, a sojourner in the metropolis of Christendom, he saw in a vision Christ himself possessed with wrath against mankind (so well agreed his sleeping and his waking thoughts), and then appeared to him the Virgin mother; appeasing her Son by presenting to him two men, in one of whom the dreamer saw his own image. The other was a stranger to him. When, with the return of light, he repaired to a neighbouring church to worship, that stranger appeared there in the garb of a mendicant. 'My brother, my companion,' exclaimed the Spaniard, 'let us unite our powers, and nothing shall prevail 'against us;' and forthwith the founders of the Dominican and Franciscan orders were in each other's arms. They met again at the palace of the Cardinal Ugolino. He proposed to them the elevation of some of their followers to the episcopacy, and even to the Sacred College. The offer was declined by both. Another ineffectual proposal was made by Dominick himself for the union of their separate institutes; and then, with earnest professions of mutual regard, and assurances of mutual support, they parted to divide the world between them.

To secure his share of that empire, Francis, however, found it necessary to abandon his contemplated mission. The sagacity of Ugolino had detected the intrigues and secret machinations of the enemies of this new spiritual power, and his authority induced the founder of it to remain at Rome, to counteract them. Subtlety, the tutelary genius of his country, and his natural ally on such an occasion, left him on this, as on so many other exigencies, to the charge of the gentler power, Somnus, who, throwing open the ivory gates, exhibited to him, first a hen attempting in vain to gather her chickens under her wings, and then a majestic bird, gently alighting to spread her far extended plumage over the unprotected brood. The interpretation was obvious. The Pope must be persuaded to appoint Ugolino as protector of the unfledged nestlings of the Franciscan eyrie.

But Innocent was dead, and the third Honorius, a stranger to Francis, and studiously prepossessed against him, filled the papal throne. The cardinal proposed that the suitor for this new favour should win it by preaching in the sacred consistory, persuaded that the eloquence for which he was renowned must triumph over all opposing prejudices. Great were the throes of preparation. A sermon, composed with the utmost skill of the preacher, was engraven, with his utmost diligence, on his memory. But at the sight of that august audience, every trace of it departed from his mind, leaving him in utter confusion, and, as it

seemed, in hopeless silence. A pause, a mental prayer, and one vehement self-conflict followed, and then abandoning himself to the natural current of his own ardent emotions, he poured forth his soul, in an address so full of warmth and energy, as to extort from the Pope, and the whole college, the exclamation, that it was not he that spake, but the divinity which spoke within him. From such lips no request could be preferred in vain; and Ugolino was nominated by Honorius to the high and confidential post of Protector of the Minorite brethren.

In the month of May 1219 (the 10th year of the Franciscan era), the inhabitants of Assisi looked from their walls on a vast encampment surrounding the Porziuncula as a centre, and spreading over the wide plain on which the city stands. Five thousand mendicants had there met together to celebrate the second general chapter of their Order. Huts of straw and mud afforded them shelter. The piety of the neighbouring towns and villages supplied them with food. Each group or company of sixty or a hundred formed a distinct congregation, offering up prayers in common, or listening to discourses, of which the future conquest of the world was the theme. Then at the word, and under the guidance, of their chief, the separate bands, forming themselves into one long procession, advanced with solemn chants, or in still more solemn silence, to the city of Perugia. There Ugolino met them, and casting off his mantle, his hat, and his shoes, was conducted by his exulting clients, in the habit of a Minor brother, to the place of their great assembly. 'Behold,' exclaimed the astonished patron, to the founder of the order, 'behold the camp of God! How goodly are thy tents, O 'Israel, and thy dwellings, O Jacob!'

The words fell mournfully on the ear of Francis. As his eye scanned the triumphs of that auspicious hour, sadness brooded over his soul. He felt, like other conquerors, that the laurel wreath is too surely entwined with cypress, and discovered the dark auguries of decay in the unexpected rapidity of his success. Brief, therefore, and melancholy, was his answer to the Cardinal's congratulations. 'We have made,' he said, 'large promises, we 'have received yet larger. Let us accomplish the one, and aspire after the fulfilment of the other. These pleasures are brief. 'There are pains which are eternal. Our sufferings are light, 'but there is a far more exceeding weight of glory. Many are 'called, few are chosen. To every man a recompense according 'to his works. Above all things, my brethren, love the holy 'Church, and pray for her exaltation. But cling to poverty. 'Is it not written, cast thy burden upon the Lord, and He shall 'nourish thee?'

Again the heart of Ugolino throbbed as he surveyed the multitude devoted to works of mercy and of self-denial, and he commended while he blessed them. Again was raised the sterner voice of their spiritual father, rebuking the soft weakness with which they had welcomed and enjoyed such unmerited praise. Pained and mortified, the Cardinal asked the motive of this ill-timed severity. 'My lord, I have reproved them,' was the answer, 'that they may not lose the lowliness you have been 'extolling; and that humility may strike her roots more deeply 'into their hearts.'

Unfamiliar as he was with the subtleties, scholastic or politic, of his age, Francis was a shrewd observer of the characters and the ways of men. He perceived that the zealous protector of his order was a still more zealous member of the Roman conclave, and that to attach the foremost of the Minor brethren to the cause and service of the Papacy, he had dazzled their eyes with prospects of mitres, and even of the purple. He discovered that they had conferred with the Cardinal on their own exclusion from the government of the society, on the want both of health and of learning in their head, and on the excessive rigour and singularity of his rule. He saw in these Dathans and Abirams of his camp the rising spirit of revolt, and he proceeded at once to subdue it with his accustomed energy. The chapter of the Order was in session, when, conducting Ugolino thither, Francis addressed to them and to him these stern and menacing words: 'My brethren, 'God has commanded me, in foolishness and humility, to copy 'the foolishness of the cross. Let me hear of no other rule than 'that which He has thus established. Dread the Divine vengeance, all ye who abandon it, all ye who seduce others to back-'slide.' The silence which followed on this apostrophe, and on the departure of the speaker, was at length broken by the Cardinal. He exhorted the congregation to obey implicitly their apostolic founder, on whom, he declared, the Divine influence was evidently resting. Evident, at least, it had become, that the day of secular greatness could not dawn on the children of Poverty till her spouse should have ceased to govern them.

To divert their minds from such disloyal thoughts, Francis occupied them with the promulgation of rules respecting the worship of the Virgin, of Peter and of Paul, and the structure of their ecclesiastical edifices. To elicit their loyal affections, he laid before them a project for the spiritual conquest of the whole habitable globe. For himself he reserved the seat of the war between the Crusaders and the Saracens. To each of his foremost disciples he assigned a separate mission, and he dismissed them with letters from the Pope, commending them to the care of all

ecclesiastical dignitaries, and with a circular epistle from himself, bearing this superscription, 'To all Potentates, Governors, 'Consuls, Judges, and Magistrates on the earth, and to all 'others to whom these presents shall come, brother Francis, your 'unworthy servant in the Lord, sendeth greeting and peace.' Armed with these credentials, the propagandists of Assisi dispersed, some to found monasteries in Spain, some to preach the Gospel in the Empire, some to rival the socialists of France, some to become professors at Oxford, and some to provoke martyrdom in Morocco; but never again to be convened by their 'General Minister' to consult together in a deliberative chapter. It was an experiment too hazardous for repetition, a risk to be dreaded far more than any which awaited him among the warriors of the crescent, or the champions of the cross.

These were now drawn in hostile array under the walls of Damietta, and there he joined them. The confusion of the camp of Agramante was but a feeble image of that which he found in the host of the titular King of Jerusalem, John de Brienne;—cavaliers and foot-men, all emulous of fame, all impatient of obedience, all insisting on being led into action, all interchanging bitter contumelies, and all willing to cut each other's throats, if no better employment could be found for their swords. Like another Micaiah, Francis foretold the disastrous results of a combat about to be waged, under the shelter of holy names, but in the wanton insolence of human passion. Like him he saw all Israel scattered like sheep upon the mountains; but like him he prophesied in vain. The mutinous troops hurried their leader into the field, and the loss of six thousand of the Christians attested the prescience of their unwarlike monitor.

In the midst of feats of arms and agonies of toils and suffering, admonition was, however, an office too humble to satisfy the desires of a soul cast in a mould so heroic as his. He was a strategist as well as a saint, and, in this day of sorrow and rebuke, found a meet occasion to exhibit the whole strength of his belligerent resources. During many successive hours, he knelt and was absorbed in prayer. Then rising with a countenance radiant with joy and courage, he advanced towards the infidel camp, chanting as he marched, 'Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, of thou art with me.' A gold besant was the price of the head of a Christian. But what were such terrors to an evangelist about to close the war by the conversion of the Soldan himself? From every incident he drew fresh confidence. When he saw the flocks collected for the consumption of the Saracens, 'Beh old,' he cried, 'I send you

'forth as sheep among wolves.' When seized by the Saracens themselves, and asked by whom, and why, he had been sent to 'their lines,' he answered, 'I am not sent of man, but of God, 'to show to you the way of salvation.' When carried before their chief, and courteously invited to remain in his tent, 'Yes,' he exclaimed, 'I will remain, if you and your people will be-'come converts for the love of Jesus Christ. If you hesitate, 'kindle a furnace, and I and your priests will enter it together, 'and the result shall show you whether truth is on my side or on 'theirs.' The most venerable of the Imauns shuddered and withdrew, and the smiling Commander of the Faithful avowed his doubt whether he could find a priest to encounter the ordeal. 'Only promise to become a Christian,' replied Francis, 'and I 'will enter the furnace alone; but if I should be burnt, conclude 'not that my message is false, but only that it has reached you by 'one who, bearing it unworthily, is justly punished for his sins.' Still obdurate, but still courteous, the infidel chief offered rich presents to his stout-hearted visitor, and with a guard of honour, and a safe-conduct, dismissed him to the Christian camp.

That the head of the missionary was neither bartered for a gold besant by the soldiers, nor amputated by the scimitar of their leader, may be explained either by the oriental reverence for supposed insanity, or by the universal reverence for self-denying courage, or by the motives which induced the lion to lie quietly down and turn his tail on the drawn sword and eloquent taunts of the Knight of La Mancha. To the Eagle of Meaux, however, this adventure presents itself in a more brilliant light. 'François,' he exclaims, 'indigné de se voir ainsi res-'pecté par les ennemies de son mâitre, recommence ses invectives 'contre leur religion monstrueuse; mais, étrange et merveilleuse 'insensibilité! ils ne lui témoignent pas moins de déference; et le 'brave athlète de Jésus Christ, voyant qu'il ne pouvait mériter 'qu'ils lui donnassent la mort: "Sortons d'ici, mon frère," disait il 'à son compagnon, "fuyons, fuyons bien loin de ces barbares, 'trop humains pour nous, puisque nous ne les pouvons obliger, ni 'à adorer notre mâitre, ni à nous persécuter; nous qui sommes 'ses serviteurs. Oh Dieu! quand mériterons nous le triomphe 'de martyre si nous ne trouvons que des honneurs, même parmi les 'peuples les plus infidèles? Puisque Dieu ne nous juge pas 'dignes de la grâce du martyre, ni de participer à ses glorieux 'opprobes, allons-nous-en, mon frère; allons achever notre vie 'dans le martyre de la pénitence, ou cherchons quelque endroit 'de la terre ou nous puissons boire á longs traits l'ignominie 'de la croix."'

Such places were readily found. In Spain, in Provence, and

in Northern Italy, Francis every where preached to crowds hanging on his lips, and though the ignominy of the cross may have been his theme, it must be confessed that the admiration of mankind was his habitual reward. But amidst the applauses of the world, his heart yearned after his native Umbria, where his Order had first struggled into sight, and where it was now to receive its final development.

In his missions through Europe he had discovered that his institutes of Minor brethren, and of poor sisters, bound to celibacy, to poverty, and to obedience, were erected on a basis far too narrow for the universal empire at which he aimed. Marriage was incompatible with the first of these vows, worldly callings with the second, and secular dignities with the last. But though wives, and trades, and lordships were incompatible with 'perfection,' they might be reconciled with admission into a lower or third estate of his Order, where, as in the court of the Gentiles, those might worship to whom a nearer approach to the sanctuary was interdicted. With the design of thus throwing open the vestibule of the temple to the uninitiated, a supplemental code was promulgated, in the year 1221, for what was to be called 'The Order of Penitence.'

The members of it were to take no vows whatever. Engaging to submit themselves to certain rules of life, it was *agreed* that the breach of those rules should not involve the guilt of mortal sin. They required the restitution of all unjust gains, a reconcilement with all enemies, and obedience to the commands of God and of the Church. The members of the Order were to wear a mean and uniform dress. Their houses and furniture were to be plain and frugal, though not without consulting the proprieties of their social rank. All luxuriousness in animal delights, and all the lusts of the eye, were to be mortified; all theatres, feasts, and worldly amusements eschewed. Their disputes were to be settled, with all possible promptitude, by compromises or by arbitrement. Every member of the Order was to make his will. They were never to take a non-judicial oath, nor to bear arms, *except in defence of the Church, the Catholic faith, or their native land.*

The founder of such a confederacy must have had some of the higher qualities of a legislator. It would be difficult even now, with all the aid of history and philosophy, to devise a scheme better adapted to restrain the licentiousness, to soften the manners, and to mitigate all the oppressions of an iron age. Secular men and women were combined with ardent devotees, in one great society, under a code flexible as it addressed the one, and inexorable as it applied to the other, of those classes; and yet a code, which im-

posed on all the same general obligations, the same undivided allegience, the same ultimate ends, and many of the same external badges. Christianity itself, when first promulgated, must to heathen eyes have had an aspect not wholly unlike that which originally distinguished the third estate of the Franciscan Orders; and rapid as may have been the corruption and decline of that estate, it would be mere prejudice or ignorance to deny that it sustained an important office in the general advancement of civilization and of truth.

In the times of Francis himself and of his immediate successors, the Franciscan cord (the emblem of the restraint in which the soul of man is to hold the Beast to which it is wedded) was to be seen on countless multitudes in the market-place, in the universities, in the tribunals, and even on the throne. In the camp it was still more frequent, for there was much latent significance in the exceptional terms by which the general prohibition of military service had been qualified for the members of the Order of Penitence. In the early part of the 13th century, 'the defence of the Church, of the Catholic faith, and of their native land,' was to Italian ears an intelligible periphrasis for serving either under the standard of the cross against the Albigenses, or under the standard of the Guelphs against the Ghibellines; and the third estate of the Minorites formed an enthusiastic, patriotic, and religious chivalry, which the Pope could direct at pleasure against either his theological or his political antagonists.

And now it remained that Francis should receive the appropriate rewards of the services which he had rendered to Rome, to the world, and to the church—to Rome, in surrounding her with new and energetic allies; to the world, in creating a mighty corporation formidable to baronial and to mitred tyrants; to the church, in supplying her with a noble army of evangelists, who braved every danger, and endured every privation, to diffuse throughout Christendom such light as they themselves possessed. The debt was acknowledged, and paid, by each.

In the bitterness of his heart, Francis was weeping over the sins of mankind, in the shrine of St Mary of Angels, when a revelation was made to him, which, though described with ease and familiarity by a host of Catholic writers, the weaker faith, or the greater reverence, of Protestantism cannot venture to paint with the same minuteness. All that can be decorously stated is, that the Virgin mother, her attendant angels, her divine Son, and their devout worshipper, are exhibited by the narrative as interlocutors in a sort of melo-dramatic action, which terminates in a promise from the Redeemer, that all who should visit that church, and confess themselves to a priest there, should receive

a plenary remission from the guilt and punishment of all their sins, 'provided' (such is the singular qualification of the promise) 'that this general indulgence be ratified by him whom I have 'authorized to bind and to loose on earth.'

On the following day, Francis was on his knees before the Pope at Perugia. 'Holy Father,' he began, 'some years ago 'I reconstructed a little church on your domain. Grant, I 'implore you, to all pilgrims resorting thither, a plenary 'indulgence, and exempt the building from the imposts usually 'consequent on the grant of such privileges.' 'For how many 'years,' said the Pontiff, 'do you desire the indulgence to be 'given?' 'Give me not years,' replied the suitor, 'but souls, '(da mihi non annos, sed animos,) and let all who enter the 'church of Saint Mary of Angels in contrition, and who are 'there absolved by a priest, receive a full remission of their sins 'in this life, and in the life to come.' 'A vast gift, and contrary 'to all custom,' observed the parsimonious dispenser of salvation. 'But, Holy Father, I make the request not in my own name, 'but in the name of Christ, who has sent me to you.' 'Then 'be it so,' exclaimed the Pope, 'but I limit to one day in each 'year the enjoyment of this advantage.' The grateful Francis rose, bowed low his head, and was retiring, when the voice of the Pope was again heard. 'Simpleton, whither are you going? 'what evidence do you carry with you of the grant which you 'have been soliciting?' 'Your word,' replied the single-hearted suitor. 'If this indulgence be of God, let the blessed Virgin be 'the charter, Christ the notary, and the angels the witnesses. I 'desire no other.'

The traveller who in our own day visits Assisi, finds himself surrounded by a population of about three thousand souls, and amidst the thirty churches and monasteries which attract his eye, he distinguishes, as pre-eminent above them all, the Sagro Convento, where repose the ashes of Saint Francis. It is a building of the sixteenth century, extending over the summit of a gentle eminence, at the base of the Appenines. A double row of gigantic arches, resembling one vast aqueduct erected on another, sustain a sumptuous terrace, which stands out against the evening sky, like the battlements of some impregnable fortress. The luxuriant gardens, and the rich meadows below, watered by a stream which gushes out from the adjacent mountains, encircle the now splendid church of St Mary of Angels, where still may be traced the Porzioncula, in which Francis worshipped, and the crypt in which his emaciated body was committed to the dust. And there also, on each returning year, may be seen the hardy mountaineers of Umbria, and the graceful peasants of Tuscany,

and the solemn processions of the Franciscan orders, and the long array of civil and ecclesiastical dignitaries, waiting till the chimes of the ancient clocks of the holy convent shall announce the advent of the day in which their sins are to be loosed on earth, and their pardon sealed in heaven.

Why demand the reasons of any part of a system which presupposes the renunciation of all reason? The promise given to Francis by the Saviour, and ratified by his Vicar, was precise and definite. It insured a plenary remission of sin to all who should visit the hallowed Porzioncula with contrite hearts, and there receive priestly absolution. The promise, as interpreted by the eloquent Bourdaloue, seems equally absolute. From his sermon, 'Sur la fête de notre Dame des Anges,' we learn that indulgences granted by the Pope may, after all, turn out to be worthless, since the cause of the gift may be insufficient, or some other essential condition may have been neglected. But *in this case*, the indulgence, having been granted directly by Christ himself, must, (says the great preacher,) be infallible, for he must have known the extent of his own power, and must have been guided by eternal wisdom, and must be superior to all law in the free dispensation of his gifts.

Pause, nevertheless, all ye who meditate a pilgrimage to Assisi, in quest of this divine panacea! Put not your trust in Bourdaloue, but listen to the more subtle doctor of our own days, M. Chavin de Malan. From him you will learn that to all these large and free promises is attached yet another tacit condition; and that unless you renounce all sin, venial as well as mortal, unless the very desire to transgress have perished in your souls, unless your hearts be free from the slightest wish, the most transient voluntary attachment, towards any forbidden thing, you may be members of all religious orders, and join in all their pilgrimages and devotions, but the plenary indulgence shall never be yours. Pilgrims to Assisi! if such be not your happy state, it boots not to go thither. If such be your condition, why roam over this barren earth to find the heaven which is yours already?

Equivocal as the benefit of the papal reward may have been, the recompense which the world rendered by the hands of Orlando, Lord of Chiusi de Casentino, was at least substantial. At a solemn festival, at which the knight had made his profession of arms, Francis had pronounced the usual benediction on the symbols of his chivalry. Much discourse ensued on the spiritual state and prospects of this militant member of the church, when the grateful, and not improvident, Orlando, for the good of his soul, bestowed on the founder, and the companions of the order of Minor brethren, a tract of land amidst the highest summits of

the Tuscan Apennines. Monte del Alvernia, now Lavernia, was a wild and sequestered region, covered with heath and rocks, and the primeval forest, and eminently adapted for a life of penitence. It became the favourite retreat of its new owners, and especially of their chief. Yet even in these solitudes he was not exempt from some grave incommodities. By night, malignant demons afflicted him, dragging his defenceless body along the ground, and bruising him with cruel blows. When the sun burst fiercely over his head, Orlando appeared with food, and with offers to erect cells and dormitories for the hermits, and to supply all their temporal wants, that they might surrender themselves wholly to prayer and meditation. But neither the enmity of the demons, nor the allurements of their unconscious ally, could seduce Francis from his fidelity to his wedded wife. In her society he wandered through the woods and caverns of Alvernia, relying for support on Him alone by whom the ravens are fed, and awakening the echoes of the mountains by his devout songs and fervent ejaculations.

It remained only that the Church, in the person of her eternal Head, should requite the services of her great reformer. The too familiar legend must be briefly told, for every one who would cherish in himself, or in others, the reverence due to the Holy and the Awful, must shrink from the approach to such a topic, and be unwilling to linger on it.

On the annual festival of Saint Michael the archangel, for the year 1224, Francis, and Leoni a member of his order, went together to worship at a church which had then been erected on Mount Alvernia. The *sortes sanctorum* were again consulted, by thrice opening the gospels, which lay upon the altar. On each occasion, the volume presented to their eyes the history of the passion; and the coincidence was accepted by Francis as ominous of some great event which was about to happen to himself.

The hour arrived of the 'holy sacrifice,' when, as though to symbolize his disgust for earth, and his aspirations to heaven, the body of the saint slowly ascended heavenwards. When it had reached the ordinary height of a man, the feet were embraced and bathed with tears by Leoni, who stood beneath. Gradually it mounted beyond the range of human vision, but even then his voice was heard in discourse with the Invisible, and a bright radiance attested the presence of the Redeemer. He was made manifest to the eye of his enraptured worshipper, in the form of a seraph moving on rapid wings, though fastened to a cross; and when the whole scene passed away, it was found that by radiations from this celestial figure, the body of Francis, like wax beneath the pressure of a seal, had acquired the sacred stigmata

—that is, on either hand, and on either foot, marks exactly corresponding with the two opposite extremities of a rude iron nail, and, on the side, a wound such as might have been inflicted by a spear.

This stupendous event happened on the 17th September; a day still consecrated by the church to the perpetual commemoration of it. No Christian, therefore, may doubt it; for St Thomas, and all other theologians, assure us, that to doubt a 'canonical fact,' is rash, scandalous, and open to the just suspicion of heresy. Yet scepticism on the subject appears to have been of very early growth. Within thirteen years from the date of the occurrence, a Dominican preacher at Oppaw in Moravia, and the Bishop of Olmutz, had both published their utter disbelief of the whole story, and had condemned the propagation of it as sinful. For this audacious presumption, however, Ugolino, who then filled the papal throne under the title of Gregory the IXth, addressed to them both reproachful letters, which sufficiently attest his own faith in the prodigy. In the dense cloud of corroborative witnesses, may be distinguished his successor, Pope Alexander the Fourth, who, in a still extant bull, denounces the severest penalties on all gainsayers. Indeed, if Saint Bonaventura may be believed, Alexander went further still, and was used to declare that he had with his own eyes seen and admired the stigmata. And here is M. Chavin de Malan ready to abandon his reliance on all human testimony, if any one can convince him of the insufficiency of that on which his faith in this miracle reposes.

When the fishermen of Jordan shall have learnt how to stay her swellings with their nets, it will be time to encounter the soaring enthusiasm of M. Chavin de Malan by the cobwebs of human logic. When geometricians shall have ascertained the colour of the circle, we may hope to arrive at an understanding with him as to the meaning of the terms in which he disputes. When critics shall have demonstrated, from the odes of Pindar, the polarisation of Light, he and we may be of one mind as to the laws by which our belief should be governed. Meanwhile, his rebukes for the hardness of our hearts shall not be repelled by any imputations touching the softness of his head. He and his fellow worshippers regard it as eminently probable, that He by whom this universal frame of things has been created and sustained, should descend to this earth, to act so strange a part in so grotesque a drama as that of Mount Alvernia. If we could adopt the same opinion, we might with them give some heed even to the scanty, and most suspicious, evidence on which these marvels rest. One prodigy, indeed, connected with this tale, we receive with implicit conviction and

profound astonishment. It is, that in the city in which Louis Philippe reigns, in which Guizot and Thierry write, and in which Cousin lectures, there have arisen two learned historians, who, with impassioned eloquence, and unhesitating faith, reproduce a legend which would have been rejected as extravagant by the authors to whom we owe the 'Arabian 'Nights,' and as profane by those with whom Don Quixote was familiar.

Francis did not long survive the revelation of Mount Alvernia. Exhausted by vigils, by fastings, and by fatigue, he retired to Assisi. Leoni accompanied him. As they approached the city, the increasing weakness of the saint compelled him to seek the unwonted relief of riding. But as his companion followed behind, Francis divined his thoughts. In early life they had often journeyed together over the same road, the one ever conscious of his noble birth, the other never allowed to forget that his father was but a merchant. The contrast of the past and the present was too powerful to both of the travellers. Faint as he was, Francis dismounted from the ass which bore him, declaring that he could not retain the saddle while one so much his superior in rank was on foot.

He reached at length a hut near the convent of St Damiano, where, under the care of Clara and her poor sisters, he found a temporary repose. Twelve months of utter incapacity for exertion followed. They were passed in the monastery of St Mary of Angels. The autumn brought with it some brief intermission of his sufferings, and again his voice was heard throughout Umbria, preaching, as his custom was, in words few, simple, and pathetic; and when unable to teach by words, gazing with earnest tenderness on the crowds who thronged to receive his benediction and to touch his garments.

In this last mission, a woman of Bagnarea brought to him her infant to be healed. Francis laid his hands on the child, who recovered; and who afterwards, under the name of Bonaventura, became his biographer, the general minister of his order, a cardinal, a theologian, and a saint.

At the approach of death, Francis felt and acknowledged the horror common to all men, and especially to men of irritable nerves and delicate organization. But such feelings promptly yielded to his habitual affiance in the Divine love, and to his no less habitual affection for all in whom he recognized the regenerate image of the Divine nature. Among these was the Lady Jacoba di Settesoli; and to her he dictated a letter, requesting her immediate presence with a [illegible]-sheet for his body, and tapers for his funeral, and [illegible] she had been used to give him

during his illness at Rome. Then pausing, he bade his amanuensis tear the letter, expressimg his conviction that Jacoba was at hand. She appeared, and so deep was her emotion as to have suggested to the bystanders (to whom apparently her existence had till then been unknown) the vague and oppressive sense of some awful mystery. With no failure of the reverence due to so great a man, it may, however, be reasonably conjectured, that in Jacoba he had found that intense and perfect sympathy to which the difference of sex is essential, and which none but the pure in heart have ever entertained.

Her cakes were again eaten by the sick man, but without any abatement of his malady. Elia, who during his illness had acted as general minister of his order, and Bernard de Quintavalle, his first proselyte, were kneeling before him. To each of them he gave a part of one of the cakes of Jacoba, and then crossing his arms so as to bring his right hand over the head of Bernard, (whose humility had chosen the left or inferior position,) he solemnly blessed them both, and bequeathed to Bernard the government of the whole Franciscan society. He then dictated his last will, in which the rules he had already promulgated were explained and enforced, and his followers were solemnly commended to the guidance and the blessing of the Most High.

His last labour done, he was laid, in obedience to his own command, on the bare ground. The evening, we are told, was calm, balmy, and peaceful, the western sky glowing with the mild and transparent radiance which follows the setting of an autumnal sun behind the lofty hills of central Italy. At that moment the requiem for the dying ceased, as the faltering voice of Francis was heard, in the language of David, exclaiming, 'Voce 'meâ ad Dominum clamavi!' His attendants bent over him as he pursued the divine song, and caught his last breath as he uttered, 'Bring my soul out of prison, that I may give thanks 'unto thy name.'

Some there are, total strangers to man's interior life, who find for themselves in the objects of concupiscence a living tomb; these are the sensual and the worldly. Some, for whom the world within is detached from the world without them, by hard, sharp, clear lines of demarcation; these are the men of practical ability. Some, who, from every idol of the theatre, fashion to themselves some idol of the cavern; these are the votaries of poetry or art. Some, to whom all substantial things are permanently eclipsed by imagery of the brain; these are the insane. And some, to m every cherished idea of their minds gives assurance of a esponding objective reality; these are the mystics and

enthusiasts — men of an amphibious existence—inhabitants alternately of the world of shadows, and of the world of solidities —their dreams passing into action, their activity subsiding into dreams—a byword to the sensual and the worldly, an enigma to the practical, a study to the poet, and not rarely ending as fellow-prisoners with the insane.

To this small section of the human family belonged Francis of Assisi, a mere self-contradiction to those who beheld him incuriously; in one aspect a playful child, in the next a gloomy Anchorite; an arch smile of drollery stealing at times across features habitually sacred to sorrow and devotion; passing from dark forebodings into more than human ecstasies; a passionate lover of nature, yet living by choice in crowds and cities; at once an erotic worshipper, and a proficient in the practical business of the religious state; outstripping in his transcendental raptures the pursuit of criticism and conjecture, and yet drawing up codes and canons with all the precision of a notary.

The reconcilement of all this was not, however, hard to find. Francis was an absolute prodigy of faith, and especially of faith in himself. Whatever he saw in the *camera lucida* of his own mind, he received implicitly as the genuine reflection of some external reality. Every metaphor with which he dallied, became to him an actual personage, to be loved or to be hated. It was scarcely as a fiction that he wooed Poverty as his wife. Each living thing was a brother or a sister to him, in a sense which almost ceased to be figurative. To all inanimate beings he ascribed a personality and a sentient nature, in something more than a sport of fancy. At every step of his progress, celestial visitants hovered round him, announcing their presence sometimes in visible forms, sometimes in audible voices. The Virgin mother was the lady of his heart; her attendant angels but so many knights companions in his spiritual chivalry; the church a bride in glorious apparel; and her celestial Spouse the object of a passion which acknowledged no restraint either in the vehemence of spirit with which it was cherished, or in the fondness of the language in which it was expressed. It was inevitable that the inhabitant of such a world as this, should have manifested himself to the vulgar denizens of earth, in ceaseless contrasts and seeming incongruities; so essential were the differences between the ever-varying impulses on which *he* soared, and the unvarying motives in the strength of which *they* plodded.

Though Bonaventura was but a child at the death of Francis, he possessed and diligently used the means of studying his character, and has laboured in the following passage, with more earnestness than perspicuity, to depict his interior life:—

'Who can form a conception of the fervour and the love of 'Francis, the friend of Christ? you would have said that he was 'burnt up by divine love, like charcoal in the flames. As often 'as his thoughts were directed to that subject, he was excited as 'if the chords of his soul had been touched by the plectrum of 'an inward voice. But as all lower affections elevated him to 'this love of the supreme, he yielded himself to the admiration 'of every creature which God has formed, and from the summit 'of this observatory of delights he watched the causes of all 'things, as they unfolded themselves to him under living forms. 'Among the beautiful objects of nature, he selected the most 'lovely; and, in the forms of created things, he sought out, with 'ardour, whatever appeared especially captivating, rising from 'one beauty to another as by a ladder, with which he scaled to 'the highest and the most glorious.'

Birds, insects, plants, and fishes are variously regarded, in a culinary, a scientific, a picturesque, or a poetical point of view. To Francis of Assisi they were friends, kinsmen, and even congregations. Doves were his especial favourites. He gathered them into his convents, laid them in his bosom, taught them to eat out of his hand, and pleased himself with talking of them as so many chaste and faithful brethren of the order. In the lark which sprung up before his feet, he saw a Minorite sister, clad in the Franciscan colour, who, like a true Franciscan, despised the earth, and soared towards heaven with thanksgivings for her simple diet. When a nest of those birds fought for the food he brought them, he not only rebuked their inhumanity, but prophesied their punishment. His own voice rose with that of the nightingale in rural vespers, and at the close of their joint thanksgivings, he praised, and fed, and blessed his fellow-worshipper. 'My dear 'sisters,' he exclaimed to some starlings who chattered round him as he preached, 'you have talked long enough, it is my turn 'now; listen to the word of your Creator, and be quiet.' The very sermon addressed by the saint to such an audience, yet lives in the pages of his great biographer. 'My little brothers,' it began, 'you should love and praise the Author of your being, 'who has clothed you with plumage, and given you wings with 'which to fly where you will. You were the first created of all 'animals. He preserved your race in the ark. He has given 'the pure atmosphere for your dwelling-place. You sow not, 'neither do you reap. Without any care of your own, He 'gives you lofty trees to build your nests in, and watches over 'your young. Therefore give praise to your bountiful Creator.'

The well-known instinct by which irrational animals discover and attach themselves to their rational friends, was exhibited

whenever Francis came abroad. The wild falcon wheeled and fluttered round him. The leveret sought rather to attract than to escape his notice. The half-frozen bees crawled to him in winter time to be fed. A lamb followed him even into the city of Rome, and was playfully cherished there by Jacoba di Settesoli under the name of a Minor brother.

These natural incidents became, in the hands of his monkish biographers, so many miracles fit only for the nursery. Let us not, however, upbraid them. Without apology, as without doubt, M. Chavin de Malan, in the year 1845, and from the city of Paris, informs us, that when Francis addressed his feathered congregation they stretched out their necks to imbibe his precepts;—that, at his bidding, the starlings ceased to chatter while he preached;—that, in fulfilment of his predictions, the naughty larks died miserably;—that the falcon announced to him in the mountains the hour of prayer, though with gentler voice and a tardier summons, when the saint was sick;—that Jacoba was aroused to her devotions by her lamb with severe punctuality;—that an ovicidal wolf, being rebuked by this ecclesiastical Orpheus for his carnivorous deeds, placed his paw in the hand of his monitor in pledge of his future good behaviour, and, like a wolf of honour, never more indulged himself in mutton. Yet M. Chavin de Malan is writing a learned, and an eloquent history of the monastic orders. Such be thy gods, O Oxford!

In common with all the great Thaumaturgists of the Church of Rome, Francis has abstained from recording his own prodigies. He was too honest and too lowly. No man could less be, to himself, the centre of his own thoughts. One central object occupied them all. He was a *Pan-Christian.* He saw the outer world not merely thronged with emblems, but instinct with the presence, of the Redeemer. The lamb he fondled was the Paschal sacrifice. The worm he guarded from injury, was 'the worm, and no man, 'the outcast of the people.' The very stones (on which he never trod irreverently) were 'the chief corner-stone' of the prophet. The flowers, were the 'blossoms of the stem of Jesse, the 'perfume of which gladdens the whole earth.' The ox and the ass were his guests at a Christmas festival, which he gave in the forest not long before his death, and while they steadily ate the corn provided for them, processions of Minor brethren, and crowds of admiring spectators, listened to his discourses on the manger and the babe of Bethlehem, or joined with him in sacred carols on the nativity.

Among the Opuscula Sancti Francisci are four poems, in which the same mystic spirit expands itself gloriously. It must not, indeed, be concealed that the authenticity of these canticles

has been enveloped by the critics in a chilling cloud of scepticism. The controversy is not without its interest, but could be made intelligible within no narrow limits. Suffice it then to say, that both Tiraboschi and Ginguenè acknowledge without hesitation the poetical claims of the saint; and that M. Delecluse, after reviewing all the evidence with judicial impartiality and acumen, concludes that the general sense, and many of the particular expressions are his, though, in the lapse of so many ages, the style must have drifted far away from the original structure, into a form at once more modern and more ornate. In this qualified sense the following 'Canticum Solis' may be safely read as the work of the founder of the Franciscan order:—

'Altissimo omnipotente bon' Signore, tue son le laude, la gloria, lo honore, e ogni benedictione. A te solo se confanno, e nullo homo è degno de nominarti.

'Laudato sia Dio mio Signore con tutte le creature, specialmente messer lo Fratre Sole, il quale giorna e illumina noi per lui. E allo è bello e radiente con grande splendore; de te Signore porta significazione.

'Laudato sia mio Signore, per Suora Luna e per le stelle; il quale in ciello le hai formate chiare e belle.

'Laudato sia mio Signore per Fratre Vento e per l'Aire e Nuvole e sereno e ogni tempo, per le quale, dai a tutte creature sustentamento.

'Laudato sia mio Signore per Suora Acqua, la quale è motto utile, e humile, e pretiosa, e casta.

'Laudato sia mio Signore per Fratre Fuocho, per lo quale tu allumini la notte; e ello è bello, e jocondo, e robustissimo, e forte.

'Laudato sia mio Signore per nostra Madre Terra, la quale ne sostenta, governa e produce diversi frutti, e caloriti fiori, e herbe.'

'Laudato sia mio Signore per quelli che perdonano per lo tue amore, e sosteneno infirmitade e tribulatione. Beati quelli che sostegneranno in pace, che de te Altissimo, seranno incoronati.'

Another stanza was added in his last illness, giving thanks for 'our siater the death of the body,' the last of this strange catalogue of his kindred. Protestant reserve and English gravity alike forbid any quotations of the canticles which follow. They belong to that anacreontic psalmody, in which Cupid prompts the worship of Psyche. Such a combination of the language of Paphos, with the chaste fervours of the sanctuary, can never be rendered tolerable to those who have been familiar from their childhood with the majestic composure of the Anglican liturgy, or with the solemn effusions of our Scottish church, even though recommended to them by the pathos of Thomas à Kempis, or by the tenderness of Fenelon.

Whoever shall undertake a collection of the facetiæ of Francis, may console himself under the inevitable result, by remembering that he has failed only where Cicero and Bacon had failed before

him. In the tragi-comedy of life, the saint, in common with all other great men, occasionally assumed the buskin, though not so much to join in the dialogue as to keep up the by-play. His jocularities were of the kind usually distinguished as practical, and if not eminently ludicrous, were, at least, very pregnant jests. Behold him, to the unutterable amazement of his unwashed and half naked fraternity, strutting before them, on his return from Damietta, in a tunic of the finest texture, with a hood behind, fashionably reaching to his middle, and a broad and rich frill in front usurping the function of clerical bands;—his head tossed up towards the sky—his voice loud and imperious—and his gait like that of a dancing-master. What this strange pantomime might mean could be conjectured by none but brother Elia, whose unsubdued passion for dress had been indulged during the absence of the 'general minister,' and who now saw himself thus villainously caricatured by the aid of his own finery. With his serge cloak, his sandals, and his cord, Francis resumed his wonted gravity, and the unlucky Exquisite was degraded on the spot from his charge as vicar-general: On the refusal, by another brother, of obedience to his chief, a grave was dug, the offender seated upright in it, and mould cast over him till it had covered his shoulders. 'Art thou dead?' exclaimed Francis to the head, which alone remained above ground. 'Completely,' replied the terrified monk. 'Arise, then,' rejoined the saint, 'go thy ways, 'and remember that the dead never resist any one. Let me 'have dead, not living followers.'

These gambols, however, were as unfrequent as they are uncouth. They were but gleams of mirth, passing rapidly across a mind far more often overcast by constitutional sadness. For though faith had reversed in him the natural springs of action, and revealed to him the cheat of life, and peopled his imagination with many bright and many awful forms, yet she was unattended by her usual handmaids, Peace and Hope. With a heart dead to selfish delights and absorbed in holy and benevolent affections, he possessed neither present serenity nor anticipated joy. Cheerless and unalluring is the image of Francis of Assisi; his figure gaunt and wasted, his countenance furrowed with care, his soul hurried from one excitement to another, incapable of study, incapable of repose, forming attachments but to learn their fragility, conquering difficulties but to prove the vanity of conquest, living but to consolidate his Order of Minor brethren, and yet haunted by constant forebodings of their rapid degeneracy. Under the pressure of such solicitudes and of premature disease, he indulged his natural melancholy, (his only self-indulgence,) and gave way to tears till his eyesight had almost wholly failed him.

To his wondering disciples, these natural results of low diet, scanty dress, and ceaseless fatigue on such a temperament, appeared as so many prodigies of grace. But the admiration was not reciprocal. He saw, and vehemently reproved their faults. Which of them should be the greatest, was debated among the Minor brethren, as once among a more illustrious fraternity; and, in imitation of him who washed the feet of the aspiring fishermen of Galilee, Francis abdicated the government of the Order, and became himself nothing more than a Minor brother. Which of them should gather in the greatest number of female proselytes, and superintend their convents, was another competition which he watched with yet severer anxiety. His own abduction of Clara from her father's house, he had learned to regard as a sublime departure from rules which other zealots would do well to observe. 'Alas!' he exclaimed 'at the moment when God forbade us 'wives, Satan has, I fear, given us sisters.' Which of them would build the most splendid monasteries, was yet another rivalry in which he foresaw their approaching decline. 'Now,' 'he said, 'it is who shall erect the finest religious edifices. The 'time is coming when others of us shall build mansions fit for 'the great and noble of the earth. Rich and beautiful will be 'the dress of those architects! Well! if our brethren may but 'escape mortal sin, let us be satisfied.' Which of them should first win the favour of ecclesiastical patrons, was an enquiry which their protector, Ugolino, had suggested; but the rising ambition was energetically denounced by their prophet Francis, in fervent and prophetic warnings which may be read among his yet extant predictions.

Saints and Satirists, of a day but little remote from his own, emulate each other in recording the accomplishment of these dark forebodings. At the distance of but thirty years from the death of the founder, we find Bonaventura, the greatest of his successors in the government of the Order, thus addressing his provincial ministers:—'The indolence of our brethren is laying 'open the path to every vice. They are immersed in carnal 'repose. They roam up and down every where, burthening every 'place to which they come. So importunate are their demands, 'and such their rapacity, that it has become no less terrible to 'fall in with them than with so many robbers. So sumptuous 'is the structure of their magnificent buildings as to bring us 'all into discredit. So frequently are they involved in those 'culpable intimacies which our rule prohibits, that suspicion, 'scandal, and reproach have been excited against us.' Listen again to the ardent admirer of Francis in the 22d book of the *Paradiso*:—

So soft is flesh of mortals, that on earth
A good beginning doth no longer last
Than while an oak may bring its fruit to birth.
Peter began his convent without gold
Or silver,—I built mine by prayer and fast;—
Humility for Francis won a fold.
If thou reflect how each began, then view
To what an end doth such beginning lead,
Thou'lt see the white assume the darkest hue.
Jordan driven backward,—and the sea, that fled
At God's command, were miracles indeed
Greater than those here needful."——

The Franciscan Order has, however, not only survived the denunciations of Bonaventura and of Dante—the banter of Erasmus—the broader scoffs of 'The Letters of some Obscure Men'—the invectives of Wicliff and Luther—the taunts of Milton—the contemptuous equity of Bayle—and the eloquence, the wit, the scorn, and the resentment of half the pens of Europe; but has outlived the egregious crimes and follies of its own degenerate sons, and after six centuries still lives and flourishes, a boast of the Papal, and a problem for the Protestant world. What is the principle of this protracted vitality? Whence the buoyancy, which, amidst so many storms and wrecks, has so long sustained the institute of the unlearned, half-crazy, fugitive from the counting-house at Assisi?

Not even the idolaters of his name ascribe to him any profound foresight, or intuitive genius, or bold originality of thought. The eloquence for which he was renowned was no ignited logic, but a burst of contagious emotion, guided by no art, fed by no stores of knowledge, and directed by no intellectual prowess; the voice of a herald still repeating the same impressive tidings, not the address of an orator subjugating at once the rational and the sensitive faculties of his audience. He was rather the compiler than the inventor of the Franciscan code; and as a legislator is famous for only two novelties — the vow of absolute poverty, which was made but to be broken; and the reconcilement of the religious with the secular state in his Order of Penitence; which died away with the feudal oppressions and the social exigencies which, at first, sustained and nourished it.

Considered only as a part of the general system of Monasticism, the success of the Franciscan rule is, however, readily explicable. Men become monks and women nuns, sometimes from vulgar motives—such as fashion, the desire of mutual support, the want of a maintenance, inaptitude for more active duties, satiety of the pleasures of life, or disgust at its disappointments, parental authority, family convenience, or the like;—sometimes from-

superstitious fancies, such as the supposed sanctity of certain relics, or the expiatory value of some particular ceremonial;—sometimes from nobler impulses, such as the conviction that such solitude is essential to the purity of the soul of the recluse, or to the usefulness of his life;—but always, in some degree, from other causes of still deeper root and far wider expansion. Such are, the servile spirit, which desires to abdicate the burden of free-will and the responsibilities of free agency;—and the feeble spirit, which can stand erect, and make progress, only when sustained by the pressure and the impulse of a crowd;—and the wavering spirit, which takes refuge from the pains of doubt in the contagion of monastic unanimity.

Neither is the success of the Franciscan institute, if viewed as distinct from all other conventual orders, involved in any real obscurity. So reiterated, indeed, and so just have been the assaults on the Mendicant Friars, that we usually forget that, till the days of Martin Luther, the Church had never seen so great and effectual a reform as theirs. During nearly two centuries, Francis and his spiritual descendants, chiefly, if not exclusively, directed the two great engines of the Christian warfare—the Mission and the Pulpit. Nothing in the histories of Wesley or of Whitfield, can be compared with the enthusiasm which every where welcomed them, or with the immediate and visible results of their labours. In an age of oligarchal tyranny they were the protectors of the weak; in an age of ignorance the instructors of mankind; and in an age of profligacy the stern vindicators of the holiness of the sacerdotal character, and the virtues of domestic life. While other religious societies withdrew from the world, they entered, studied, and traversed it. They were followed by the wretched, the illiterate, and the obscure, through whom, from the first, the Church has been chiefly replenished, but not by them only. In every part of Europe, the rich, the powerful, and the learned, were found among their proselytes. In our own land, Duns Scotus, Alexander Hales, Robert Grostête, and Roger Bacon, lent to this new Christian confederacy the lustre and the authority of their names. And even when, by the natural descent of corruption, it had fallen into well-deserved contumely, the mission and the pulpit, and the tradition of the great men by whom it was originally organised and nurtured, were sufficient to arrest the progress of decay, and to redeem for the Franciscan Order a permanent and a conspicuous station among the 'Princedoms, Dominations, Powers,' which hold their appointed rank and perform their appropriate offices in the great spiritual dynasty of Rome.

The tragedy of Hamlet, leaving out the character of the Prince

of Denmark; the biography of Turenne, with the exception of his wars; may, perhaps, be but inadequate images of a life of Saint Francis, omitting all notice of the doctrines he taught, and excluding any account of the influence of his theology on himself or his contemporaries, and on the generations which have succeeded him. This, however, is not a biography, but a rapid sketch put forth by secular men to secular readers. It would be indecorous to suppose that our profound divines, Scottish or English, would waste the midnight oil over so slight an attempt as this to revive the memory of a once famous Father of the Church, now fallen into unmerited neglect and indiscriminate opprobrium among us. Yet if, indeed, any student of Jewell or of Knox should so far descend from his Bodleian eminences as to cast a hasty glance over these lines, let him heartily censure if he will, then supply their too palpable omissions. Let him write the complete story of Saint Francis, and estimate impartially his acts, his opinions, his character, and his labours; and he will have written one important chapter of a History of the Monastic Orders, and will have contributed to supply one great deficiency in the ecclesiastical literature of the Protestant world.

ART. II.—*The Works of Beaumont and Fletcher; the Text formed from a new collation of the early editions: with Notes and a Biographical Memoir.* By the Rev. ALEXANDER DYCE. 11 vols. 8vo. London: 1843-1846.

OF the beautiful though faulty works which compose these volumes, a considerable number were the fruit of one of those singular literary Partnerships, which, hardly known in any department of poetical art except the drama, have repeatedly been formed by dramatic poets both in our own country and elsewhere. The old English drama abounds with examples. None of these alliances, however, was so steadfast, none so successful, none so evidently prompted by 'consimility of genius,' as that which has, by a consent almost universal, elevated the inseparable names of the two friends, Francis Beaumont and John Fletcher, to a place in our dramatic literature second only to that of the one unapproachable master of the art.

In regard to the personal history of the two poets, all that is known scarcely suffices to do more than excite a vain curiosity. But few facts have been collected which have any interest in themselves, or any value as the groundwork of critical speculation. The principal of these relate to the family history of both.

Among the western hills of Leicestershire, there has lately been erected a monastery, which, inhabited by thirty or forty

Cistercian monks, carries back our thoughts from the busy world of manufactures by which it is surrounded, to the antiquities and the poetry of the middle ages. Similar reflections are prompted by another scene, situated about a mile from this modern abbey of Saint Bernard. In the midst of a little valley, on a meadow beside a dashing brook, is to be seen at the present day a group of ivy-mantled ruins. There, in the thirteenth century, a pious lady founded an Augustinian nunnery, in honour of Saint Mary and the blessed Trinity. Confiscated on the suppression of the religious houses at the Reformation, the priory of Gracedieu and its demesne were acquired by John Beaumont, a lawyer of old family. He afterwards became Master of the Rolls; but was soon charged with corruption, disgraced, and deprived of his estates. His widow recovered from the wreck of his fortunes the manor of which he had dispossessed the nuns of Lady Roesia de Verdun. Her son Francis, distinguishing himself in his father's profession, was appointed one of the Justices of the Common Pleas, and received knighthood from the hands of Queen Elizabeth. He is spoken of as a 'grave, learned, and reverend judge.' He married a lady of the family of Pierrepoint in Nottinghamshire; from which long afterwards came the sprightly Lady Mary Wortley Montague.

Of Judge Beaumont's three sons, the eldest died young. John, the second, inherited the estates, and obtained a baronetcy. Sir John Beaumont was a man of reflection, taste, and feeling. In right of his 'Bosworth Field,' and other poems, he is remembered among our minor poets, and among the earliest improvers of English heroic verse. The third son, Francis Beaumont, was born at Gracedieu, probably in the year 1585. The family of Gracedieu did not comprise the only men of genius of the name. Among their kinsmen the Beaumonts of Coleorton, we find, in the seventeenth century, Dr Joseph Beaumont, a poet from whom Pope did not disdain to borrow wisely; and, in our own time, this branch of the ancient stock has been represented by one of the most accomplished gentlemen of any age—the late Sir George Beaumont, himself a pleasing artist, and the generous friend of artists and of poets.

The birth-place of Francis Beaumont was a fit nursery for the boyhood of a poet. The spot itself is still beautiful: the region in which it lies was then sylvan and romantic. Charnwood Forest, on the edge of which Gracedieu stands, was in the sixteenth century a thickly wooded chase. Drayton indeed, not long afterwards, lamented that the high-palmed harts were fled, and the dryads dead with the oaks they had inhabited. Even for him,

however, the scene was the ideal of a forest: and about the very time when his 'Poly-olbion' was composed, Bishop Corbet and his fellow-travellers lost their way among its rocky glades. Wordsworth, the intimate friend of the late Sir George Beaumont, has since revived its poetical renown in an inscription reminding us, that—

'There, on the margin of a streamlet wild,
Did Francis Beaumont sport, an eager child;
There, under shadow of the neighbouring rocks,
Sang youthful tales of shepherds and their flocks;
Unconscious prelude to heroic themes,
Heart-breaking tears, and melancholy dreams
Of slighted love, and scorn, and jealous rage,
With which his genius shook the buskin'd stage.'

But the earliest breathings of nature upon the poetic heart do not generally awaken a sound which is their own echo. The young poet is for a time a mocking-bird. Beaumont's earliest known work, published when he was certainly less than seventeen years of age, was the 'Salmacis and Hermaphroditus,' a poem of nine hundred heroic lines. In this boyish piece, the voluptuous sketch of the Metamorphoses is worked up into a minutely touched and over-coloured picture. The fancy which it unquestionably exhibits, is expended on mythological inventions, ingenious like those of their prototype, and even more artificial. There emerges in it little, if any thing, of original observation of external nature. But the scenes, amid which his early youth was past, were secretly nourishing the sympathies which afterwards flowed out with imaginative fulness upon the world of human action and passion: nor did those scenes pass away without leaving images which were afterwards enlarged and coloured into richer landscapes in unfading verse.

The 'Salmacis,' and an equally free imitation of the 'Remedy of Love,' are our chief or only means of estimating the influence exerted on his mind by his academical education. He became a gentleman commoner of Broadgates Hall in Oxford, when he was about twelve years old: but he seems to have resided there only a short time; and he was certainly too young to have received from it any deep impression, in the classical studies of the place, in the more home-sprung learning of Camden who had lived within the same walls a generation before, or in the puritanism and patriotism of Pym, who was his college-contemporary. The Inner Temple, where he entered while still a boy, introduced him to new companionships of a nature more congenial to his own; and we now approach the sphere in which his brief existence was destined to be spent.

Meanwhile the friend whose name has become identified with his, was entering upon life under circumstances far less favourable. Richard Fletcher, the son of a vicar in Kent, had distinguished himself at Cambridge, and been Master of Bene't College. He was also minister of Rye, where, in December 1579, was born his third son, JOHN FLETCHER the poet. John Fletcher was a child of seven years, when his father, now Dean of Peterborough, laid the foundation of his future fortunes by insulting the unhappy Mary, Queen of Scots, upon the scaffold. His zealous services upon this occasion, his courtly manners, his handsome person, and his intimacy with Burleigh, concurred in recommending him to the favour of the maiden queen. Subject to certain simoniacal suspicions, he soon became Bishop of Bristol. Elizabeth, delighting in the good looks of her comely bishop, had found fault with him for cutting his beard too short: 'whereas, good lady,' wrote Harington, 'although she knew it not, that which he had cut too short was his bishopric, not his beard.' He was made, successively, High Almoner, Bishop of Worcester, and in 1595, Bishop of London. A widower at the time of this last promotion, he immediately married the very recent widow of a Kentish knight. The queen's distaste of the marriage of clergymen was aggravated in this instance by the doubtful reputation of the lady. The bishop was accordingly suspended from his functions by the primate, and forbidden by the queen to appear at court. A partial restoration to the royal favour came too late to heal the wound which public disgrace had inflicted upon a proud and worldly heart. On a June evening in 1596, as he sat smoking in his chair, Bishop Fletcher suddenly fell back and expired.

He left eight children in beggary; and his property was seized by the Exchequer, in satisfaction of official debts to the crown. Intercession was made for the orphans by his brother Dr Giles Fletcher, an eminent civilian, diplomatist, and scholar, and father of the two poets Giles and Phineas. The family had a still more powerful advocate in the chivalrous Essex, prompted by Anthony Bacon, brother of the great chancellor. But there is no reason to believe that the government relented.

John Fletcher had at twelve years of age been admitted a pensioner of his father's college at Cambridge; where, two years later, he is said by his last biographer to have been made one of the Bible clerks—an assertion which not improbably involves some mistake; Bible clerk being an Oxford, not a Cambridge title. Of his university studies nothing further is known. At his father's death he was only in his seventeenth year; and it can hardly be doubted that this event cast him loose upon the world.

We are left in the dark, however, concerning him. We know nothing of his employments for some years afterwards; nor how and when he first became connected with Beaumont. The oldest date at which their names occur together is 1607, when each of them contributed a copy of commendatory verses to the 'Fox' of Ben Jonson. To the same year, or 1606, is also assigned Fletcher's first appearance as a writer—the first at least of which we have any trace—in the indifferent comedy of 'The Woman-hater.' In the case of Fletcher, therefore, as of Shakspeare, several years of early life are unaccounted for. But, since London had been the principal home of his boyhood in his father's lifetime, there can be little doubt of its being the place where we ought to look for him, when thrown so suddenly by his father's death on his own resources. This was the age when the theatres were no less a house of refuge than a temple of fame for youthful poets: and, looking at Fletcher's future history, we can scarcely be mistaken in supposing, that he at once betook himself to writing for the theatres to earn his bread. Without patrimony or profession, he would be driven by want to try to the utmost the fatal facility of his powers. This necessity, we fear, continued to the last. The rapidity with which his plays appeared after the death of his friend, affords strong presumptive evidence of his having been spurred on by motives more pressing than the desire of fame. Proof to the same effect, proof of hurry in composition, is afforded by the imperfections which deform so many of his plays, especially the later ones. 'Several of his scenes,' says one of his critics, 'nay, whole acts, must have been written with 'either an ill-filled stomach, or an ill-filled head.'

Beaumont was differently situated. There is no reason for supposing that he was ever poor. Some fortune, more or less, came to him from his eldest brother. He married into a good family; and, as has justly been remarked, he had another security against indigence, in the affection of his surviving brother. Indeed there is no reason for questioning that Beaumont had independent means, except an imperfectly vouched account of the history of one of his daughters.

The circumstances of Beaumont, however, are chiefly important as entitling us the more readily to believe, that the literary alliance between him and his less wealthy friend was not one of those joint adventures, so common in that time, which were ordered by the play-house managers, and executed for daily bread by starving play-wrights. We read, in the diary of Philip Henslowe and elsewhere, of plays which were produced by the combined labour of two, three, four, and even five poets. In many such cases, the undertaking was plainly a match against time.

A temporary theme had to be caught up before its popularity should vanish; or a new piece had to be hurriedly put together, in order to neutralize the attraction of some similar novelty at a rival play-house. The task, which could not within a given period be performed by one head, might easily be performed by two or more. To miserable demands like these, most of the dramatists of that age (almost all of them needy men, and some of them players as well as poets,) lived in continual slavery. It is far from being improbable that to such emergencies we owe the association of Fletcher's name, in works still extant, with those of Jonson, Middleton, William Rowley, and others. His co-operation with Massinger, Field, and Daborne, in the writing of a play which cannot now be identified, is shown by the sad letter of those three men to Henslowe, the date of which, though not exactly ascertainable, must have preceded Beaumont's death. Indeed, if we are to credit assertions made not long after the facts occurred, poor Massinger was Fletcher's coadjutor, even in several of the dramas now before us: but at the same time Massinger's manner is too unlike Fletcher's to make it probable that they could have worked together, and that internal evidence should not betray the fact.

We have, in short, good reason for believing, that by far the greater number of Fletcher's works were written either by himself alone, or in conjunction with that one associate who, so far as we know, co-operated with none but him. His other combinations were casual and temporary; this was systematic and long continued. A union so singular, and so difficult to maintain, can only have arisen out of strong personal attachment, and from the consciousness that their genius also was akin. In truth the wonderful resemblance, both in thought and in expression, which prevails throughout their works, is not the least curious riddle which the study of them presents.

Beaumont's choice of Fletcher must have been entirely free; nor is there any ground for conjecturing otherwise respecting Fletcher's choice of Beaumont. Their positions, however, must have been different when they first met. In 1607, Beaumont could not be much more than in his twenty-second year; while Fletcher was already in his twenty-eighth. It is allowable to figure Fletcher, the orphan son of the bankrupt prelate, as having been engaged for several years in struggling against difficulties not unlike those that probably impeded the early path of Shakspeare. We may regard him as already in some measure a practised dramatic artist; we may believe him to have owed to the severe training through which he had been compelled to pass, no mean portion of that readiness, both in composition and in speech, for

which he was extolled by his most intelligent contemporaries. Beaumont, on the other hand, born under a happier star, presents himself to our imagination as a votary of art, who practises it because he loves it, and who, younger and less experienced than his friend, but more reflective and more precocious, might bring into contribution, from the earliest period of their union, the very faculties in which his comrade would have been found wanting, if he had continued to work alone. But we must not go on guessing.

About the beginning of the seventeenth century, the poets of England were almost all dramatists. The fifteen or twenty years preceding had witnessed the rise of the English drama to a height which could not be surpassed; but further efforts continued to be made, and new aspirants crowded into the ranks. In those days, it must be remembered, the writing of a play for the closet was never dreamt of; at least by none except the eccentric Earl of Stirling. Every dramatic poet wrote for the stage; each play being usually put at the disposal of the theatres, the printing of it was necessarily delayed in order to preserve the monopoly of it to the players; and, in very many instances, the printing was postponed till the work was irretrievably lost. The poets were thus brought into close relation with the actors; several of them, such as Jonson, Massinger, and Field, were actors themselves; and, although it is clearly a mistake to suppose that Fletcher ever trode the stage, yet the character and position of the theatrical companies, and the estimation in which theatrical amusements were held, must have been points of infinite importance to him and his friend.

The stage, which had been despised even by literary men when Shakspeare was a youth, was now the favourite both of the aristocracy and of the people. In consequence of the favour shown to it, its exhibitions were invested with a pomp, which, rude doubtless, according to modern notions, yet far exceeded what we should expect, or can indeed easily believe. Neither in the buildings nor in the scenery, did there exist the vastness and splendour which are among the prodigies of more recent times; becoming more and more gorgeous, as the literary glory of our representations has declined. But the researches of dramatic antiquaries have lately shown, that on the Wardrobe of the leading theatrical companies there was then lavished an expense which is startling even to modern ears, and which could not have been incurred, had not a theatre been a more profitable investment than it appears to be at present. There were then, as now, many actors who were needy and despised, on account either of want of prudence or want of talent. But, notwithstanding the frowns of the

more austere, and the remonstrances of a party who began to look on the stage with political jealousy as well as with religious scruples, persons professionally connected with the theatre occupied, or had it in their power to acquire, a creditable position in society. There were actors both respectable and respected; and, as it has recently been shown, there were some, even of secondary note, who lived wisely and died wealthy.

Above all, there were two men, actors and proprietors of theatres, who had vindicated for themselves a place considerably above their station, and whose conduct and success had done as much as has since been done by the family of Kemble, to elevate and support the character of their calling. The one had no claim to literary distinction; but he was the first tragic actor of the day; and, about the time when our two poets appeared, he had gained a great part of the large fortune, which, being a childless man, he afterwards devoted to public charity. This was Edward Alleyn, the founder of the college of 'God's Gift' at Dulwich. The name of the other of the two players was higher still. Professionally regarded, they were, as we should now phrase it, rival managers; but both were prudent, both were kindly, and there are gratifying proofs of an interchange of good offices between them. One little anecdote, recovered but lately, belongs almost to the very year in which Beaumont became known as a dramatist. Alleyn being absent in the country on a strolling excursion, at a time when the theatres in London were shut by reason of the plague, his wife receives in town a visit from 'a pretty youth, and handsome in apparel,' who assumes an aristocratic name, asks for a loan of ten pounds, and asserts that he is known both to Mr Alleyn and to the other great theatrical manager. Mrs Alleyn, who, as the step-daughter of old Philip Henslowe, had learned economy and caution, declines to comply with the demand till the reference shall have been verified; and the brother manager, on being appealed to, declares that he knew the applicant only by having heard that he was a rogue, and is glad the money had not been given! The impostor does not again show himself; and Joan Alleyn, in her next letter to her husband, exultingly tells him the story. Her friendly adviser was a person of whom we are accustomed to think as discharging higher duties to humanity than detecting swindlers. She describes him as 'Mr Shakspeare of the Globe.' Not long afterwards Shakspeare retired to his native town, to enjoy, during the too short evening of his days, the fortune which enabled him to leave his children in a station more worthy of their ancient lineage than of that calling, from which believers in his sonnets must grieve to think, that he sometimes bitterly revolted. To his pro-

fession and to his worldly prudence he owed his wealth: if he had been merely a great genius, and not also a man of business, (gifts since again united in the person of Sir Walter Scott,) he might have pined like Jonson, or starved like Massinger. We can scarcely over-estimate the facilities, which his easy circumstances, in the latter half of his life, must have afforded him for the composition and elaboration of his greatest works. But, in order duly to estimate what we owe him, we must also recollect that his genius was now and afterwards the animating principle of the drama, and of the stage; and that had he not written 'Hamlet,' and 'Lear,' and his Historical Plays, the English theatres might have continued to be a mere school of popular buffoonery, imitation, and bombast.

About the year 1607, the old English drama may be said to have been in the last month of its brief but resplendent summer. Those gorgeous plants which sprang up in natural luxuriance, under the influence of the warm sun and the free air, were still, day by day, bursting into flower. Their time, however, was all but over; the field was beginning to be covered, more and more thickly, by the Autumnal growth which is the fruit of artificial cultivation; and noxious weeds, though as yet hardly visible, were already rooted in the soil. The first ten years of the seventeenth century compose the great concluding period of Shakspeare's literary life; the period which comprehends the most thoughtful and solemn of his works. Ben Jonson, too, was then in the zenith of his activity and fame; but about to fall into his sad decline. 'The Silent Woman,' and 'The Alchemist,' were his only great works subsequent to the appearance of Beaumont and Fletcher. Side by side with Shakspeare and Jonson, stood a couple of veterans, the epic and eloquent Chapman, and Heywood, the 'prose Shakspeare,' still cheerful and indefatigable; while Webster, Middleton, Dekker, Marston, and others, had already occupied the ground which they must thenceforth share with formidable competitors,—with our two poets, with Massinger, and with Ford. Drayton and Daniel, too, whose fame now rests on poetry of other kinds, were enrolled among the dramatists of their time.

Working with a fervour, and warmed by a literary ambition, seldom if ever paralleled, this swarm of poets constituted likewise a society of friends, whose intercourse, broken at times by individual quarrels, was usually free, cordial, and happy. Then occurred those 'wit combats,' the fame of which descended traditionally to the age of Fuller; then were held, day after day, those merry meetings at the Mermaid, which Beaumont, writing from the country, regretted, amidst the beauty of the summer,—that intercommuning of buoyant natures, which, delightful at the time,

returned afterwards on wings of fire and raised the clear spirit to the energy that created immortal works. There were different dramatic schools; a point which it is not possible at present to elucidate: But another fact, more easily explained, was this; that the chief dramatists were usually connected with one or another of the leading theatres, and not with all. There were two principal theatres; at the head of one of which stood Henslowe, and afterwards Alleyn; while Shakspeare was one of the most considerable proprietors of the other. To the latter of the two, the theatrical establishment of the Globe and Blackfriars, Beaumont and Fletcher appear to have been attached from an early period of their career, though not from the very first; and this circumstance would serve to bring them into communion with Ben Jonson. Jonson set too high a value on his praise to be over lavish of it. While one of his poems bears frank and cordial testimony to his affection for Beaumont, and his admiration of the young poet's genius, he hints only in his confidential talk with Drummond, that the young man set rather too high an estimate on his powers. In the same conversations he declared his love for Fletcher without any qualification—a rare thing with one whose temper, naturally moody, was irritated by misfortune and supposed neglect. Fletcher's genius for the more poetical kinds of dramatic writing, extorted from the gruff father of the rising generation (as he loved to be regarded), the highest praise, when he admitted, 'that, next himself, only Fletcher and Chapman 'could make a Masque.' Upon Fletcher's pastoral, the most ideal of all his compositions, being condemned by the crowd, he signified his hearty approbation of it, and prophesied for it the immortality which it enjoys.

Reckoned from 1607, the union of our two poets endured for nine or ten years.

The prosaic yet credulous Aubrey, the same 'picker-up of un-'considered trifles,' who made a butcher's boy of Shakspeare, describes the familiarity of their intercourse as the closest possible. He speaks of them as having lived in the same house, and as having had a community of goods so wide, as to embrace even the most objectionable feature of Plato's commonwealth. If at any time the two did 'live together on the Bank-side, not far from the Play-'house,' they must have ceased to do so in 1613. For, in that year Beaumont married, his wife being a lady of an old family, the daughter and coheir of Henry Isley of Sundridge in Kent. It does not appear that Fletcher was ever married. There is proof, in Beaumont's poetical 'Letter to Ben Jonson,' of at least one visit which they afterwards paid together to the country, and in the course of which two of their comedies were partly written. One

would gladly believe Mr Dyce to be right in conjecturing, that Gracedieu may have been the place of their retirement. It would be agreeable to imagine that the fancy of the town-bred Fletcher was inspired, by wandering among the solitudes of Charnwood, and beneath the monastic cloisters of his friend's paternal home, with the images of seclusion which adorn his exquisite ode to Melancholy, printed for the first time in the very play to which Beaumont's Letter is prefixed.

> 'Moonlight walks, where all the fowls
> Are warmly housed, save bats and owls;
> Fountain-heads and pathless groves,
> Places which pale passion loves!'

They had not laboured together above three or four years, before the fame of the two friends was firmly established. 'Philaster' and 'The Maid's Tragedy' are known to have been among the earliest of their joint works. A little later Fletcher wrote 'The Faithful Shepherdess;' after which they brought out, in partnership, the 'King and No King,' and 'The Knight of the Burning Pestle.' Supposing the works to be ranked merely according to their merit as stage-pieces, these may be held to be equalled, or surpassed, by some of the other plays; but the true place of the authors in our file of poets would remain unaltered, if, retaining the five dramas just enumerated, we were to lose every thing else which they ever wrote. In none of the series is the poetic vision so fine; in none, perhaps, is the dramatic vitality so intense. The two earliest of the group are the most characteristic of them all, both for good and evil.

'Philaster, or Love lies a-bleeding,' is more valuable as a poem than as a drama; and more valuable, too, for the beauty of particular passages than for its effect as a whole. It is a romantic love-play, founded on a loose and feeble plot. A young and high-minded prince, dispossessed of his royal inheritance, (we hardly know how,) stalks, like a sorrowful ghost, through the halls that should have been his own. Between him and the usurper's daughter, there has sprung up a mutual and acknowledged affection; but two obstacles are in the way. The princess is betrothed by her father to a foreign suitor; and her lover becomes suspicious of her fidelity. Both impediments are removed. The lady's honour is vindicated; the unworthiness of the bridegroom, with whom she had been threatened, is exposed; and her father, in a sudden access of kindness and justice, bestows on the prince his mistress and the kingdom. Upon this tottering and ill-jointed trellis-work are hung garlands of the most delicate fancy, and of the sweetest and most tender feeling. The melancholy musings of Prince Philaster, and his fitful gusts of jealousy and

despair; the self-conscious purity of Arethusa, and her unshaken devotion to one whose weakness had exposed her to insult and danger; the silent, innocent, and unselfish love of the disguised Euphrasia; are set forth in scenes which, though exhibiting little skill or strength in the portraiture of character, abound in touches of rich imagery and true emotion. Few passages in English poetry are more finely conceived or expressed than some of those that occur among the adventures in the forest. Still sweeter is the description, by Philaster, of his finding Euphrasia by the fountain; and the whole idea of the character thus introduced, raises the work into a region of imagination which it would not otherwise have reached. Yet, pure and lofty as are most of the thoughts and feelings of this piece, the imaginative heaven of our poets was not free from clouds, even in this the morning of their day. The taint of moral evil has already come too near; the foul shape of Megra flits every where before our eyes; and all that surrounds her is infected by her presence.

In the second of their great works, the young dramatists plunged headlong into that realm of sin, around whose frontier they had skimmed so often in 'Philaster.' The incidents of 'The 'Maid's Tragedy' are profoundly revolting; they are possible only in a state of society utterly abandoned; and, unless on Madame de Stael's theory of the connexion between an immoral stage and a moral people, they must have been intolerable in representation to any audience but one whose standard of purity was miserably low. Yet it has been attempted, in our own day, to revive this play. It was brought on the stage of the Haymarket ten years ago, with alterations by Macready and Sheridan Knowles. Nor were these practised judges of stage requirements wrong in their estimate of its dramatic merits. The bloody tale which it tells contains genuine tragic elements; although, even in a description like the present, and far more in an actual representation, the decencies of the nineteenth century command a veil to be cast over some of the particulars, to the filling up of which the outline owes so much of its harrowing power.

Amintor, a young nobleman of Rhodes, is tempted by the King to abandon Aspatia, to whom he had been betrothed, and to marry Evadne, a beautiful lady of the court. In the very bride-chamber, the bride acquaints her husband with the nature of the interest which the king has taken in her marriage. She is the royal mistress. Her brother, extorting the secret from Amintor, brings his sister to confession and to a fierce kind of penitence. Evadne murders her seducer; the broken-hearted Aspatia, assuming a male disguise, provokes her faithless lover to slay her; Evadne and Amintor both perish by suicide.

This is a story of guilt, and dishonour, and treachery; but it is not one in which crime is lightly regarded or allowed to triumph. The dishonour is passionately felt: the treacherous guilt is fearfully avenged. In the treatment of the theme (as, alas! in every one of the works before us) there are introduced passages of reprehensible levity and coarseness; but the ruling tone of feeling is one which is morally not inconsonant with the events represented. Regarded as a whole, 'The Maid's Tragedy' is, in our judgment, its authors' masterpiece. Over all its horrors there is thrown a veil of poetic imagery, which invests most closely the figure of the forlorn Aspatia, but streams out almost on every character and every scene. The feeling, too, is deep and varied; plaintive sorrow finds a voice most readily, while strong expression is also given to anger and hatred and despair. These are features of detail; but there is a dramatic and poetical excellence of a rarer and loftier kind, in the harmony with which (a few jarring notes excepted) the unity of tragic emotion is maintained throughout. It does not present to us merely two or three situations powerfully designed and coloured; it leads us on from one scene of passion to another, each rising beyond the scenes which had preceded it, and one and all converging towards the dreadful catastrophe in which every thing is swallowed up, and 'darkness is the burier of the dead.'

'A King and No King' was, in the time of its authors, and long afterwards, one of the most popular of acted plays. A revival of it was projected by Garrick, who perceived the opportunities for display afforded to him by the character of Arbaces. The design, however, was given up, and it failed when carried into execution by Harris. Indeed, the moral tone of the work could not have been endured by any audience living after the seventeenth century. The story relates the progress of a passion, which those who entertained it believed to be incestuous, and which is eventually rewarded by the discovery that they are not relations. The literary merits of the play have been estimated very diversely. Some critics, and no mean ones, have ranked it much above 'The Maid's Tragedy.' Mr Dyce's judgment on it is more moderate and just.

The three plays we have just spoken of present the most noted instances, though by no means the only ones, in which Beaumont and Fletcher have been taxed with directly borrowing from Shakspeare. Bessus is said to have been copied from Falstaff; the character and position of Philaster from Hamlet; the melancholy songs of Aspatia, and Evadne's confession to her brother, from Ophelia; while the scene between Melantius and Amintor is supposed to be an imitation of the quarrel between Brutus and

Cassius. But instances of this kind, however evidently suggested by the great original, faintly intimate the degree to which the works of Shakspeare dwelt upon the minds of his contemporaries. We learn as little from their jesting allusions, the turns of expression, and the bits of parody upon Shakspeare which are often introduced good-humouredly by our two poets, and sometimes by Jonson with spleen and sourness. His influence on the dramas of his time, and on all its walks of poetry, was much wider than this.

Imaginative inventors, of all ranks below the very highest, are like planetary satellites, which revolve indeed each on its own axis, but are all carried round in the orbit of their common centre; nay, to push the comparison a step further, Jupiter himself, as well as his moons, gravitates in dependence on the sun. Through the concurrence of the two impulses, the special and the common, it is natural and inevitable, that the appearance of every great work or group of works, in literature or art, should not only produce particular and designed imitation, but should throw over all productions of the same class a hue which otherwise they would not have possessed. Thus did thoughts, and feelings, and images innumerable, sown by Shakspeare beside the highway on which he travelled, spring up there into stately plants, and shed their seeds over every field that lay in the neighbourhood. Even the spirit of the great poet did in some degree rest upon his contemporaries, when his wide mantle fell and covered them all — his divinest moods of emotion, his most dazzling trances of imagination, his profoundest intuitions of character, his marvellous reaches of thought, sounding all the depths of human nature;—these were indeed inspirations not vouchsafed to any but himself, and apprehended but imperfectly even by the most exquisitely endowed of those to whom the poetic seer communicated his visions. But there was much that could be both comprehended and transfused; much that did pass from the most comprehensive of all created minds, to the finest of the intelligences which surrounded and followed him. The magnetic *rapport* between his genius and that of his fellow dramatists, could not, it is true, qualify any of them, even in their most intense phases of poetical rapture, to imagine characters, or mental histories, like those of Hamlet, of Othello and Iago, of Lear, or of Macbeth: but the relation was close enough to enable several of them to conceive forms and incidents, feelings and thoughts, not so very dissimilar to those of 'Romeo and Juliet,' of 'As You Like It,' of 'Much Ado about Nothing.' That Samuel Johnson should prefer Shakspeare's comedies to his tragedies, does not surprise us. But that Milton should have gone to see a comedy of Shakspeare's when he was merry,

and have been obliged to fall back upon Greek plays about 'Pelops' line' when he was sad—not finding in Shakspeare enough of pity and of terror—and that Thomas Warton should have thought he showed good taste in doing so, is more than we can understand.

Now, of all his contemporaries, in respect both of matter and of expression, Beaumont and Fletcher approached the nearest to him. They exhibited characteristics more akin to Shakspeare, than can be discovered in any other. The language, doubtless, is far inferior, especially in vigour, precision, and comprehension; so, too, the thought, the feeling, and the imagery: still, there is in all a strong resemblance. We could never, it is true, peruse a whole play, nay, not a whole scene, nor perhaps so much as two consecutive speeches, in the works of Beaumont and Fletcher, without being forcibly reminded, usually by a discord or a faintness of sound, that we are not listening to the enchanting music of the mighty master. But there are to be found, scattered thickly throughout their dramas, short passages, chiefly of external description, or of tender feeling, which strike in us on the same chords of thought and sentiment that are still vibrating under the hand of the greater poet. This similarity of character would be evident at once to any reader, who, being familiar with Shakspeare, should become acquainted with Beaumont and Fletcher for the first time through a selection of their most imaginative, most pathetic, or most sprightly passages. The same experiment performed on any other dramatists of the time, would leave a very different impression.

The secret may be told in one word. Whatever may be their just place as dramatists, Beaumont and Fletcher were better poets than any of their dramatic contemporaries, except Shakspeare himself. They mounted higher on the wings of ideal contemplation. None can be compared to them for exuberance and grace of fancy, none for their delicacy and tenderness of feeling in passages of emotion. Their superiority in the region of pure poetry is shown significantly by the fact, that many of the lyrics introduced into their dramas are of incomparable beauty; unapproached, not only by such indifferent commonplaces as the songs of Massinger's plays, but even by the gems which sparkle in the masques of Ben Jonson. The poetic spirit breathes not less warmly over innumerable passages of the dialogues, lulling us so delightfully in dreams of fantasy, that we forget for the time their faults. We forget that, as works of art, their dramas are immeasurably inferior to those of Jonson, the most skilful artist of our old dramatic school; that they are far behind him in the admirable structure of his plots, as in his boldly conceived and

vigorously executed portraiture of character. We forget that they want alike the pomp and the thoughtfulness of Massinger; that they strive in vain after the tragic intensity of Webster; that they compensate but ill, by strained and extravagant situations, for the natural delineation of life and manners which was often attained by Heywood. We forget that there is hardly one of their works which must not, if regarded as a whole, be pronounced positively bad. We forget that, though they often thought finely, they were incapable of thinking either comprehensively or profoundly; that, though they felt deeply, their genuine passion was evanescent, and was succeeded by counterfeited hysterics; that, though they imagined poetically and often dramatically, they lacked the power to work out their images into living groups, or into real and consistent scenes. All this, and much else, we forget or disregard, because of the fact, that these two fine spirits soared higher than any of the others into the poetical atmosphere of the visionary world; that these two eloquent tongues have told us, beyond what any of the others could have found utterance for, what shapes had visited them in their dreams. All being disregarded, or assumed, which can justly be asserted in depreciation of the dramatic rank of our poets, there remains the undoubted truth, that their works contain many passages poetically superior, with *the* one great exception, to all that is to be found elsewhere among the treasury of our old English drama; and that we could cull from them, through a long course of extracts, poetry as beautiful and touching as any in our language.

In measuring the height of Beaumont and Fletcher, we cannot take a better scale than to put them alongside Skakspeare, and compare them with him. In this manner, an imaginary supposition may assist us in determining the nature of their excellence, and almost enable us to fix its degree. Suppose there were to be discovered, in the library of the Earl of Ellesmere, or in that of the Duke of Devonshire, two dramas not known before, and of doubtful authorship, the one being 'Hamlet,' and the other 'The Winter's Tale.' We should be at no loss, we think, to assign the former to Shakspeare: the judgment would be warranted alike by the consideration of the whole, and by a scrutiny of particular parts. But with regard to the other play, hesitation would not be at all unreasonable. Beaumont and Fletcher (as an eminent living critic has remarked to us) might be believed to have written all its serious parts, more especially the scenes of the jealousy of Leontes, and those beautiful ones which describe the rustic festival. Strange to say, a case of this kind has actually arisen: And the uncertainty which still hangs over it, agrees entirely with the

hesitation which we have ventured to imagine as arising in the case we have supposed.

In 1634, eighteen years after Beaumont's death, and nine after Fletcher's, there was printed, for the first time, the play called 'The Two Noble Kinsmen.' The bookseller in his title-page declared it to have been 'written by the memorable worthies 'of their time, Mr John Fletcher and Mr William Shakspeare, 'gentlemen.' On the faith of this assertion, and on the evidence afforded by the character of the work, it has been assumed universally, that Fletcher had a share in the authorship. Shakspeare's part in it has been denied; though there is, perhaps, a preponderance of authority for the affirmative. Those who maintain the joint authorship, commonly suppose the two poets to have written together: but Mr Dyce questions this, and gives us an ingenious theory of his own, which assumes Fletcher to have taken up and altered the work long after Shakspeare's labour on it had been closed.

The question of Shakspeare's share in this play is really insoluble. On the one hand, there are reasons making it very difficult to believe that he can have had any concern in it; particularly the heavy and undramatic construction of the piece, and the want of individuality in the characters. Besides, we encounter in it direct and palpable imitations of Shakspeare himself; among which the most prominent is the wretchedly drawn character of the jailor's daughter. On the other hand, there are, in many passages, resemblances of expression (in the very particulars in which our two poets are most unlike Shakspeare) so close, that we must either admit Shakspeare's authorship of these parts, or suppose Fletcher or some one else to have imitated him designedly, and with very marvellous success. Among these passages, too, there are not a few which display a brilliancy of imagination, and a grasp of thought, much beyond Fletcher's ordinary pitch. Readers who lean to Mr Dyce's theory, will desire to learn his grounds for believing that Fletcher's labour on the play was performed in the latter part of his life. It appears to us that the piece bears a close likeness to those more elevated works which are known to have been among the earliest of our series: and, if it were not an unbrotherly act to throw a new bone of contention among the critics, we would hint that there is no evidence entitling us peremptorily to assert that Fletcher was concerned in the work to the exclusion of Beaumont.

Be the authorship whose it may, 'The Two Noble Kinsmen' is undoubtedly one of the finest dramas in the volumes before us. It contains passages which, in dramatic vigour and passion, yield hardly to any thing—perhaps to nothing—in the whole collection; while

for gorgeousness of imagery, for delicacy of poetic feeling, and for grace, animation, and strength of language, we doubt whether there exists, under the names of our authors, any drama that comes near to it. Never has any theme enjoyed the honours which have befallen the semi-classical legend of Palamon and Arcite. Chosen as the foundation of chivalrous narrative by Boccaccio, Chaucer, and Dryden, it has furnished one of the fairest of the flowers that compose the dramatic crown of Fletcher, while from that flower, perhaps, leaves might be plucked to decorate another brow which needs them not.

If the admirers of Fletcher could vindicate for him the fifth act of this play, they would entitle him to a still higher claim upon our gratitude, as the author of a series of scenes, as picturesquely conceived, and as poetically set forth, as any that our literature can boast. Dramatically considered, these scenes are very faulty: perhaps there are but two of them that have high dramatic merits—the interrupted execution of Palamon, and the preceding scene in which Emilia, left in the forest, hears the tumult of the battle, and receives successive reports of its changes and issue. But as a gallery of poetical pictures, as a cluster of images suggestive alike to the imagination and the feelings, as a cabinet of jewels whose lustre dazzles the eye and blinds it to the unskilful setting,—in this light there are few pieces comparable to the magnificent scene before the temples, where the lady and her lovers pray to the gods: and the pathetically solemn close of the drama, admirable in itself, loses only when we compare it with the death of Arcite in Chaucer's masterpiece, 'the Iliad of the middle ages.'

In proceeding to trace the further history of our poets, we are naturally led to touch upon another question which has puzzled all their editors and critics. What was the share of each of the two, either in the construction of the works generally, or in the composition of particular plays? The field of enquiry is considerably narrowed by our knowledge of some dates; and also, in one or two instances, by other trustworthy evidence. According to a careful estimate, there are, of the fifty-three plays now included in the collection, no fewer than seventeen which were not represented, and almost certainly cannot have been written, till after Beaumont's death; while it is known that he had no part in the composition of 'The Faithful Shepherdess.' Eighteen plays being thus excluded from Beaumont's share, there remain thirty-five as to no one of which can it be alleged with positive certainty, that it was written by the one, by the other, or by both. The assertions made in the prologues, epilogues, and commendatory verses, are unauthoritative, and in many cases

contradict each other. The internal evidence, again, is by no means sufficient for a determination of the question. We must discard at once, as unproved and highly improbable, an opinion of some of the older writers, which they presented in two forms: some of them saying generally, that Fletcher was the inventor, and Beaumont the critic and corrector; and others holding Beaumont to have planned the joint works, while Fletcher executed the designs thus furnished. We might describe as more plausible, but can scarcely regard as probable, and certainly not as proved, another theory, which is supported by old authority, and has been favourably received in our own day. According to this hypothesis, Beaumont's genius was the more serious and elevated of the two; and it is to him that the prevalence of the tragic or higher poetic element is owing. Thus Mr Darley speaks of 'Beaumont's deeper, graver enthusiasm,' and detects 'a Beaumontesque air' in certain of the plays. This notion, it is to be feared, rests on as slippery ground as the others. It is, doubtless, a fact not to be forgotten, that the tone of the dramas does in certain respects sink, as we trace them in their historical order. They sink, both morally and as works of art. They lose not a little of their descriptive and lyrical luxuriance, though they acquire greater pointedness of stage effect: they recede from lofty and heroic themes to scenes of actual life, or, at the highest, to romantic and novel-like adventures. But circumstances existed fully adequate to account for this gradual change, independently of all assumptions of differences in the genius or disposition of the two writers. Some such circumstances will suggest themselves incidentally, as we rapidly follow the poets through the remainder of their literary progress.

The works, as they lie before us, present a strange and mortifying inequality. Our poets did not always choose their themes wisely: sometimes they treated very indifferently themes which they had chosen well. Some of their works, such as 'Cupid's Revenge,' are bad for the former reason: others, like 'The Coxcomb,' exhibit both faults together. The immortality which, beyond all controversy, Beaumont and Fletcher have achieved, belongs to the creators of Euphrasia, Aspatia, and Arbaces. Without these, they would have lived only in beautiful fragments, and as the playwrights of successful acting plays.

Yet there are several admirable pieces among the other works composed while the alliance endured.

First probably in order, and far highest in value, stands Fletcher's celebrated pastoral, 'The Faithful Shepherdess.' Yet this piece failed signally on the stage, and could not under any circumstances have succeeded. It is to be judged and felt in the closet

only, and by readers such as those to whom the author, on printing it, scornfully appealed, from 'the common prate of 'common people.' If we compare it with Jonson's fine fragment, 'The Sad Shepherd,' we find it, as usual, superior in poetical description, inferior in dramatic strength. Its lyrical beauty had evidently made a deep impression on the youthful mind of Milton; and it is much higher above Guarini's 'Pastor Fido,' its immediate original, than it is below Tasso's 'Aminta,' which likewise came before it. We will not compare any of these poems with the 'Comus,'—the only perfect specimen of this difficult and anomalous kind of dramatic composition.

The 'Masque of the Inns of Court,' written by Beaumont three years afterwards, was intended to celebrate the inauspicious marriage of the Princess Elizabeth to the Count Palatine. This short sketch is picturesquely conceived; it is full of lively images and felicitous expressions. Nor, can we look with indifference on a piece, in the representation of which it is recorded that Francis Bacon, then Attorney-General, took an active interest. Alas for Bacon! Well would it have been for him had all his acts of courtiership been as innocent as the 'countenance and loving 'affection' which he here showed to the work of a man of kindred though weaker genius.

Yet Beaumont's Masque will no way bear comparison with Fletcher's Pastoral: and certainly his part in the volume of miscellaneous poems, first published with his name in 1640, and his juvenile attempts formerly described, give no support to those who maintain that Beaumont was the greater genius of the two. But we need not enter too curiously into a question, which their love for each other, and for their common labours, has not chosen, it would seem, to leave us the materials for determining. They were yet young when death dissolved their partnership.

To the period before Beaumont's death may be referred certainly one, and perhaps two tragedies, not yet named. The first is 'Thierry and Theodoret,' a piece stuffed full of horrors, and abounding in strained situations; but instinct with passion and energy,—and presenting one scene, the unveiling of Ordella, which Charles Lamb considered to be the finest the poets ever wrote. Commendation even higher has been given to the death-scene of the princely boy Hengo. The sweet pathos of this scene, the heroism of Caratach, and the occasional bursts of poetry and lofty thought, which animate the tragedy of 'Bonduca,' redeem it from the neglect to which its ill-contrived plot, and its gross want of harmony and feeling, must otherwise have condemned it.

'The Knight of the Burning Pestle,' another of the early works, is a kind of stepping-stone from the tragic to the comic,

a transition-stratum between the primitive simplicity of 'The 'Maid's Tragedy,' and the rich but foul commixture of the later comedies. It is a twofold satire. Directly it ridicules the chivalrous romances, striking a note which had scarcely as yet been heard by the people of England; since Don Quixote, although evidently known to the authors of this play, did not appear in the earliest English translation till the year after. Indirectly, but quite unequivocally, it ridicules also the chivalrous dramas of Heywood, especially his 'Four Prentices of London,' and exhibits in humorous caricature the London citizens who delighted in those representations. The ordinary penalty was paid for an attack on popular delusions. The play was damned. It exhibits, however, an infinity of broad humour, both in character and in incident: its plot is well laid, and is carried out with great skill and consistency; there are some fine descriptions in it; and occasionally, though less clearly than in the romance of Cervantes, it shows an involuntary and interesting sympathy with the attractive extravagances which it was designed to parody.

These works were accompanied and succeeded by several comedies, the best of which were, 'The Scornful Lady,' and 'The Honest Man's Fortune.' The tone of the comedies indicated the progress towards that style of thought and composition, by which, when he was left alone, Fletcher was to recommend himself to the equivocal taste of his own age, and that of the Restoration.

And how soon was he to be left alone! The intimate personal communion of the friends had been impaired by the marriage of Beaumont. Three years afterwards he was dead. He died in March 1616, leaving two daughters—one of whom is said to have married a Scottish colonel, and to have lived in Scotland; and the other to have become a dependent, and afterwards a pensioner, of the ducal family of Ormond. At the time of his death, Beaumont was certainly not more than thirty-one years of age, and perhaps even younger. His affectionate brother, and his shrewd friend Corbet, agreed in assigning the same cause for his premature decay. The ever-active mind had worn out its infirm tabernacle. 'Wit's a disease consumes men 'in few years.'

A generation later, another tribute was paid to his memory; a tribute, too, poor in poetic worth, but precious as coming from a brave and gentle spirit. It was penned by his kinsman the gallant Lisle, him of whom Clarendon says, that he never had an enemy. We think, as we peruse it, of the frightful struggle which was about to convulse England, and of the bloody grave in which, within a few months, the writer was to sleep. When we read some of the

other commendatory verses prefixed to the first collected edition of these dramas, we are painfully reminded of some of the darkest features which must have deformed the face of contemporary society. It is absolutely startling to hear Beaumont and Fletcher commended, not only for poetical and dramatic excellence, but also for moral purity, and for a steady design to promote the cause of virtue. Such praises are lavished on them, not only by Lovelace and other rakish cavaliers, but by thoughtful and serious men like Habington and Thomas Stanley. The verdict of the laity is confirmed by the clerical authority of Cartwright and Mayne, and receives an episcopal sanction from Bishop Earle. We do not know whether Beaumont had been a restraint on his friend; but it is certain that Fletcher afterwards pandered to the evil tendencies of the time with less reserve. There is no ascertained date to 'The Custom of the Country,' the most immoral play of the series, though at the same time one of the most ingenious. But several pieces, known to belong to Fletcher's later years, display a systematic grossness, of which the earlier works, reprehensible though they are in parts, offer no example. The licentiousness, indeed, is such, that a parallel must be sought, not in the older and higher works of our drama, but in those of its approaching decay; not in the coarsely stern morality of Jonson and Massinger, nor even in the less pure works of Webster, Middleton, and Ford, but in the lubricity of the representations, to which the court of Charles the First appears to have turned aside for relaxation, if not for comfort, when desirous of forgetting for a time the threatening realities out of doors. Indeed, there is but a short step from Shirley, or from Fletcher in his latter days, to Wycherley and Congreve—from the morality of 'The Spanish Curate' and 'The Lady of Pleasure,' to that of 'The Country Wife' and 'The Double Dealer.' But this is a repulsive theme. It is more pleasant to mark the genius which inspires so warmly the best of Fletcher's later works, and which is never entirely wanting in the very lowest of them.

The list contains several tragedies. Of these 'The Bloody Brother,' 'The False One,' and 'The Double Marriage,' are the most attractive. Some of the later plays, while essentially comic, trespass on the domain of tragedy. 'Women Pleased,' and 'A Wife for a Month,' are among the best. The worst pieces of this class are, 'The Sea-Voyage' and 'The Island Princess.'

The poet's tendencies, both to good and to evil, are very characteristically displayed in another group, which may be described as romantic or poetical comedies. They are, one and all of them, novels thrown into a dramatic form. They contain

much poetic fire and beauty, and much also that is interesting in character and in story. The most successful of these are the pleasingly conceived plays of 'The Pilgrim' and 'The Beggars' Bush.'

There remains to be mentioned among Fletcher's later pieces, another class, distinct from the two last—his comedies of intrigue. No plays of the series were so popular in their own day, and in the time of Charles II.; none have contributed so much to maintain the name of Fletcher on the stage; and none are so well known to casual readers of the old English drama. These comedies present us with humorous scenes and personages modelled from ordinary life. Considered in their poetical aspect, they possess little value; they are not remarkable either for the nature or consistency of their characters, or for skill in the management of the plots. Several of them, however, make a nearer approach to excellence in their class, than our authors could attain while serving a more severe and ambitious muse. Accordingly, two or three of these plays have been held, by many critics, to be the best of the collection. The stories are felicitously selected for exciting a light and passing interest; and they abound in striking situations, successfully carried through for the purposes of the stage. With their airy wit, their overflowing animal spirits, their colloquial diction, and their playful characters, what more can the regular frequenters of a theatre desire? We will mention some of them: For instance, 'The Woman's Prize,' in which the woman-tamer Petruchio is resuscitated in order to meet with his match; 'The Chances,' perhaps the best acting play of the series; 'Monsieur Thomas,' which is full of jovial humour and broad drollery; 'The Wildgoose Chase,' plundered and transprosed by Farquhar; 'The Spanish Curate,' a comedy of remarkable merit in point of art, and of very great demerit in point of morality; 'The Elder Brother,' converted with another of our plays into a comedy by Cibber; 'Rule a Wife and have a Wife,' which, with a few needful alterations, keeps its place on the stage, in virtue of the acting capabilities of the character of Leon.

Fletcher's life of labour closed in his forty-sixth year. In August 1625, designing to pay a visit in Norfolk, he delayed his journey till he should be furnished with a suit of new clothes. The plague then raged in London; he was seized with it and died. He was buried, without monument or inscription, in the church of Saint Saviour's in Southwark. Not twenty years afterwards, the unfortunate Massinger was buried in the same cemetery; and, if we are to accept literally the assertion of one of their admirers, the two poets now lie together in the same unknown grave!

Fletcher had toiled in his vocation till his dying hour. In the last three years of his life, he certainly brought upon the stage twelve or thirteen plays; and he appears also to have been occupied in the composition of others, which, finished perhaps by surviving writers, were not produced till after his death. In one of these, 'The Lover's Progress,' which in its present shape contains passages that have been attributed to Massinger, there is a scene—that of the merry ghost of the innkeeper—which used to be read with great delight by Sir Walter Scott.

The dramas of Beaumont and Fletcher continued long to be the most popular, or rather perhaps the most fashionable, of all stage-pieces. They were in high favour till the shutting of the theatres on the breaking out of the civil war; and, after the Restoration, we are told, that two of them were acted for one of Shakspeare's or of Jonson's. Dryden assigns, as the reason, the sprightliness of the comedies, and the pathos of the tragedies; but there were other causes less creditable to the works and to the age. In fact, they were displaced from the stage only by plays surpassing them in those moral defects, by which, we fear, much more than by their genius, they were recommended to the playgoers of the time of Charles the Second.

Meanwhile, a large proportion of the plays were known only to the frequenters of the theatres. Nine of the earlier of them, and no others, were printed successively in quarto, during Fletcher's lifetime; and seven others were subsequently printed in the same form before 1647. In this year, the theatres being closed, (a fortunate event for the preservation of many of our old dramas,) the players published a folio volume, containing thirty-four plays not previously printed, with a preface by the dramatist Shirley; which has severely tantalized later editors, by the writer's profession of possessing information which he does not condescend to communicate. Another play having afterwards appeared separately, the list was made up to fifty-one in the folio edition of 1679. This edition was reprinted in 1711, in seven octavo volumes, with the addition of the tragi-comedy of 'The Coronation,' now attributed to Shirley. In 1750 appeared the earliest critical edition, in ten octavo volumes. It was begun by Theobald, and completed by Sympson and Seward. Most of the notes and criticisms are feeble; and the editors are justly declared by Mr Dyce to have taken 'the most unwarrantable liberties with the text'—liberties, however, which, like Theobald's emendations on Shakspeare, include two or three lucky conjectures. A second critical edition, that of 1778, in ten volumes, was chiefly edited by George Colman the elder. Its

criticism is of a higher order than that of its predecessor; while, in regard to the text, its principal merit lies in its having restored most of the older readings. Monck Mason next worked upon our poets, but published only 'Notes' upon them in 1798.

In 1812 there appeared, in fourteen volumes, the edition by Weber: one of those favourite designs of Sir Walter Scott, which promised so much benefit to our literature, and ended so disastrously for the projector and his associates. Weber printed for the first time 'The Faithful Friends,' a play of doubtful authorship and small value. In his edition a good deal is done towards the improvement of the text; but in his dealing with disputed readings, as well as in his critical remarks, he is very unequal—although hardly more than might be expected in an editor to whom our language and literature were not native. The hand, or prompting, of Weber's patron, may be detected in a few notes, historical and antiquarian.

In 1839 Mr Moxon reprinted Weber's text in two very handsome volumes, which still form the only edition moderate enough in cost to be within the reach of a large class of readers. An introduction by Mr Darley is prefixed, ingenious and interesting, though somewhat eccentric and over subtle.

The text of Beaumont and Fletcher is in a much worse state than that of Shakspeare. In very many passages it is corrupted beyond the possibility of remedy. But amendment was attainable in various places, where the editors had not attempted it, or had failed in the attempt. No man living is better qualified to supply their shortcomings than the gentleman whose laborious edition is now completed, and under whose guidance, readers of Beaumont and Fletcher, in all coming time, will enter upon their delightful task with means and appliances never before enjoyed. Mr Dyce's reputation, as a profound student of the old English drama, and as a rational and acute verbal critic, has been firmly established by his reprints of Webster, Peele, and Middleton, and by his Remarks on the text of Shakspeare.

His collation of the old copies of Beaumont and Fletcher has been unwearied; and has removed not a few serious difficulties. His own suggestions of new readings are almost always cautious and sensible, and, so far as we can judge, sometimes very happy. As much, in short, has been done for the text as the nature of the case admits of, except perhaps occasionally in the distribution of the versified lines: we think his ear has not always caught their loose and buoyant structure. His foot-notes are commendably brief, and usually instructive. They are written, too, with as much good temper and forbearance as it is possible to expect: con-

sidering, that he evidently entertains for his predecessors not a little of the contempt which possesses every new editor of our early dramas. But he has been able to keep the feeling wonderfully in check. Indeed, it seldom breaks out further than to the disfigurement of his punctuation with ironical marks of admiration.

In his prefaces to the several plays we have been a little disappointed, from not finding there all the information we had expected concerning the origin of each. He has, indeed, traced several of them to novels not previously noticed: but he has left untouched the curious question suggested by Mr Hallam, of the obligations of their authors, especially in the comedies, to the Spanish stage. This is a mine as yet unwrought: and Beaumont and Fletcher are not the only dramatists of our old schools, whose works might derive considerable illustration from the opening of it.

The introductory 'Account of the Lives and Writings' of the poets, is excellent. We learn there, for the first time, several new facts, such as the date and place of Fletcher's birth, and sundry particulars, carefully collected from many quarters, which had not been previously brought to bear on the biography of our poets. The critical remarks on the several plays are judicious and modest; and the observations adopted from other critics, are scrupulously referred to their rightful sources.

In a word, Mr Dyce has performed with unusual merit and effect, all that he has attempted: nor is it likely that any one else will successfully attempt more. Every gentleman who pretends to have a library, and to care for English poetry, should provide himself with a publication, in which our two greatest dramatists, after Shakspeare, appear for the first time in a form worthy of their fame.

Art. III.—*Etchings of a Whaling Cruise, with Notes of a Sojourn on the Island of Zanzibar; and a Brief History of the Whale Fishery, in its past and present condition.* By J. Ross Browne. With Numerous Engravings and Woodcuts. London: 1846.

A young American of education, taste, and accomplishment, gifted (or cursed) with warm sensibility and a lively fancy, is determined to see something of the romance of life before sobering down to its realities. His plan is to earn money enough in

a year, to pay the expenses of a journey across Europe to the East, in the course of which he is to visit all the favoured lands of poetry and song, and haply make his fortune by marrying a European duchess or Arabian princess on the way. The money is to be earned at Washington by reporting debates in Congress; and one of the anticipated advantages of this mode of supplying the required outfit is, the intimate acquaintance which it is to give him with the habits and characters of the great. Glowing with enthusiasm, his mind expanded by the constant contemplation of patriotism and philanthropy, and his memory stored with electric bursts of eloquence, he would carry to the Old World the freshest feelings and impressions of the New, and perchance promote the *entente cordiale* of the rival hemispheres. He learns shorthand, is hired as a reporter for a session, earns just enough to keep himself from hand to mouth, and is completely disabused of his illusions regarding statesmen and statesmanship.

'As the session advanced, much of my youthful enthusiasm began to wear away. A nearer acquaintance with the distinguished political leaders by no means increased my respect for them. At first, I could not approach a great man without trembling. I never felt my utter insignificance, till, with uncovered head and downcast eyes, I stood in the presence of those renowned statesmen and orators whose names I had learned to revere. I was not so young, however, but that I could soon see into the hollowness of political distinction; the small trickery practised in the struggle for power, the overbearing aristocracy of station, and the heartless and selfish intrigues by which public men maintain their influence. I became thoroughly disgusted with so much hypocrisy and bombast. It required no sage monitor to convince me that true patriotism does not prevail to a very astonishing extent in the hearts of those who make the most noise about it. The profession I had chosen enabled me to see behind the scenes, and study well the great machinery of government, and I cannot say that I saw a good deal to admire.'

Still, though the enthusiasm is on the wane, and the money is wanting, the yearning for foreign climes is as strong as ever; and a friend is found smitten with the same passion, and endowed with about the same amount of qualifications, mental, moral, and pecuniary. The following announcement attracts the notice of the pair, as they are strolling about together in New York—

'Wanted, immediately, six able-bodied landsmen to go on a 'whaling voyage from New Bedford. Apply up-stairs before 'five o'clock P.M.'

After a short conference, turning chiefly on the question whether they came fairly within the description of *able*-bodied

men, they arrived at the conclusion that pluck may compensate for weight, and boldly presented themselves to the agent up-stairs.

'"Well, you think we'll do?" "Oh, no doubt about it. I'm willing to risk you, though I may lose something by it. Whaling, gentlemen, is tolerably hard at first, but it's the first business in the world for enterprising young men. If you are *determined* to take a voyage, I'll put you in the way of shipping in a most elegant vessel, well fitted—that's the great well-fitted Vigilana, and activity will insure you rapid promotion. I haven't the least doubt but you'll come home boat-steerers. I sent off six college students a few days ago, and a poor fellow who had been flogged away from home by a vicious wife. A whaler, gentlemen," continued the agent, rising in eloquence, "a whaler is a place of refuge for the distressed and persecuted, a school for the dissipated, an asylum for the needy. There's nothing like it. You can see the world—you can see something of life."'

The language of the recruiting officer is the same all the world over; and to be roused from a dream of love or glory by the rope's-end of the boatswain or the rattan of the corporal, is the inevitable transition state of the military or naval aspirant. Our two adventurers find themselves cramped up in a small vessel with a tyrannical captain and a ruffianly crew; they are very sea-sick at first, and more than half starved afterwards; one sinks under the continued effects of illness and ill-treatment, but Mr Ross Browne bears up gallantly against all, and comes back to hold up his own and his friend's sufferings as a warning, as well as to use them as a means for bringing about a complete reform in the whale fishery. 'There are now,' he says, 'in active 'employment, more than seven hundred whaling vessels belong-'ing to the New England states, manned by nearly twenty 'thousand hardy and intrepid men. It is a reproach to the 'American people that, in this age of moral reform, the protect-'ing arm of the law has not reached these daring adventurers. 'History scarcely furnishes a parallel for the deeds of cruelty 'committed upon them during their long and perilous voyages. 'The startling increase of crime,' he adds, 'in the whale fishery 'demands a remedy. Scarcely a vessel arrives in port that does 'not bring intelligence of a mutiny. Are the murderous wrongs 'which compel men to rise up and throw off the burden of 'oppression, unworthy of notice? Will none make the attempt to 'arrest their fearful progress?'

It is a step towards the redress of national abuses to make them known in other countries, especially in rival countries; for the spirit of emulation or the sense of shame may succeed, where the sense of justice has been appealed to in vain. We therefore think it a duty to make known the main object of the author.

But we must be excused for turning to more attractive matter than the sufferings of Mr Ross Browne and his shipmates, particularly when we have only just space enough to give a fair specimen of the distinctive portions of his book.

His description of the process of whale-catching is illustrated by woodcuts and engravings—of the instruments employed, the boats in chase, the whale in his dying struggle, the whale about to be cut up, &c.; and for ourselves, we own that we have felt as much interested while reading one of his spirited sketches of an actual pursuit and capture, as when (with our feet on the fender) we were following Colonel Hawker across the Ooze, or clearing the Whissendine with Nimrod. The crew themselves find some compensation for their miseries in the excitement, and *There she blows!* the whaler's view halloo, has the same effect on his nervous system, as *Tally-ho!* on a foxhunter's. To enter fully into the feeling, it must be borne in mind that the pay is proportioned to the quantity of oil procured; that success depends on coolness, courage, and dexterity; and that long periods of despondency commonly intervene between what may be denominated the *bursts.* The monotony of a calm is suddenly broken by the long-expected cry:

"'There she blows!" was sung out from the mast-head.

"Where away?" demanded the captain.

"Three points off the lee bow, sir."

"Raise up your wheel. Steady!"

"Steady, sir."

"Mast-head, ahoy! Do you see that whale now?"

"Ay, ay, sir. A school of sperm whales! There she blows! There she breaches!"

"Sing out! Sing out every time."

"Ay, ay, sir. There she blows! There—there—*there*—she blows, bores—boos!"

"How far off?"

"Two miles and a half."

"Thunder and lightning, so near?"

"Call all hands. Clear up the fore-t'gallant-sail—there! belay! Hard down your wheel! Haul back the main-yard! Get your tubs in your boats! Bear a hand! Clear your falls! Stand by all to lower! All ready?"

"All ready, sir."

"Lower away!"

Down went the boats with a splash. Each boat's crew sprang over the rail, and in an instant the larboard, starboard, and waist boats were manned. There was great rivalry in getting the start. The waist boat got off in pretty good time, and away went all three, dashing the water high over their bows. Nothing could be more exciting than the

chase. The larboard boat commanded by the mate, and the waist boat by the second mate, were head and head.

"Give way, my lads, give way," shouted P—, our headsman; "we gain on them; give way. A long, steady stroke. That's the way to tell it."

The chase was now truly soul-stirring. Sometimes the larboard, then the starboard, then the waist boat, took the lead. It was a severe trial of skill and muscle. After we had run two miles at this rate, the whales turned flukes, going dead to windward.

"Now for it, my lads," cried P——. "We'll have them the next rising. Now pile it on! A long, steady pull! That's it! That's the way! Those whales belong to us. Don't give out! Half an hour more, and they're our whales."

On dashed the boat, clearing its way through the rough sea, as if the briny element were blue smoke. The whale, however, turned flukes before we could reach him. When he appeared again above the surface of the water, it was evident that he had milled while down, by which manœuvre he gained on us nearly a mile. The chase was now almost hopeless, as he was making to windward rapidly. A heavy black cloud was on the horizon, portending an approaching squall, and the barque was fast fading from sight. Still we were not to be baffled by discouraging circumstances of this kind, and we braced our sinews for a grand and final effort.

The wind had by this time increased almost to a gale, and the heavy black clouds were scattering over far and wide. Part of the squall had passed off to leeward, and entirely concealed the barque. Our situation was rather unpleasant, in a rough sea, the other boats out of sight, and each moment the wind increasing. We continued to strain every muscle till we were hard upon the whale. Tabor sprang to the bow, and stood by it with the harpoon.

"Softly, softly, my lads," said the headsman.

"Ay, ay, sir."

"Hush-h-h! softly. Now's your time, Tabor."

Tabor let fly the harpoon, and buried the iron.

"Give him another."

"Stern all!" thundered P——.

"Stern all!"

And, as we rapidly backed from the whale, he flung his tremendous flukes high in the air, covering us with a cloud of spray. He then sounded, making the line whiz as it passed through the chocks. When he rose to the surface again, we hauled up, and the second mate stood ready in the bow to despatch him with lances.

"*Spouting blood!*" said Tabor. "*He's a dead whale!* He won't need much lancing." It was true enough; for, before the officer could get within dart of him, he commenced his dying struggles. The sea was crimsoned with his blood. By the time we had reached him, he was belly up. We lay upon our oars a moment to witness his last throes, and when he had turned his head towards the sun, a loud, simultaneous cheer burst from every lip.'

One of the charms of hunting is for a gentleman to find himself, at the end of a long run, some thirty miles from home, with a tired, lamed, or dying horse. One of the charms of whale fishing is for a boat's crew to find themselves out of sight of their ship on a tossing sea, with a storm coming on. Such was the condition of the crew in question, and the description of their return is one of the best passages in the book. The danger of being lost in this manner is not the only danger. A blow with the whale's tail might stave in the boat; the slightest hitch would cause it to be upset or dragged under by the rope; and on one occasion the harpooned whale made right for the ship, and passed under it, with the boat in tow, in such a direction that the boat only escaped being dashed to pieces by a foot or two. Here, therefore, is excitement of every sort for the amateur; and we do not see, now that this new field of adventure is made known, why yachting dandies or guardsmen on leave should not give up moors and salmon rivers, or even jungles and prairies, for a season, and take a turn in the 'horse latitudes' of the Atlantic, where, it seems, a 'school' of whales is most likely to be found. We recommend them, however, to remain satisfied with the sport.

'A "trying-out scene" is the most stirring part of the whaling business, and certainly the most disagreeable. The try-works are usually situated between the foremast and the main-hatch. In wide vessels they contain two or three large pots imbedded in brick. A few barrels of oil from the whale's case, or head, are babbled into the pots before commencing upon the blubber. Two men are standing by the mincing horse, one slicing up the blubber, and the other passing horse pieces from a tub, into which they are thrown by a third hand, who receives them from the hold. One of the boat-steerers stands in front of the lee pot, pitching the minced blubber into the pots with a fork. Another is stirring up the oil, and throwing the scraps into a wooden strainer. We will now imagine the works in full operation at night. Dense clouds of lurid smoke are curling up to the tops, shrouding the rigging from the view. The oil is hissing in the try-pots. Half-a-dozen of the crew are sitting on the windlass; their rough, weather-beaten faces shining in the red glare of the fires, all clothed in greasy duck, and forming about as savage a looking group as ever was sketched by the pencil of Salvator Rosa. The cooper and one of the mates are raking up the fires with long bars of wood or iron. The decks, bulwarks, railing, try-works, and windlass, are covered with oil, and slime of blackskin, glistering with the red glare from the try-works. Slowly and doggedly the vessel is pitching her way through the rough seas, looking as if enveloped in flames.

"More horse pieces!" cries the mincer's attendant.

"Horse pieces!" echoes the man in the waist.

"Scraps!" growls a boat-steerer.

* * * * * *

'Our down-easter, who had always something characteristic to say of every thing that fell under his observation, very sagely remarked on one occasion, when nearly suffocated with smoke, "If this wa'n't h—ll on a small scale, he didn't know what to call it."

'Of the unpleasant effects of the smoke, I scarcely know how any idea can be formed, unless the curious inquirer choose to hold his nose over the smoking wick of a sperm-oil lamp, and fancy the disagreeable experiment magnified a hundred thousand fold. Such is the romance of life in the whale fishery.'

Every walk of life is (we will not say pressed, but) fairly and naturally brought into modern literature; and it is a fortunate circumstance that the task of describing the mercantile marine of the United States has devolved on two such men as Mr Dana, the author of 'Two Years Before the Mast,' and Mr Ross Browne, who (no slight praise) is every way worthy to take rank with his predecessor.

ART. IV.—*The Life and Correspondence of the Right Honourable Henry Addington, Viscount Sidmouth.* By the Hon. and Rev. GEORGE PELLEW, D.D., Dean of Norwich. 3 vols. 8vo: London, 1847.

THIS book is not remarkable in itself, if considered as a literary performance, nor is the hero whom it commemorates in any way remarkable for those qualities which are supposed to confer honour or insure success; yet the incidents which it chronicles, rather than delineates, are among the most interesting of our later history; and the politician to whose memory it is devoted was among the most fortunate of his age. The work therefore is not without its value, as showing how much may be attained, even in a free state, without the highest talent or the most commanding character; and that the grandest objects of the ambition of an English subject are within the reach of a man who wants at the same time both connexion and fortune, whose abilities are second rate, and whose parliamentary eloquence is below zero. If we look for other matter of curiosity, we shall find it in the sentiments of admiration and homage with which such a man can inspire his friends and his biographer. The Dean of Norwich is partial even beyond the partiality of memoir-writers and connexions.

The life of Lord Sidmouth was cast in stirring scenes and

amid celebrated men; but the circumstances of his birth were hardly such as to promise a career so conspicuous as that which he afterwards enjoyed. His father, a highly respectable physician, lived in Bedford Row. Here the future premier was born in 1757, the year which witnessed the triumphant return of his father's most distinguished patient to the councils of a reluctant and resisting monarch. The friendship of Lord Chatham had an influence over the fortunes of the doctor's family beyond that which is usually exercised by powerful patrons over their medical attendants. But to those who have studied the character of the first Pitt, or meditated on the conduct of the second, it may well seem questionable whether either of them ever contemplated the possibility of the son of Dr Addington becoming the successor of the one and the rival of the other. Much as the Dean of Norwich may ascribe to the 'familiar friendship' which arises between an invalid and his 'well-bred medical 'adviser,' and warmly as Lord Chatham did occasionally write to a person whom the malady of his later years must have made almost necessary to his comfort, it seems highly improbable that the children of the two were connected by any close ties of friendship or familiarity. Lady Hester Stanhope, who had all the pride of both Pitts, and expressed it more openly than either, speaks contemptuously of the calling of a physician. In her young days, doctors, and governesses, and private tutors—for she lumps them all together—kept their proper places; did what they were asked to do, spoke when they were spoken to, and never aspired to volunteer a syllable of commendation. Lady Hester exaggerated every statement as she exaggerated every prejudice; but in this instance the statement was probably not far from correct. We know from the pictures of parson Adams, and parson Trulliber, what was the repute of the clergy in the early part of the eighteenth century, and what was their treatment at the hands of the landed gentry. Smollett has not given us a flattering portrait of his own profession; and it is easy to conceive that in a great family of that age, a vocation, which even at this day scarcely holds the place due to its usefulness, was treated with distant courtesy by the refined, and vulgar superciliousness by the coarse. No one now would think of objecting to the worth of a political antagonist, that he was the son of a chaplain or a physician. If he did, he would only expose himself to the indignant wonder of all mankind. But in those days 'the Doctor' suggested ideas the most remote from dignity. The soubriquet once fixed upon Addington, he was not the man to shake it off—as Secretary Craggs would that of

'footman,' if any one had dared to try whether it would stick upon the friend of Addison and Pope; but '*Doctor*' clung to Addington through life, and always embittered the shaft of ridicule, whether launched at him in society or in Parliament.

Henry Addington was sent, in his twelfth year, to school at Winchester, then governed by Joseph Warton. Here he was the pupil of George Isaac Huntingford, whose personal devotion he was able afterwards to reward with a high dignity in the church; an arrangement too much in the order of things for any Wykehamist to have wondered at or murmured at, provided only that the far greater public services of Dr Goddard had also been remembered. The charm, we can hardly say the strength, of Addington's nature, appears to have lain in his power of attaching to himself the friendship of those with whom he associated. This is not the highest praise; but yet it implies much. No man ever passed his life in making friends without possessing many estimable and some excellent qualities. Had Addington never embarked on the sea of controversial politics, he might have lived and died in the pure enjoyment of domestic happiness, which, however unequal to the cordial but suppressed sympathies of Pitt, or the more gushing tenderness of Fox, he was in some respects better qualified to secure. From Winchester he was transported to Brazennose, Oxford, in 1774: and there his scholarship seems to have been like his after statesmanship, imperfect in its different elements, and more imperfect in their combination. He was acquiring decimals, and Demosthenes, and the Epistles of Horace, all at the same time; and he wrote about the Electras of Sophocles and Euripides in the tone of the young gentlemen who favoured the 'Connoisseurs' and 'Tatlers' of a previous generation with their views of Greek poetry. In 1780, he became a member of Lincoln's Inn; in 1781 he married, and received a characteristic congratulation from his old friend and tutor, Huntingford, in the shape of a Greek ode.

The same year witnessed the first appearance of the younger Pitt in the House of Commons, on Burke's Civil List motion. Of this, intimation was conveyed to Dr Addington by Pitt's tutor; but no communication seems to have passed at this time between Pitt himself and Addington; nor, despite of Dr Pellew's assertions and Pitt's off-hand use of the term at a later period, does it appear that any thing like intimacy then subsisted between them. This should be borne in mind by those injudicious partisans who make out that Lord Sidmouth eventually became a martyr to friendship and duty. He was not the confidant of Pitt when the latter entered Parliament; nor two years after,

when, at the age of twenty-three, he became Chancellor of the Exchequer. The influence of that great example was, however, not lost upon him. The brilliancy of so early a success was too strong for the sober retirement of Southampton Street and Paper Buildings. It fell upon Addington's path, as the transmitted light of political fame has fallen on many a law-student's path, before and since—like a disturbing rather than a cheering influence—one that made the gloom of the Temple still more intolerable by the contrast.

Pitt went out of office. Addington, meantime, entered Parliament as member for Devizes, under the auspices of his brother-in-law, Mr Sutton. The Coalition opposition became the Coalition ministry; and again receded to the opposition benches. Pitt, at the age of twenty-five, a second time Chancellor of the Exchequer, and for the first time chief minister of the crown, was waging an unequal war against the man who had once warmly hailed him as an ally, and carried him off in triumph to Brookes's. The Opposition presented a formidable front: Fox, North, Burke, and Conway, were even in their names terrible to a young minister. With the exception of the Grenvilles, Pitt had no suitable support. At such a juncture Addington entered Parliament, as his friends said, to help the minister; and as he probably himself hoped, to be protected by him. The Dean of Norwich, indeed, praises his modesty in not 'yielding to the 'attempts, even of his illustrious friend to excite in his mind a 'thirst for distinction.' We believe his 'illustrious friend' understood the character of the man too well to press distinction upon him, at least any distinction which involved great exertions and great intellect. The Dean tells us, indeed, that on one occasion, when the premier and his unforeseen competitor were riding down to Hollwood together, and Addington was modestly declining the struggle and the prize which his companion was anticipating for him, the latter burst out with some verses of Waller about the 'mounting lark:'—

'The lark that shuns on lofty boughs to build
Her humble nest, lies silent in the field;
But should the promise of a brighter day,
Aurora smiling, bid her rise and play;
Quickly she'll show 'twas not for want of voice,
Or power to climb, she made so low a choice;
Singing she mounts: her airy notes are stretch'd
Towards heaven, as if from heaven alone her notes she fetch'd.'

But the Dean is, perhaps, not aware that Mr Pitt was notorious among his friends for his 'sly, dry humour.'

Since Addington had first entered Parliament, the relative power of parties had been changed; the coalitionists were unseated or enfeebled, and the assistance which Pitt dispensed with in 1784, must have seemed still more superfluous in 1786. But though he did not possess that mastery of will and language which is essential to one who would wield the turbulent elements of a popular assembly—though he wanted the stern stubbornness of self-relying energy—the eloquence which either fascinates or commands—and that profound knowledge of political principles which often supplies the place of eloquence—he had certain attributes which eminently qualified him for filling the highest non-ministerial office in Parliament. He had a *bonhommie* which always pleased, even where it did not charm—a suavity of manner which was peculiarly insinuating; and the gift of patient diligence, which, when Englishmen meet together, day after day, to do business, is as certain of being appreciated and turned to good account, as either rhetoric or wit. To these mental qualifications, he added others of a physical kind, which, if not quite as necessary, a body of six hundred gentlemen will not the less rejoice to see personified in their president. Addington was a gentleman; and looked like one. His deportment was impressive, his countenance dignified, his address affable, and his delivery had that sort of formal sententiousness which a House of Commons might respect as not unbecoming in its Speaker, the depository of its own authority, but which it could not afterwards help laughing at in a prime minister, the representative of the executive, and leader of debate, amid the thrust and strife of words. In the year 1789 he was selected by Pitt for the chair of the house, on the resignation of Mr Grenville, who, after filling it for only five months, had accepted the seals of the Home Department.

At this time he was only thirty-two years of age, and, out of the House of Commons, utterly unknown; nor had his reputation there extended much beyond the committees. In a short time, however, he fully justified his patron's choice. He became very popular; and received the twofold compliment of a visit from the King in state, and a second copy of Greek verses from his friend Huntingford. Huntingford he afterwards made a Bishop; and with the King, who had lately been under the care of the Speaker's father, he laid the foundation of that intimacy which was destined to produce the most important consequences to himself and the country. Nor was his popularity in the House a mere barren homage. That assembly evinced its sense of his courtesy and diligence, by voting him a fixed salary of L.6000 a-year, instead of leaving him, like his predecessors, to a small income of L.1600, and the casual appendages of a sinecure.

The next eleven years were more eventful in the history of Europe than of Mr Addington. They witnessed the close of Warren Hastings's trial; the commencement of the French Revolution; the promulgation and the dread of 'French prin-'ciples;' the rupture between Burke and Fox; the destruction of the old party landmarks; Burke's famous failure in the dagger-scene; the prosecution of hostilities with France; costly and unprofitable expeditions, partly redeemed upon the seas by brilliant engagements, like those of Howe, Jervis, and Duncan, or gallant actions, like Nelson's and Pellew's; the partition of Poland, at once imprudent and unjust; old alliances broken and shattered; and the governments of the Continent shaken by the genius of revolutionary France. Never had Europe seen eleven such years of convulsion and dismay; never had England known eleven such years of exertion abroad and difficulty at home. In the dead leaves of one revolution were germinating the fruits of another. The expense, the heartburning, and the rankling dissatisfaction of the American war, were followed by another war, more oppressive in its burdens, and more unsatisfactory in its results. Marvellous achievements were from time to time performed by our admirals and our captains. Nelson at Bastia, Sidney Smith at Toulon, Pellew, (the father of the Dean of Norwich,) in the first action of the war, all maintained the honour of the British flag with signal valour and success. But these triumphs were occasional and far between. They came after much endurance and long expectation; and, when they did come, national pride, however flattered by them, could not magnify them into equivalents for the discomfiture of our land forces, and the embarrassment of our domestic administration. The victory off Camperdown was but a moderate set-off against the mutiny of the Nore; that of St Vincent against the Bank panic; and the battle of the Nile against the Irish rebellion. Never, perhaps, within the same number of years, had the debates in the House of Commons been fiercer. Never had questions of greater constitutional or diplomatic importance been contested. From the question of the Regency to that of the peace—from the suspension of the *habeas corpus* to the union of Great Britain and Ireland—every topic was of vital moment to the liberties of Englishmen and the independence of England. Although Burke's political career terminated a few years after the election of Addington to the chair, yet besides the minister himself, there remained Fox, Sheridan, Windham, the ardent ambition of Canning, and the youthful promise of Grey.

Over such men and such discussions it was Addington's duty to preside; and the unanimity which secured his re-election at the commencement of each new Parliament shows that he presided well. This must have been the happiest period of his life. Looking down from his dignified elevation on the stormy sea that raged before him, he was unscathed by the fury of the tempest, and the violence of the combatants. An offer, which now for the first time we learn Pitt made to him in 1793, of the home secretaryship, he wisely declined. His official duties, though they left him little leisure for London society, yet brought him into contact with the most illustrious men of the day. As Speaker, he received the last indignant letter of Burke, on the acquittal of Hastings. As Speaker, he conveyed the thanks of the house to Lords Gardner and Nelson; and as Speaker, the bond between himself and Pitt, which was at first loose enough, became tighter and tighter, each successive session. When he escaped from Parliament, his time was spent at Woodley, near Reading. There Pitt was not unfrequently his guest; and their principal correspondence took place, as was to be expected, during these vacations.

That which has been already seen in Pitt's letters to his other friends may be here seen again, in his letters to Addington, and in Addington's notices of him. Pitt did not understand the French Revolution; nor foresee its consequences. He did not understand the mind and purpose of its new government. He did not appreciate its resources, its courage, or its ambition. He made no allowance for the vigorous rebound of a whole people, suddenly set free from the pressure of a despotic monarchy, and from the prescriptive insolence of unequal laws. He thought of France only as it had been under the Regency, or in the latter days of Louis XIV.—arrogantly feeble and prematurely exhausted. He did not gauge the military capacity and the military energies of the French People. He did not judge aright their animosity against England. But most especially did he misunderstand and overrate the reliance to be placed upon our continental allies, and the worth of their co-operation.

In a letter to Addington, of October 1795, he says he is confident that 'the line we talked over will bring us speedily 'to a prosperous issue' — and ends by assuring him that if the budget, which he is to open before Christmas, 'goes off 'tolerably well, *it will give us peace before Easter!*' Lord Malmesbury, too, who ought to have known better, speaks repeatedly 'of the French now feeling the necessity of peace;'

while Lord Grenville lays down the *status ante bellum* as the only admissible base of a treaty—just as if the Alps and the Apennines were still insurmountable, and Austria still ruled over Flanders and Brabant. The negotiation, however, which the former of these statesmen 'had,' according to Burke, 'gone all the way 'on his knees to arrange,' was hastily broken off; after an interchange of long notes and impracticable proposals—the return to the *status ante bellum* being significantly declared contrary to the constitution of France. Lord Malmesbury posted back from Paris, about the same time that Hoche's fleet sailed from Brest. Notwithstanding this failure, Pitt dispatched him a second time to conduct a new negotiation at Lille, which, though begun with better prospects, was as unfortunate in its issue and as humiliating as that of Paris.

By this time, however, a new enemy was in the field—more terrible than the young conqueror of Genoa and Mantua—Ireland was in rebellion! A domestic war was added to the weight of that which we were sustaining single-handed abroad. These increased dangers made increased defences necessary: and Pitt brought forward his War Budget. The assessed taxes were trebled — but, as twice three does not always make six in finance, so the tripling of an impost which produced L.2,000,000, might not raise the amount to L.6,000,000; and Addington, coming to the rescue, suggested a species of voluntary assessment. His advice was followed, and the war in some measure provided for by private subscription. But this was found to be an unsatisfactory and unjust mode of taxation. Large sums were flung down in the first instance by men whose fortunes were unequal to a repetition of such liberality. When we mention that Lord Kenyon, Mr Pitt, and the Speaker, each subscribed L.2000 a-year, it will be easy to see how burdensome, and eventually how intolerable, such an impost must have been. It yielded a considerable sum the first year; but is now chiefly memorable for its failure, which gave rise to the Income-tax.

But triple assessments and voluntary contributions were not all that was required of England in 1798. The fate of the Continent now filled all men with apprehensions. The kingdom of Holland had ceased to exist. Italy was parcelled out into new republics and new dependencies. The invasion of Ireland had been attempted. England had already been threatened, and might be invaded next. A military spirit seized the whole nation. Volunteers were rapidly armed in several counties. The Speaker accepted the command of a troop of cavalry raised

near his property in Berkshire. So unanimous was the war-feeling at this time, that any opposition to the minister in Parliament must have been ineffectual; nor was Pitt slow to perceive this, or to show that he perceived it. Fox had, with a few of his immediate followers, seceded from his post in Parliament, disgusted and disheartened at the progress of a policy which he condemned, and the disastrous prospects of a cause which was the dearest to his heart. Mr Tierney became, *pro tempore*, leader of the Opposition. In this character he resisted, as precipitate, a proposal of Pitt's, that a bill for the augmentation of the navy should be passed through all its stages in the Commons, and sent up to the Lords the same night. Piqued at the terms of Tierney's objection, and impatient of any resistance, Pitt descended to personalities, and reproached Tierney with an intention to 'impede the defence of the country.' Tierney appealed to Addington, the Speaker, who called Pitt to order. Pitt gave an equivocal explanation, which he afterwards converted into an insult, by saying, 'I gave no explanation; because I wished to abide by the words which I used.' Addington, who might, and ought to have interfered, took no notice of this; and the consequence of his inexcusable backwardness was a duel, in which neither of the combatants was wounded. On receiving Tierney's Sunday challenge, Pitt wrote to Addington, who instantly rode to Wimbledon, where he arrived just in time to see the harmless conclusion of the duel, and accept an invitation to dine with Pitt. Within five years from that day, Tierney took office in an administration headed by Addington!

That the year 1799 passed over without the dreaded invasion, was an unhappy subject of congratulation, for 'an old and haughty nation proud in arms.' Our triumphs were limited to India and the ocean. The two Wellesleys were, by their policy and vigour, consolidating the empire which Clive had founded. It is true, that the capture of Seringapatam encouraged, in some degree, the spirit which the victory of the Nile had raised; but neither these, nor the brilliant defence of Acre, reconciled an ambitious and murmuring people to the nearer disgrace of the Duke of York's failure in Holland. It was in such a state of affairs, that Ireland contributed more than its usual proportion of trouble, confusion, and perplexity to the minister. That country—predestined to be the torment and the scandal of every administration—so long misgoverned that good government has become almost impossible, or appears at least for a season to be without fruit and without reward—had added to the terrors of hostile invasion, the greater terrors of civil rebellion. The rebellion was put down with a vindictive severity, which it would be unfair to assert that Pitt

knew or desired. But the spirit which had raised the rebellion was not laid: And to conciliate Ireland became naturally the first object of the administration. Pitt had set his heart on the legislative union of the two countries. With a view to compass it, he had, fifteen years before, proposed a commercial union between them. The English Parliament had approved it. But the Irish—ardent for nationality and independence—rejected it. The late rebellion had shown that it was unsafe to leave such a neighbour to the counsels of a separate legislature, the intrigues of foreign powers, and the madness of a persecuted people. He therefore determined to achieve his long cherished object—the complete political and legislative union of the two countries. But at first in vain. Resolutions to this effect were approved of by the English, only to be rejected by the Irish Parliament.

While he was maturing his plans for preserving Ireland from the alternative of foreign subjugation or domestic insurrection, or from both, he received the news of the Duke of York's capitulation, at the head of 25,000 men. His equanimity on this occasion appears wonderful. A year earlier he had talked of obtaining 'a secure and permanent peace through 'a vigorous continuation of the war.' The event which had just occurred, displayed as little vigour in war, and promised as little security in peace, as might be. But Pitt could only write as follows:—'The action took place on the 2d, in conse-'quence of an attack made by our troops, which ended, as usual, 'much to their honour, and left us masters of the field of battle. '*But the advantage was not decisive enough to promise a further* '*progress without too much loss and risk; and it was, therefore,* '*wisely determined to retreat to our former position behind the* '*Zuyder; which has been done accordingly.* We must now look 'only to the Helder, if it can be made secure, and withdraw the 'bulk of our force, to be nursed for future service.' The Dean's commentary on this coolness of the minister is characteristic:—'Thus calmly could this great man express himself respecting 'the defeat of so large a portion of his own plan for the cam-'paign.' It is comfortable, too, to learn, that Addington's mind was not long disquieted by a most ignominious defeat of a most costly expedition. 'The Speaker, though at first anxious, 'required, like his buoyant friend, but a short period to reconcile 'himself to these disappointments.' If this 'buoyancy' was genuine, what a notion does it give of the Speaker's, and the Premier's, recklessness! That it was genuine on Addington's part, we believe. He was not a man of strong sympathies, or profound sentiment. His character was too placid to be much disturbed by any public calamity, or any national disgrace. But

we are convinced, that on Pitt's part it was in a great degree affected. He had, despite his will, been entangled for a second time in war; and the war was oppressive, disastrous, and, with the exceptions we have specified, disgraceful. That the son of Chatham should not feel abject humiliation in the discomfiture of English arms, and the incompetency of his sovereign's son, we cannot bring ourselves to believe. On the contrary, we are convinced that it was mortification at his ill-success, and a growing hopelessness of all his efforts for an honourable peace, that dictated this assumption of haughty confidence and indifference. He was galled by the fruitlessness of expensive and burdensome campaigns, and no less saddened by the contrast which must have often forced itself on his mind, between his own fortune and that of him who had made the name of Pitt historical. But the memory of what his father had done, and he had failed to do, forbade the expression of despair or the desire of sympathy: And doubtless, he was looking forward, in the agony of his deep but silent solicitude, to the time when his conceptions should yet be realised; when England should identify her triumph, and Europe her salvation, with the name and policy of a second Pitt. But that time never came!

Meanwhile, events were ripening. The close of 1799 saw the beginning of a new constitution, and of a new era in France. The Directory had destroyed the Convention. The Consulate now destroyed the Directory; itself to be superseded by Napoleon. The First Consul wrote to George III. a letter which rather excused the continuance of war than proposed the basis of a peace; and, within a few months afterwards, he recrossed the Great St Bernard. The battle of Marengo scattered one Austrian army, and secured Bonaparte a triumphal entry into Paris. The battle of Hohenlinden made an end of another, and wrung a separate treaty from Austria. There was now so little room for hope, that the advocates of war had to look for arguments in necessity and despair. We were abandoned by Austria and Prussia. We had contributed to the disgrace of Holland. Italy was cowed and helpless. As Pitt expressed it—'Within and without the 'prospect lowers.' Besides these great disasters, bread had become unprecedentedly dear. The kingdom was on the eve of a great scarcity, if not a famine. The people were restless under taxation. Pitt felt the national calamity and his own inability to mitigate these complicated afflictions. He was broken in mind, and shattered in body. In this state, he may have conceived the design, which he afterwards carried into execution, of resigning; and have cast about him for a

successor. As yet, however, he had no plea for leaving office; but he found one ere long. At this period of his life, his letters to Addington are more full, confidential, and affectionate than formerly. In the grateful attention which the son of his father's physician would naturally pay to one by whom he had been elevated to the place of First Commoner, the disturbed and wearied mind of the Premier might reasonably hope to find some solace and repose. To Addington, accordingly, he now, for the first time, unbosoms himself, laying before him his doubts and fears. He asks his opinion, almost his advice: and it is to the shades of Woodley that he repairs, to recruit his health, and brood over the condition of the country. Addington expresses great delight at the prospect of entertaining him; but it is the delight with which an inferior acknowledges the honour done him by a superior.

This year of illness and chagrin witnessed the increase of taxation, and the consequent increase of discontent. While the Habeas Corpus was again suspended, the Income-tax was still continued. But the minister had had one great success. He had called into existence the United Empires of Great Britain and Ireland; and he might reasonably hope that he had laid the foundation of a lasting union. But this measure brought all questions personal to himself to a speedy and decisive issue. The first Parliament of the United Kingdom convened within its walls a hundred Protestant representatives of a portion of the empire discontented from a hundred causes, and devoted to the Church of Rome. They were, in fact, the representatives of Irish Protestantism and Irish landlordism, not of the Irish people. Pitt knew that, throughout Ireland, such a representation would be derided as a fraud and a pretence. A Parliament of Irish Protestants legislating in College Green was a very different thing from a section of Irish Protestants, voting with five times as many English Protestants, in Saint Stephen's. In the one case, though still a faction they were an Irish faction; they were controlled by the opinion, and amenable to the wishes, of constituents who surrounded them; in the other, they were uninfluenced and irresponsible. More than this, Pitt had disseminated, or caused to be disseminated in Ireland, rumours that he was about to bring in a bill for the relief of the Roman Catholics. How far this was generally believed, or how far it had reconciled the people to the union, it is difficult to pronounce. Indeed, whether he really entertained the design, or only courted the credit of it, for the purpose of affording himself a decent pretext for quitting office, is among the questions which some political sceptics still consider as undecided.

The agents of Government had been for some time playing the difficult game of reconciling the two religious parties in the country to the ministerial plan. The Catholics were told that the friends of Protestant ascendancy would be satisfied by seeing a Catholic minority swamped in a Protestant senate; the Protestants were comforted by the assurance that the Catholics would now be too weak to do any harm. The union was held out as a politic civility to one class; as a real safeguard to the other. But the union was not carried by promises, assurances, or compliments. Security more substantial was required; and security more substantial was given. The patriots of Ireland had their price. The peerage and the representatives of Ireland named their own terms. Gold, pensions, titles, were showered upon men who rejoiced that they had a country to sell! Some five hundred families handed over their legislative independence to England, and the minister believed that, by satisfying *their* demands, and securing religious toleration, he should take the first step towards curing the maladies of their country, and correcting the misgovernment of centuries. The mistake was not peculiar to the man or his age. It had required twenty-five years to show that religious toleration was an element in the good government of Ireland. It may require twenty-five years more, from this time, to show that it was only *one* element. But whatever may have been Pitt's sincerity in promising Catholic emancipation, or his belief of its beneficial results, this is clear, beyond all doubt, that no sooner had the union been established, than he laid before the King a suggestion for the removal of Catholic disabilities. He was supported by a majority of his colleagues, including Lords Spencer, Grenville, and Camden, and his tried ally, Dundas. He was opposed by Lord Westmoreland and the Chancellor Loughborough. Out of the Cabinet, Canning, by his devotion, gave earnest of the liberalism by which he was destined to break from the trammels and the routine of the Tory party. The King was shocked, and perhaps affronted. Lord Malmesbury says, 'Mr Pitt, either from indolence, or from, perhaps, not paying always a sufficient and due attention to the King's pleasure, 'neglected to mention, *ministerially*, to his Majesty, that such a 'measure was in agitation, till he came at once with it 'for his approbation.' In fact, George III. had heard of the minister's intention, through another channel, before Pitt cared to break it to him. The effect was such as might have been expected from the King's character; but such, too, we believe, as Pitt had himself foreseen. The conduct of the minister was an insult at once to the King's pride and his prejudices; it assailed his prerogative and his religion; or, rather, his particular form of

religion. We really cannot suppose that Pitt was blind to the consequences of his conduct. His own experience, and that of his father, must have made every nook and cranny of the royal mind familiar to him. He, doubtless, knew that the Sovereign would 'consider any person who voted for the measure as 'personally indisposed to him.' But he was sick of office; tired of the war; tired, perhaps, of one of his colleagues, who was bent on continuing it; and not unmoved by the sullen discontent which suspended laws, high prices, and scarcity, had spread throughout the masses of the people. We are confirmed in this opinion, by knowing that in 1800 he had for the third time offered to send Lord Malmesbury with the olive branch to France; but that the proposition had been defeated by Lord Grenville.

George III. was a man of strong feelings and great firmness. Had all his faculties been in harmony with his greatest, he would have been a wonderful man. He was thoroughly conscientious; but his early training, and his moderate understanding, made him a conscientious bigot. He had the physical courage of a family which is constitutionally brave; an activity far beyond his powers of mind; and an adherence to persons and principles which, having nothing to do with reason in its origin, reason could do nothing to remove. Since Lord North's time, he had had no minister for whom he felt any personal attachment. Pitt, he did not dislike; but he did not love him. His recollections of the father were, perhaps, too often revived by the cold, distant, and dictatorial hauteur of the son. He naturally inclined, therefore, towards a more complaisant and dependent servant; one who would suggest nothing offensive to his prejudices or his antipathies; one who would be docile and respectful, and have no views or opinions beyond what he could enter into and understand. Such a one was Addington—at once courtly, placid, plausible, and pains-taking. Addington had never shown any symptoms of statesmanship. He was a type of a large and respectable class of gentlemen, who, in ordinary times, are most useful, and occasionally very efficient, when original and creative minds are not in request. He had many qualities which assimilated with the King's. He was methodical, had business habits, and detested French principles. He was friendly to 'the insti-'tutions of the country,' and inimical to the Catholic claims. Yet he did not resist the latter with the unreasoning rancour of Lord Eldon, whom, in most other respects, he resembled. His political associations and friendships had made him a respecter of 'expediency,' as it is called by a certain school; *i. e.* he would not sacrifice the public safety to the bigotry of the closet. He has left on record his assent to the proposal of paying the Ca-

tholic priests in Ireland. He also spoke in committee against renewing extreme penalties against the Catholic population, after the rebellion. So far he was liberal, and so far politic. But of any comprehensive statesmanship, he was not acquainted even with the rudiments, any more than Lord Eldon. And this deficiency was, unfortunately, a recommendation with the King. On the strength of it, they became, *par excellence*, his own Prime Minister and his own Lord Chancellor. In one point, they were very much alike, and it was one that would naturally ingratiate them with the Sovereign. They had a high regard for his person, and a higher for his prerogative. George III. himself had not been trained to greater reverence for the 'King's 'crown and the deputed sword,' than Henry Addington and John Scott. We must travel back to the age of relics and Divine right, for a picture of monkery and flunkeyism in high places, (if we knew a more servile word, we should be constrained to use it,) like that which Dr Pellew has delighted to draw of his venerable relative. Long after his retirement from the world, the veteran politician, we are told, might be observed frequently 'stealing away to the cabinet which contained the King's letters, 'that he might feast his eyes with the well-known writing of his 'old master, and enliven the present with the recollection of the 'beloved past!'

It was to the congenial nature of Addington that the king resorted for advice and aid in the difficulty into which Pitt had now thrown him. Six years before, he had consulted Lord Kenyon on the subject of the Roman Catholics. Lord Kenyon's answer was this,—that the Parliament might do what it liked; but the King's coronation oath bound him to grant no concessions that might endanger the Protestant establishment. And this henceforth became the King's faith. He never swerved from it; he never reasoned on it. 'I have an oath in heaven,' would have answered every argument and every question. A conviction so deeply rooted did not require any confirmation from the manuscript 'considerations' submitted to the king by Lord Loughborough in 1801. They were drawn up to meet other proposals, which had been suggested by Lord C——, (probably Lord Clare,) some years before. They are now curious, as drawing a distinction of principle between the admission of the Roman Catholic population to equal rights, and the payment of the Roman Catholic clergy. The former they absolutely condemn; the latter they recommend; though as a scheme of political expediency so extreme, as to verge on the first principles of all government. But George III. had made up his mind years before. He had no difficulty, therefore, in deciding on his

confidant. On the 29th of January 1801, he wrote the following remarkable letter to Addington:—

'Queen's House, Jan. 29th, 1801.

'The Speaker of the House of Commons, I trust, is so sensible of the high regard I have for the uprightness of his private character, as well as of his ability and temper in the fulfilling his public trust, that he will not be surprised at my desire of communicating to him the very strong apprehensions I conceive, that the most mischievous measure is in contemplation, to be brought forward in the first session of the parliament of the United Kingdom, and this by one styling himself a friend to administration—I mean Lord Castlereagh; this is no less than the placing the Roman Catholics of the Kingdom in an equal state of right to sit in both houses of parliament, and hold offices of trust and emolument, with those of the Established Church. It is suggested by those best informed that Mr Pitt favours this opinion. That Lord Grenville and Mr Dundas do, I have the fullest proof; they having intimated as much to me, who have certainly not disguised to them my abhorrence of the idea, and my feeling it as a duty, should it ever be brought forward, publicly to express my disapprobation of it, and that no consideration could ever make me give my consent to what I look upon as the destruction of the Established Church; which, by the wisdom of parliament, I, as well as my predecessors, have been obliged to take an oath at our coronations to support.

'This idea of giving equal rights to all Christian churches is contrary to the law of every form of government in Europe; for it is well known that no quiet could subsist in any country where there is not a church establishment.

'I should be taking up the Speaker's time very uselessly if I said more, as I know we think alike on this great subject. I wish he would, from himself, open Mr Pitt's eyes on the danger arising from the agitating this improper question, which may prevent his ever speaking to me on a subject on which I can scarcely keep my temper, and also his giving great apprehension to every true member of our church, and, indeed, I should think [to] all those who with temper consider that such a change must inevitably unhinge our excellent and happy constitution, and be most exactly following the steps of the French revolution.

'I have adopted this method of conveying my sentiments to the Speaker, as I thought he would not choose to be summoned by me when he could not have assigned the reason of it; but should this ill-judged measure still come forward, I shall then, from the notoriety of the case, think myself justified in setting all etiquettes aside, and desiring the Speaker to come here. 'GEORGE R.'

Addington had just been re-elected Speaker. On receiving this letter he went to Pitt. He brought away the impression that Pitt was wavering; but he had misunderstood him. Pitt persisted. Upon this his Majesty desired the Speaker to undertake the formation of a government, in these emphatic

words: 'Lay your hand upon your heart, and ask yourself where 'I am to turn for support, if you do not stand by me.' Addington was not proof against confidence like this; but he again betook himself to Pitt. The language of the outgoing minister was plain and positive. 'I see nothing but ruin, Addington, if 'you hesitate.' Meanwhile, the latter had written to the King a letter, explaining his view of the matter at issue, and had received an answer which, loose and incorrect in grammatical expression, was unmistakeable as an intimation of his will. All subjects who took office must be friendly to the Church of England; and none could be friendly to the Church who would not take its sacramental test. This was the gist of the King's scruple, which no minister and no persuasion could have induced him to give up. Arrangements for a new ministry proceeded. Addington bade farewell to the house over which he had presided for eleven years; while Pitt asked his friends to continue in office, and promised his own support to his successor. But the King also had his own friends to reward and elevate. He had become tired of the hollow and specious cleverness of Loughborough, and longed for a colleague to Addington, as like him as he could find. He had in this instance likewise formed his own plan. He had told Lord Eldon, years before, that he must make up his mind to take the Great Seal some day. Nor did his schemes end here. The ministry was to become a ministry of the 'King's friends.' Not content with Addington for his premier, and Eldon for his chancellor, he wished to have made Abbott secretary of state. Meanwhile the disposal of places was suspended by the King's illness, which commenced with a fever on the 14th of February, and continued for some weeks; and there was thus a ministerial *interregnum*. The Pitt ministry was not actually out; Addington's ministry was only in embryo. Pitt discharged the duties of Chancellor of the Exchequer till the King's recovery would allow Addington to be gazetted; and in this capacity he brought forward the budget. Everything indicated friendship and confidence between the two. Pitt was in frequent communication with Addington. He spoke in support of the vote of thanks to him on resigning the chair.

On the 9th of March the King's illness, which in fact was partial insanity, brought on by the excitement of the recent changes, had left him: and to this recovery Addington himself had contributed, by recommending the use of a pillow filled with hops, to promote sleep. This display of professional skill was irresistible. The new minister was introduced to the public under the name of 'THE DOCTOR,'—in which character

he contributed to its amusement, in every form of prose and verse, for the next twenty years.

On March 14th, 1801, Pitt actually resigned; and the late Speaker accepted the seals of Chancellor of the Exchequer and First Lord of the Treasury. His principal colleagues were the Duke of Portland, Lord Eldon, and Lord St. Vincent. There was not one of these who had been distinguished in Parliament; not one, indeed, who could speak tolerable English, much less command men by superiority of manner, or subdue them by superiority in debate. Three years after, when he beat a retreat from the hazardous height of the premiership, Addington was told by his friends—and, doubtless, he believed them—that he was driven from office because his cabinet wanted the specious brilliancy of useless eloquence. They certainly did want this; but they wanted much besides. These deficiencies, however, and worse, were far from being in their way: the King had no right or inclination to find fault with their English, for his own was worse; or with their intolerance, for it was formed upon his own model. Indeed, the latter was their tower of strength, both with king and people. In those days Catholic emancipation was a measure far beyond the liberality of three-fourths of the nation. The King represented the average opinions and prejudices of the country gentlemen, the merchants, and the tradespeople. His recent exercise of prerogative was a vindication of the national conscience—an expression of the national will, as fully as of his own; and the King's friends entered office with much more of public countenance than former administrations brought together under the same title ever had enjoyed. But it was not merely to please the King and to perpetuate bigotry that the new cabinet was formed: a much more arduous task awaited them. They had to smooth the way to a secure and honourable peace —to conciliate a sullen and disheartened people—to repair a disordered exchequer. That they did not do these things cannot be a reproach to them; for their predecessors and rivals had failed, and were destined to fail again in attempting to do them. But that they should have taken the government out of the hands of such men as Pitt and Grenville, to repeat experiments in which Pitt and Grenville had been baffled, seems to us strange indeed, on looking back upon it; and to all intelligent contemporaries must have seemed stranger still.

One member, not of the late cabinet, but of the late administration, never forgave the arrogance of Addington's audacity. Canning, attached by ties of office to Grenville, and by ties of a friendship almost devotional to Pitt, could not brook that the idol of his political homage should be superseded by the tame

incapacity of the Speaker. No men could be more opposite in their habits and powers of mind than Addington and Canning. One all animation, fire, and brilliancy; the other, steadiness, formality, and coolness; the one eloquent, imaginative, sarcastic; the other slow, prosaic, and dull. Addington a good sample of red-tapists in common times; Canning, the type of adventurers in a political crisis. The wonder is, not that Canning should have laughed and railed at Addington at this period of his life, but that he should have been associated with him in office at another.

Ambitious, ardent, with his principles less formed than his attachments—with an Irish enthusiasm, and almost an Irish volatility—Canning regarded the appointment of Addington as a piece of impertinence; and soon learned to speak of it as a piece of perfidy. No delicacy restrained his tongue in private, no discretion curbed it in public. The querulous gibes which he poured into the ears of his friend Lord Malmesbury, alternated with the contemptuous lampoons which he flung into the daily press. He was very angry that Pitt was out of office, and more angry that Pitt supported those who were in office; but, perhaps, most angry of all because he was not in Pitt's confidence! His first letter to the new Premier, in which he ostentatiously announces his resignation, and begs him to inform the King that he 'was 'actuated by no other feeling than a conscientious notion of 'personal obligation to Mr Pitt,' and in which he signed himself Addington's 'most obedient humble servant,' is only an elaborately civil intimation of that fierce enmity which was soon destined to annoy Addington at every turn, and finally drive him from office.

At first it appears, from Lord Malmesbury, that both himself, and Canning, with others, looked upon Addington as a *locum tenens*. Addington had used this very term in speaking of himself to a member of Pitt's Administration. Pitt's followers naturally—and Pitt himself probably—looked upon him in the same light. At one time it was thought that Pitt had reconciled himself to the prejudices of the monarch, to the abandonment of the Catholic claims, and to the resumption of his post. But with the King's recovery these prospects became fainter. The King shrank from connexion with a minister who might commit him to a measure which, as he told the Duke of Portland, might make him 'betray his trust, forfeit his crown, 'and bring its framers to the gibbet.' During his malady, two visions had haunted him—the American Colonies and the Established Church. He had lost the former; he would do nothing to hurt the latter. Pitt, therefore, and his party, were to be sup-

planted for a time by a more obedient and more Protestant Ministry. The only question, as it then appeared, was, for what time? Canning wished to hasten the moment of return; Pitt to defer it till some of the European difficulties, especially the Peace, were surmounted; while those 'nothingy' men (as Lord Malmesbury calls them) with whom Addington had surrounded himself, the Bragges, Hopkinses, &c., wanted to prolong it to an indefinite period. Pitt doubtless felt acutely the insignificance of his new position, and may have suffered himself to be betrayed into the scheme of a negotiation with the Court. But he could not with any face or fairness make any advances to Addington. Addington, on the other hand, could not make advances to Pitt, however much he may have at heart desired it. He had vacated an office which he much affected, and for which he was especially adapted, to take one of danger, difficulty, and annoyance. To resign would be to imply a conscious incapacity. Besides this, it would affront the King, who rejoiced in writing to 'his own 'Chancellor of the Exchequer.' He therefore remained, backed by the King, backed by some of Pitt's late colleagues, who preferred the urbane mediocrity of their present, to the cold haughtiness of their former, chief; and, for some time, ostensibly supported by Pitt himself. That Pitt may have reckoned on the humility, or the affection, or some other virtue of Addington's, inducing him to tender back the seals in favour of his predecessor, is likely enough. But there were two things which Pitt should have known better than he did—human nature, and the King's nature. The King had an obstinacy and a decision which were quite a match for the most resolute and imperious of ministers. Addington, too, Pitt's successor, was as different a man from Addington, Pitt's friend, as Tim Errand in Beau Clincher's clothes from Tim Errand in his own. Addington was too proud of his public dress to give it up in a hurry; and therefore, as Lord Malmesbury expresses it, he 'stiffened' more and more every day against sharing any power with Pitt. Dr Pellew expends a great deal of space and zeal in attempting to prove that Addington did not regard himself as a *locum tenens* for another; and that he was not so regarded by the world. The first we can readily imagine. No one likes to believe himself a warming-pan. But the second we must beg leave to doubt. We will undertake to say that no one in all England, except Addington and the king, ever thought him anything else than a warming-pan.

The new Ministry met a Parliament composed of many parties. There were the Foxites, anxious for peace: the Windhamites, eager for war; the Grenvillites, desirous of an 'honour-'able' peace, or a glorious war, but more desirous of a Grenville

Ministry; and, lastly, the Pittites, headed by Canning. All these might combine against an administration which had few qualities that could be respected, and none that could be feared. To resist them required vigour, dexterity, and eloquence. The ministry had not a debater among them. The most urgent business of the session was the peace. Lord Hawkesbury was their foreign secretary, of whom the King at that time said, 'he had 'no head for business, no method, no punctuality.' He had as little eloquence, art, or tact. Canning, according to Lady H. Stanhope, called him a fool. He was, therefore, soon removed from the rude questioning of the Commons, to bolster up the kindred feebleness of the Duke of Portland in the Lords. To make amends for the absence of political and parliamentary abilities, Addington had arranged on the back treasury benches a strong reserve of friendly subordinates — the Bragges, Vansittarts, Hopkinses, all 'nothingy' men, but vastly attached to Addington, and vastly attached to place. We must do him the justice to admit that few public men made more private friends, or rewarded them better. And it should also be added that he retained these friendships when he had ceased to be able to reward them.

One of Addington's first domestic measures was characteristic of his school, and ominous of his future acts. It was to suspend the Habeas Corpus Act, and renew the bill for the suppression of seditious meetings. 'The Doctor' knew only of Sangrado's remedy for political maladies. He always bled—for every kind of disaffection; and every expression of discontent. A bad harvest, dear bread, and heavy taxation, neither palliated the evil in his mind, nor suggested its cure. He was not cruel, he was not bloodthirsty; but he took the usual course which those, of the school in which he had been brought up, would have taken. He used violent measures, and called them 'strong' and 'necessary.' But a more necessary measure than penal bills was peace. Six months after the accession of his ministry, preliminaries were signed in London; and a vote of approbation, though opposed by Grenville and Windham, was defended in the Commons by Pitt, Fox, and Sheridan. The recent capture of Copenhagen, and the victory of Alexandria, had elevated the spirits of the nation, but had not abated the desire of peace. The war party were now in a decided minority throughout the country. The exultation in the city and provinces was unbounded. Illuminations proclaimed the cessation of hostilities. Still the King only called it an 'experimental' peace. Pitt oscillated between his anxiety to secure a breathing-time for England, and his thirst for vengeance on France. The Duke of York spoke of it as 'Peace in a week, and war in a

'month.' The Prince wrote Addington a letter, which reads something like a quiz. But the doubtful approbation of Pitt—the eloquent opposition of Windham—the fears of the King and the Duke of York—would be counterbalanced in Addington's mind by letters of congratulation from Mr Ryder, Mrs Carter, and Dr Goddard. Sir R. Hill, too, a respectable member of that respectable class, the country gentlemen, was 'fully persuaded 'that Addington was placed at the helm to fulfil some great de-'signs of Providence!' Other ladies and gentlemen inundated him with congratulations, and only faint signs appeared, as it were, in the far horizon, of that dissatisfaction and contempt which so soon supplied his enemies with weapons of assault.

So far Addington's administration had been free from serious vexation. He was hailed by the people at large as the restorer of tranquillity. The King wrote to him letters of which the kindliness was as remarkable as the English—called him 'his 'own' chancellor of the exchequer—assigned him for his residence the Royal Lodge in Richmond Park—trusted that 'their 'mutual affection would end only with their lives'—and abetted his partialities and his interests by making Law Chief-Justice of England, and his old friend Huntingford Bishop of Gloucester. The year 1802 opened with smiles and promise.

But this halcyon tranquillity did not last long. The clouds were gathering just where Addington was most anxious that all should be serene. Tierney, who, in the absence of Fox, had been the principal opponent of the late Premier, volunteered his services in defence of his successor. A debate on the financial state of the country provoked him to assail the 'too loose ex-'penditure of public money,' and the 'remissness in the inspec-'tion of accounts,' by which the late minister had increased the difficulties of the present. 'I have not,' he said, 'the delicacy 'of the right honourable gentleman which restrains *him* from 'complaining of such treatment. I say he has been hardly and 'cruelly used.' Addington, however, defended Pitt, who was absent. But Pitt forgot the defence in the original accusation, and wrote to Addington some captious letters, in which he complained of unkindness and indifference. The matter was explained, and Pitt appeared satisfied. But a friendship, when it once begins to crack, can be no more repaired than broken glass. The seeds of mistrust, discord, and jealousy were already sown.

In the spring of 1802 the peace of Amiens was definitively signed. The provisions were even at the time regarded as unequal to the terms which our victories at Copenhagen and Alexandria entitled us to expect. But they were not only thought unworthy of our late successes—they were also ambiguous. We

ceded the Cape to the Batavian republic; this was, in effect, ceding it to France. We restored almost all our conquests to the same power. But we complicated the arrangement about Malta with stipulations which could hardly fail to produce a rupture. Men became unreasonable as their alarms subsided. This was the first time for generations, they said, that England had retired from a continental conflict on terms of mere equality; the first when France had carried off the prize of colonial acquisition. An attack was opened in both Houses. Grenville moved a condemnatory address in the Lords. The masculine and indignant invective of Windham, a man who was jealous for the honour of England as a husband is jealous for the honour of his wife, stigmatised it more strongly in the Commons. The Fox party defended it on the plea that anything was better than war, especially such a war as the last. Sheridan laughed at it, while he voted for it. Pitt was silent. He was not in a humour to defend, and hardly in a position to attack. The conditions of the peace, it must be admitted, were not so honourable as he had himself sketched as the ultimatum of any treaty with France only a year before. But there appears no reason for believing, that if peace was to be made, Pitt would now have been able to make a better. He was aware of this himself. He knew, as his niece once told him, that he was not the war minister his father had been. 'You are not the great statesman—it was your father!' He felt this, and was silent.

The real difficulty of the latter days of his own administration was now overcome; that which he longed to do, but shrank from doing, was done. He voted in a large majority for the ministry, and for the peace.

But it was from the beginning a hollow and insidious peace; it soon began to be an unpopular one. In the interval that elapsed between the acceptance of the preliminary and the final treaty, Napoleon had become head of the Cisalpine Republic. Other acquisitions and aggressions were soon to follow, and were already apprehended. Advantage was taken of these events and these suspicions, to raise a party against Addington. The ex-premier had contented himself with supporting Addington by a silent vote in Parliament. After the dissolution he had buried himself at Walmer, from which place he continued, however, to correspond with Addington in a friendly tone. Indeed, he revised his King's speech for the new Parliament. But all this time an insidious influence was perpetually at work, seeking to detach him from the ministry to which he was professedly allied. Among his faithful followers there was one to whom he was an idol rather than a leader, and who had never ceased imploring him

to return to office. Advice, entreaty, suggestions in every form that anxiety could prompt, and friendship permit, were in turns tried by the restless and scornful Canning. First from Malmesbury to Granville, then from Grenville to Malmesbury—in town or out of town—from Park-place to Dropmore, from Dropmore to Park-place—then down to Walmer, and back again to Grenville or Malmesbury, Canning flitted with a rapidity known only to lovers and passionate politicians, in the edge and crisis of their affairs. In these interviews, Pitt was the Achilles, withdrawn from the conflict; Canning the Patroclus, impatient for his return. Pitt—cold in manner and averse to confidences—was not easily accessible to the advances of his ardent pupil and admirer. At times he answered his letters with a terseness that almost forbade further communication. At times he did not answer them at all. Once, when Canning, impatient of his silence and hesitation, proposed an interview at Walmer, Pitt positively declined it.

This fretted Canning; who, as Lord Malmesbury describes him, 'had been forced, like a thriving plant in a well-managed 'hot-house; had prospered too luxuriantly, and had felt neither 'check nor frost.' But not even Pitt could always command his feelings; there were moments when his fretful ambition, his punctilious impatience, his mortified pride, and, we fear, an equivocating jesuitry, betrayed themselves in words. On these occasions, rare indeed and far between, he would admit that it was not improbable that the exigencies of the times might require bolder ministers and more vigorous measures; and then he would imply that he himself was withheld by promises—rashly given perhaps, but yet irrevocable—from heading any opposition, but that he did not pretend to control his adherents—*they* might do as they thought fit. For his part, he believed that, in a crisis, it would be his duty to resume office; but he was not so ambitious of office as of character; that he could not ask Addington to resign in his favour, albeit the latter had spoken of himself only as a *locum tenens;* but that if Addington would resign, he was prepared to resume his post; only he would be no party to any cabal or intrigue; his character forbade that, &c. &c. &c.

These ill-affected scruples and ill-disguised desires, wrapt up in '*ifs*,' '*buts*,' and '*albeits*,' were not misunderstood by Canning; who, after one of those audiences, would hurry off to Malmesbury, big with new prospects of intrigue, and buoyant with resuscitated hopes. Then he and Grenville and Malmesbury would lay their heads together, to contrive some way of ousting the obnoxious minister. One suggestion was, that it should be done in a parliamentary way, by moving amendments, &c. This, however, was not so sure of success; for those were the good

old boroughmongering days—in which a minister *in esse* might always reckon on his traditionary majority, as long as the great families which supported his government agreed among themselves. As yet there was no discord between the elements of a cabinet in which no one had any very marked or clear views on any subject whatever, and therefore a parliamentary assault was not likely to effect a breach; besides, to raise the war question, might embarrass Pitt. Then it was proposed to get at the King through the Duke of York: who, to use Lord Malmesbury's words, was 'all right and firm.' He had a contempt for Addington, and an admiration for Pitt. But the King was not likely to be frightened, coaxed, or laughed out of his personal predilections; and the Duke fairly told them that he would not have any thing to do with the attempt. So this notion was abandoned. The only step that remained was to induce Addington to resign; but this was no easy matter either. The only person who could be conceived to have a shadow of a right to ask this of him was Pitt; and Pitt would not. An ingenious way of obviating the difficulty was suggested by the Duke of York, and improved on by Lord Malmesbury. This was to send a round-robin to Pitt and Addington respectively, signed by 'persons high in rank and station,' asking one statesman to resign and the other to return. Eldon was selected as the bearer of this document. Pitt, accidentally hearing of the 'plot,' for such in reality it was, approved of it; but afterwards, when the names of the subscribers were either less numerous or less influential than had been expected, he threw cold water on it. The subordinate intriguers were again left to their own devices, and had to hatch their eggs themselves.

All this scheming and caballing could have but one effect on Pitt. It fell in with a foregone conclusion. It was impossible that he should be in continual communication with men who were trying their best to turn Addington out for him, and that he himself should continue to be Addington's adviser and supporter. He became gradually estranged from his friend. He inspirited his little clique by admitting that it was improper in him to be seconding the ministry by his counsel in details, when its general policy was a secret to him; but he still declined either to commit himself, or to break with Addington. He would and he would not. He would be minister if the country would stir itself, or Addington resign, or the King send for him. He was disappointed that none of these contingencies occurred; and vented his dissatisfaction on the precipitancy of his friends. They in return complained of his laziness and indecision. The position of all parties at this juncture was curious.

Addington was desirous of preserving the appearance of friendship with Pitt; Pitt was fettered by his promises to Addington. Pitt's friends were already divided one against the other; for the Grenvilles were less eager to restore him than to elevate one of themselves. Such an access of intrigue, jealousy, and suspicion, had not inflamed and distracted the leading politicians for years. Pitt's part in it was the least creditable. He was almost as mysterious and unintelligible as his father at the inn at Marlborough; while, in his case, the mystery could only be interpreted one way—at the expense of his straightforwardness and his candour.

Addington was not blind to all that was passing around him. He knew the influence that was at work, and the prejudices that were enlisted. Pitt's silence in the House—his abrupt departure from Richmond, where he had gone on a visit—the intrigues of the Chancellor—more than all, the thickening cloud of continental politics—warned him to connect himself by official ties with a man who, if he ceased to be his ally, must become his most dangerous antagonist. Negotiations were accordingly set on foot to induce Pitt to join the ministry. Pitt's terms were, as it might have been expected they would be, the sole responsible control of the cabinet, 'without rivalry or division of power.' Addington was to go to the House of Lords, with some new office. The Grenvilles and Windham were, if they chose, to be brought in; and all this must be done by the authority of the King. This did not suit Addington's plans by any means. He wished simply to strengthen, not reconstruct the government. His intention was to retire from the helm, but not to put Pitt there. What office he had designed for the ex-Premier does not appear. Pitt used to say in his contemptuous way, 'I had not the curiosity to ask what I was to be.' But if Addington treated Pitt cavalierly, Pitt certainly displayed no extraordinary moderation. The King, speaking of his demands, said, 'He carries his removals so far and so high, that he will 'remove me at last.' At another time he described the whole transaction as a foolish business from one end to the other, begun ill, conducted ill, and terminated ill.

With this negotiation ended not only all prospects of an union, but also all claims to Pitt's alliance. Both parties appeared to themselves to have been drawn into a treaty no less fruitless in its results than offensive in its conditions. Addington retired from it to fight the battles of the Treasury Bench alone; to be lashed by Canning for his impertinent vanity or silly arrogance, and to be congratulated by Sir R. Hill for having saved his country. Our relations with France were becoming more

complicated and equivocal every day. The difficulty of fulfilling the stipulations of the treaty with respect to Malta, afforded us a plea for retaining it, which Napoleon's seizure of 'those 'bagatelles,' Piedmont and Switzerland, confirmed. Bonaparte became more violent, and Lord Whitworth, having no private instructions, more obstinate. The latter, after a personal altercation with the First Consul, returned from Paris, and the French ambassador, Andreossi, quitted London. Pitt re-appeared in Parliament, and broke silence by the finest speech he ever delivered. It was neither for ministers, however, nor against them: it was for war. The poor Duke of Portland, in the mean time, had become fearfully nervous, and had assented to the propriety of reconciling—as Dr Pellew is pleased to call them—the 'two 'rival leaders.' Addington had been asked to become Secretary of State, and make way for Pitt, who was to discard the Grenvilles. Addington rejected this proposal, and took Tierney into office. Pitt would have refused, as he had before refused, to desert the Grenvilles. Each party now prepared for combat. The French negotiation was to be the battle-ground. Colonel Patten had given notice of a vote of censure on ministers for their mode of conducting it. Pitt's opposition was dreaded; but four days before the debate he sent to Addington, offering to compromise matters by moving the orders of the day! Addington declined the insidious assistance, and was thanked by the Duke of Portland for his firmness. The motion came on. Thomas Grenville spoke for two hours in support of it. Pitt then rose:—'If he could agree with the previous speaker, that the papers laid 'on the table of the House proved the incapacity and misconduct of 'ministers, then it would be his painful duty, &c., to support the 'motion. If, however, the explanation of the government justified 'their conduct, then it would be his pleasing duty to oppose it. 'But in fact he could not concur in all the propositions of the 'mover; nor yet could he wholly approve the measures of the 'government. He therefore would not discuss the question 'itself, but move the orders of the day, and advise the House 'to devote its whole exertions to the military and financial pre-'parations of the country.' Thus did Pitt wrap up the first signals of his enmity in what Sheridan called the 'shabby 'shelter' of the orders of the day. The ministry were victorious against Pitt and Patten; but from that hour Pitt and Addington were no longer friends.

Preparations for war closely followed its proclamation. There was no lack of spirit in the country. On the very first intimation of Lord Whitworth's failure, the Premier had received the following characteristic note from the GREAT ADMIRAL:—

'House of Lords, March 9th, 1803.

'Whenever it is necessary, I am *your* Admiral,

'NELSON AND BRONTE.'

On the 16th of May, an Order of Council appeared, directing an embargo to be laid on all ships belonging to France and the Batavian republic. On the 18th, Admiral Cornwallis was off Brest. By the 1st of July 70,000 men were embodied in the militia. Before the end of the autumn, London alone had equipped 40,000 volunteers. The old military feeling of England was once more awakened. It was not Pitt with his lofty declamation—it was not Windham with his indomitable hatred of France—that gave vigour and intensity to the exertions made throughout the country. The nation, which, a few months before, welcomed peace so rapturously, was now convinced that it must fight its way to any peace worth having. Accordingly, on turning out, as one man, against its ancient enemy, it put forth more than its ancient spirit, and resumed the war with the full belief that it was a war, not of choice, but of necessity: a war, not for empire or for honour, but for national existence. It was this feeling that raised troops—paid bounties to seamen—turned firemen of insurance offices into artillerymen; and kindled through every county, from Caithness to Cornwall, an enthusiasm which was too strong for any enemy to daunt—or *for* such a minister as Addington to satisfy. Forgetful of past and present burdens, England braced itself for new taxes and a more overwhelming debt. In the general excitement, the Prince applied for a military command, and it was refused. Ireland, already taught to look for her own 'opportunity' in England's danger, took advantage of the prevailing fears and preparations, to sound a prelude to the coming strife in a *coronach* of her own. A hot-headed young Irishman headed an insurrection in the streets of Dublin, which achieved nothing more brilliant or substantial than the murder of an old infirm judge: but this led to martial law—and the popular feeling rose higher every day against 'French tyrants' and 'French principles.'

The period was an awful one. But the thought that its perils were to be met by Addington, must have mingled a sense of ridicule with the sense of terror. Instead of the unbounded confidence which the times required, he inspired general distrust. The Duke of York despaired of him. Pitt, though he had not yet publicly avowed it, despised him. The Russian minister either hated or despised him. But Addington had rewards and comforts of his own. His old friend Sir Richard Hill came out with votes of thanks and beatifications. From him, if from nobody else, Addington learned that

it was his peculiar province to 'ride in the whirlwind, and direct the storm.'—See vol. ii. p. 220. The same high authority consoled him on another occasion, when he had been unable to answer Windham. Sir Richard was forcibly struck by the 'patience' of the minister. His silence was 'dignified;' so 'dignified,' that Windham must have felt it 'galling.' Lastly, he pressed Scripture into the service of the badgered and bewildered minister. The scene had strongly reminded him of a Rabshakeh's speech, to which the 'command of good king Hezekiah 'was, Answer him not a word.'

But not even Sir R. Hill, nor another ally, who now came forward, the scandalous Duke of Queensberry—who left him afterwards a legacy of £5000—could shield Addington from the pitiless shower which began to pour on him from every side. The independent opposition of the several camps represented by Fox and by the Grenvilles, now became a combined opposition: And to this Pitt at length acceded. The two first were united by their earnest sympathies in favour of the Roman Catholics. The three were brought into combined action by the weakness of Addington's government, and by the sense which the country entertained of that weakness. With Addington Fox never had either sympathy or union: with the Grenvilles none till now. The secret cause and silent growth of Pitt's alienation from Addington we have already traced. It was regarded at the time, and must always be regarded, as quite unworthy a man of principle and spirit. Pitt's early and boyish intimacy with his successor appears, indeed, to be all a fiction. There was nothing of the sort. But in after years, when Addington had become Speaker, the friendship between them was cemented into a confidential intercourse. He was not to Pitt what Dundas was, Wilberforce had once been, and Canning was to be. Pitt, however, had made advances to him, had made promises, and had raised expectations of continued support and friendship. That Addington was vain and presumptuous is true. But Addington's presumption does not justify Pitt's bad faith. Wilberforce, who was not likely to misrepresent the motives and conduct of any man, speaks of their rupture as 'a sad business;' and talks about the wounds of deadly hate. Meantime, the nation was more immediately concerned in having a minister at its head equal to the occasion. Wilberforce could not help deploring Addington's 'want of vigour,' his 'irresolu-'tion,' &c.; in other words, pronouncing him incompetent for his post. This sentiment was general throughout England, except with the Hills, the Queensberrys, and the Bishop of Gloucester. Pitt, once resolved to make a quarrel of it, found in this

universal feeling a weapon ready to his hand. On the Volunteer Bill he merely delivered a lecture. It was not until the 15th March 1804, that he first threw down the gauntlet, on a motion for enquiry into the state of the navy. Fox supported him, Tierney and Sheridan came to the rescue. The motion was rejected by 201 against 130; and, out of Parliament, was regarded as a piece of factious spite. But the attack, begun by Pitt, was carried on by Fox, who, a month afterwards, moved for a committee to enquire into the means of Naval Defence. Addington replied; and was answered by Pitt, who, in condemning the military preparations of the present ministry, wholly forgot the deficiencies of his own. The minister's majority in this division was only 256 to 204. Two days after, Pitt made a second assault, in the shape of an amendment to another of the minister's Army Bills. The ministers had only a majority of 240 to 203.

The fate of the administration was now sealed; and the spoil was to be divided; but between whom? Could Fox, already the martyr of one coalition, enter into another? Could Fox, the lover of peace, unite with Grenville, the lover of war? Could Pitt and Grenville, the friends of the Roman Catholics, separate themselves from the most earnest and eloquent of all the advocates of Roman Catholic Emancipation? The late campaign had been fought in common: it was natural that the triumph should be also common. Pitt had openly declared that he wished the country to enjoy the advantage of his illustrious rival's talents. Accordingly, he proposed Fox and the Grenvilles as elements of a general broad-bottomed administration. Unfortunately every new excitement now drove the King to the verge of madness; and this proposition was more than he could bear. His Majesty returned no answer to Pitt's letter. Instead of this, he wrote to *his* 'Chancellor;' not, however, his Chancellor of the Exchequer, but his Lord Chancellor; and intimated with far more than his usual clearness his disgust at the prospective restoration of the ex-Premier.

'Queen's Palace,
'May 5th, 1804, 19 minutes past 6 P.M.

'The King is much pleased with *his* excellent Chancellor's note; he doubts much whether Mr Pitt will, after weighing the contents of the paper delivered this date to him by Lord Eldon, choose to have a personal interview with his Majesty; but whether he will not rather prepare another Essay, containing as many empty words and little information, as the one he had before transmitted.

'His Majesty will, with great pleasure, receive the Lord Chancellor to-morrow, between ten and eleven, the time he himself has proposed.

'GEORGE R.'

His '*excellent* Chancellor' had a loyal indifference to the per-

sons of the contending Premiers. On the very first symptoms of a break-up, two months before, Lord Eldon had communicated with Pitt unknown to Addington—then he wrote to the King—then he talked to Addington and Wilberforce—then he proposed a reconciliation between the ministe who was going out and the minister who was coming in—then he wept, and advised all parties to forget themselves, and think only of 'their country, 'and their poor old master' at Buckingham palace; one thing, and one only, was clear: he had already made up his mind to this, that whether Addington remained, or Pitt came in, John Baron Eldon, was still to be Lord High Chancellor of England.

All the world had for some time seen that Addington must soon retire. But Addington—we learn from his biographer—was the last man in the country who felt this conviction. It was only when he saw the division on Pitt's amendment, that he determined to resign. On May 7, 1804, Pitt had a long interview with the King—the first during the last three years. The conversation lasted three hours; Pitt was frequently 'baffled' by the coolness, determination, and obstinacy of the monarch. The King agreed, at last, to admit the Grenvilles into the cabinet; but carried the exclusion of Fox. Against this exclusion what remonstrance was made, and what persuasions were advanced by Pitt, does not appear; whatever they were, they were unsuccessful. Fox was—as he said himself—'proscribed' by the crown. He had expected this; and, with a characteristic generosity, had asked his friends to act independently of him. But the Grenvilles would not take office without him—they held out for Fox—and for Fox deserted the man who, three years before, had refused office unless with them. Such are political friendships and alliances! The star of the Temples was doomed to be hostile to that of the Pitts. One Lord Temple had been a thorn in the side of Chatham; another was now a thorn in the side of his son. Pitt was deeply mortified at this desertion; but his pride rallied; and he exclaimed that he 'would teach that 'proud lord, that he could do without him, even if it cost him 'his life.'

Addington retained the seals of office until he had introduced his Budget. The King then wrote him a letter more than usually kind, appointing the time when he should resign them, and announcing the royal intention to create him Earl of Banbury with a pension. In his reply, and at the interview which followed, Addington declined the peerage, in terms which only elicited stronger expressions of attachment from the King. As an earnest of a friendship which survived the ties of office, he was to retain his residence at the Lodge in Richmond Park, and was immediately visited there by the royal family.

It would be difficult to assent to Sheridan's panegyrical flight, that Addington's 'entrance into office was a sacrifice; his going 'out a triumph.' But, if his relinquishment of the seals bore little resemblance to an ovation, Pitt's subsequent tenure of them was still less like one. On one of the first trials of strength, the new ministry had a majority less than that which had ejected their predecessors. The Foxites were in opposition—the Grenvilles were in opposition—to these Addington added a third element of obstructiveness in his own clique. The military schemes of the government for offence and defence were failures. The 'catamaran' flotilla was more absurd than any thing that had been devised in Addington's administration. The defences on the coast were still more ludicrous. Pitt, indeed, was doomed to fail in all his war projects; and his failure was soon detected by the opposition. Led on by Fox and Sheridan, Temple, Tierney and T. Grenville, they presented as strong an array as that which had driven Addington from power. It was also as formidable to Pitt. Neither his health nor his temper would permit him to battle on against this heterogeneous hostility. He had the people out of doors with him. But what would this avail against the King and a growing minority in Parliament? The coldness of the Grenvilles had warmed into resentment; Fox was out of the question as a colleague. Canning and himself had to bear the whole brunt of a raking fire from every species of antagonist.

Some of these enemies, then, must be drawn off: and who so placable as Addington? A reconciliation with him was plainly the least difficult of all expedients. His constitutional temperament was equally removed from lasting affection and implacable animosity. An equable good-nature which would have remained unruffled except in a high station—a vanity which only the dizziness of such an elevation could have so far bewildered as to allow himself on his fall to be piqued into resentment—a love of displaying power rather than a desire of gratifying malice—all these things explained his present behaviour to Pitt; and Pitt undoubtedly understood them all. The minister knew the nature of the man, and proceeded accordingly. The way was paved by Lord Hawkesbury for a political reunion. Civilities and courtesies, and something better, were offered to those 'nothingy' men whose fate was identified with Addington's; men whose rise and fall were illustrating the Lucretian theory of 'nought.' Bond Hopkins was, in course of time, to be made Judge-Advocate. Bathurst and 'brother Hiley' were in their turn to be provided for. Addington received all these love tokens with the unction of a moderate and philosophical patriot. He moralized about Pitt; about the state of the nation; and about himself. He was not

going to be 'the stalking-horse of the opposition,' but his view of public affairs was 'gloomy enough.' He 'would make no 'advances, but would be contented with a single expression of 'genuine kindness and sense of justice.' He was soon gratified; Lord Hawkesbury bore the olive-branch. Addington grasped it readily; and proceeded at once, in a business-like style, to make arrangements for his *clientelle*. To read Addington's letters of this date, one would suppose that he believed the salvation of England, at a most critical juncture of affairs, to depend upon the appointments of Mr Bragge Bathurst and Mr Bond Hopkins. An interview between him and Pitt was brought about, which ratified their reconciliation. The King was so well pleased at this, that he wrote to congratulate them on their 'early habi- 'tudes of cordial affection being renewed.' Every one concerned seemed to be delighted—Addington, of course, received felicitations from that numerous class of friends which had backed him in his estrangement from Pitt; Pitt indulged in an unusual vein of sentiment to Wilberforce, and talked about himself and Addington having 'been friends from their youth, and their fathers 'before them.' To crown all, Addington became Viscount Sidmouth, and succeeded the Duke of Portland as President of the Council.

Pitt experienced many disappointments in the course of his life; but no disappointment was greater than that which followed Addington's restoration. He had looked forward to his junction as the placing of the keystone which should cement and consolidate his administration. In the event, this was the very element which weakened it and destroyed him. Sidmouth, who had no power of creation or design, had unfortunately the power of obstruction, and the petulance of vanity. Eclipsed by Pitt in Parliament, he revenged himself by thwarting him in the Cabinet. The resentment of mortified self-love was seconded by a constitutional infirmity of purpose; and he was enabled to worry Pitt effectually by proposing middle courses, suggesting difficulties, and hinting fears, just at the moment when the state of the country and the ministry demanded that whatever strength it could command, should work together with the energy of a single will. He embroiled him with his old friend Wilberforce; he set him in opposition to the House of Commons. Pitt was inclined to second that generous enterprise which has made the name of Wilberforce immortal; but bold measures and comprehensive policy were alarming to Sidmouth. With that obstinacy which weak men generally mistake for firmness, he was bent on temporising expedients. Pitt, in dread of appearing to connive at this, begged Wilberforce to postpone his motion. The hero of

negro emancipation refused, and was beaten. But another and a severer blow succeeded: And this also reached him through the bosom of a friend. Melville, once his most intimate associate, but, according to Wilberforce, estranged ever since the communications with Addington in 1802, had long suffered under imputations of official dishonesty. A strong party was forming against him in the Commons. The virtue of George Rose was shocked. The poor prudence of Sidmouth was frightened. He recommended the resignation, and deprecated the defence, of their obnoxious colleague. The commissioners of enquiry presented a report, on which Whitbread founded a motion of censure. This was carried in the Commons by the Speaker's casting vote, and was followed by Melville's resignation. Sidmouth, having mortified Pitt thus far by his timid caution, proceeded to injure him further by ill-timed disagreement. The Admiralty was tendered by the Premier to Sir C. Middleton, a man of whom Wilberforce thought highly. Sidmouth, with his congenial love of mediocrity, had wished it to be conferred on Lord Buckinghamshire, of whom nobody thought much then, and nobody knows anything now. This dissatisfaction now found its vent and its vengeance. The impeachment of Melville was moved by Whitbread. One of Addington's inseparables, Bond Hopkins, the Judge Advocate *in posse*, moved an amendment, substituting a criminal prosecution by the Attorney-General. This was simply a variation of procedure. It was strenuously resisted, accordingly, by Pitt's followers, but ultimately carried. But another night saw this decision reversed; and the vote for impeachment substituted. In both debates a degree of malignity and rancour towards Melville had been displayed, which must have struck Pitt with astonishment as well as grief. Temple, Grey, the Addington set, and, worse than all, Wilberforce, all spoke, and spoke sternly, against the ex-minister. When the impeachment was carried, the House proclaimed its exultation by a terrific shout. It smote Pitt's heart to the core. Ere the impeachment could proceed, he was in his grave!

After such an incident, it was scarcely possible for Sidmouth to remain in office under Pitt. Still less could Bond Hopkins, the mover of the amendment, look for future favour. Curiously enough, Lord Sidmouth found himself in communication with Mr Fox just at this crisis. What with his own expectations, and those of his friends, he determined to resign. He accordingly waited on the King with the key of the Council. The King, whom every excitement now drove upon the borders of his malady, was greatly irritated at this. 'You must not give it to 'me,' he said, 'but to Lord Hawkesbury.' Addington pleaded

a private quarrel with Lord Hawkesbury as his excuse. This irritated the King more; but Sidmouth still went on with his story of personal grievances. When he at last withdrew, his Majesty exclaimed, 'That ——— has been plaguing me to death!' The correspondence relating to this business included the last letter which Sidmouth ever received from Pitt. A few months later brought him the last from Nelson.

It was, on the whole, unfortunate for both, that Sidmouth should have returned to office under Pitt. They were suspicious of each other; and *could* not resume their old relations. Sidmouth now thought himself necessary, and appears to have expected a greater share of power and consideration than Pitt would have granted, probably, to anybody. But certainly Pitt should have come in with the broad Administration, of which he once spoke,—or not at all. He should have stipulated for Fox's admission absolutely. On the other hand, Sidmouth ought to have declined office under Pitt, unless he could have co-operated with him heartily on all subjects. Open questions presume confidence. But how the impeachment of a cabinet minister should ever have been considered as an open question, it is difficult for us to conceive. But Sidmouth wanted to be coaxed by Pitt, and to show his own value to the world. Pitt believed that he himself was the only man who could carry England through the war-tempest that beat upon the high shore of Europe. The vanity of the former was gratified. What became of the vision of the latter, is written in the History of the World.

Meanwhile, great and disastrous events were looming in the distance. The Republic of France had become 'the Empire.' The First Consul had been enthroned Emperor. The French army was already on the Rhine; after which, within twelve days, Mack, aged and effete, was shut up at Ulm: and Bonaparte called upon his soldiers to compensate themselves for the lost plunder of London. Mack saved them the necessity of a siege by a capitulation; and upwards of 30,000 unscathed prisoners were marched into France. This was the first fruit of Pitt's premature confederation of the Northern powers. Prussia, neutral—Bavaria, false—Austria, beaten! But worse remained behind—Austerlitz followed close on Ulm, and scattered the hopes of the allies to the winds. To England it was a day of gloom; to Pitt it was death. His every scheme had failed; his every expectation had been foiled. Large subsidies had been raised, costly armaments and defences equipped, and all was now wreck and ruin. The impeachment of one friend—the hostility of others, though connected by ties of intimacy and the stronger ties of blood—the

growing despondence of the nation—the overshadowing pre-eminence of the French empire—all these pressed with fatal weight upon a heart which was too proud to acknowledge the grief it was too sensitive to vanquish. One night of exultation had been permitted to him, but of exultation soon turned into a sorrow, which found relief in tears. It was reserved for him to know that the French fleet had ceased to be; but the triumph of the victory was darkened by the death of the conqueror. Beyond this, all was gloom and sadness. *Hæsit lateri lethalis arundo.* He died of old age at forty-six.

It can hardly be believed that Sidmouth knew nothing of his dangerous state. On the 17th of January the Bishop of Lincoln had written to him to say that Pitt was rather better; on the 20th, that he was rather worse; on the 22d, that he was dying. Pitt was dying at Putney; and Sidmouth remained quiet at Richmond! This is the most painful incident in his life. Not long before this he had himself tasted the bitterness of grief in the death of his son. Pitt, though broken down and feeble, had found time to pay a visit of condolence to the friend from whom he had twice been estranged by politics. But Sidmouth could merely write from Richmond to Putney letters of enquiry and of condolence, while Pitt was dying. We do not mean that Sidmouth did not feel Pitt's death, and feel it acutely; but his nature—neither elevated nor generous—was brooding at the time over the wounds of an irritated self-love, of which he could not clear his mind so readily and so entirely as to allow himself to do justice to his better feelings.

When Pitt was dead, George III. sent for Lord Hawkesbury as the nearest type (after Lord Sidmouth) that could be found of the statesman that was dearest to the royal heart. Sidmouth, we presume, had no disposition to try his hand a second time at governing: and Hawkesbury was wise enough, at that time, to profit by an example, which it might, perhaps, have been as well if it had warned him for all future time. In the end the King had no alternative but to send for Lord Grenville and Fox. They were both identified with the cause of the Roman Catholics. Practical politics have few graver questions—none more painful—none more certain of being misrepresented, than the cases in which a public man may be called upon to sacrifice for a time this opinion or that, in the hope of obtaining a greater public good. In this instance we do not believe that emancipation was delayed a day by their accepting office; while office enabled them to do their country great service in many ways, and especially by abolishing the slave-trade. Sidmouth was, as

usual, on the look-out, with his array of expectant neutrals. A pocket of forty or fifty votes was not to be despised in the statical equilibrium of all parties. Fox applied to him, as Pitt had applied before; and he received Fox's advances as he had received Pitt's! He consented to take the Privy Seal; but then he had his *umbræ*. The style of an in-coming premier's letter to Sidmouth must have been very much like Horace's invitation to dinner:—'*Tu quotus esse velis, rescribe.*' Of course Hiley, Bathurst, Bond, and Vansittart, were included in his prospectus, and admitted. He also stood out for Lord Buckinghamshire some time, but finally gave him up, on condition of Lord Ellenborough's taking his place in the cabinet. This was about the only thing that Sidmouth did for 'The talents;' and the introduction of the Chief Justice into the cabinet brought the wasp-like Canning and a storm of constitutional indignation about their heads, and very justly. On the agitation of the slave question, he took, as he had before taken, a temporising course, sadly grievous to the enthusiastic spirit of poor Wilberforce.

But these and all other differences were soon prematurely closed. Within a few months England had seen the deaths of two great men, Nelson and Pitt; a third was soon to follow. A fatal disease struck Fox at the moment when he was absorbed in that work of love which occupied his every thought—the pacification of Europe. He died in the spirit of peace—breathing peace on a regretful world. Pitt's death seems to have affected Sidmouth less profoundly than that of Fox: probably because the character of the latter rubbed less austerely on his self-love. Fox was, indeed, a man made to be loved—not by a few who understood his disposition, or whose pride he did not offend—but by all. Sidmouth soon became attached to him, and wrote of him as he doubtless felt. 'I never knew a man of more apparent' (he might have said 'genuine') sincerity: more free from rancour, or even severity; 'and hardly any one so entirely devoid of affectation.'

The death of Fox completed that disruption of parties which began on the death of Pitt. It had, in truth, been difficult of late to assign the limits and properties of parties; when Windham and Sheridan, Fox and Grenville, Pittites, Foxites, and Addingtonites, sat in the same cabinet. The difficulty was not diminished now. A slight change was made in a few offices: Lord Grenville remained at the head of the Treasury; Lord Howick succeeded Fox at the Foreign Office; Sidmouth exchanged the Privy Seal for the Presidency of the Council; but the administration had a short and troubled life before them. The Catholics were the stumbling-block of offence now, as they had been before. Lord Howick introduced a bill for extending the privi-

leges enjoyed by Romanist officers serving in Ireland to Romanist officers serving in England; and also for opening to them, and other dissenters, the highest ranks of the profession. This was said to be undermining Protestant ascendency, when attack by storm had failed. It was so regarded by the King: and he at once fell into one of his nervous fits: but his resolution was unchanged. He was Protestant to the backbone, and would hear of no underhand concession. The ministry was compelled to abandon all hope of carrying, by a clause in the Mutiny Act, a furtive admission of a general but obnoxious principle. Time, however, coerces those whom it cannot convert. The policy of this measure, indeed its necessity, were signally confirmed twenty years afterwards; when the champions of Protestantism carried Emancipation, with the confessed object of preserving the loyalty of the Roman Catholic soldiers by so doing! In deference to the King's prejudices, and no less in deference to the objections of their own colleagues, the authors and supporters of this project, however, now withdrew it.

When the cabinet was divided on any question in which the King was interested, it is superfluous to state what side the 'King's friend' took. Sidmouth not only sided with the King ultimately in his disapproval of his colleagues' intentions, but shared with him at first in his misconception of those intentions. But when at last the King, by attempting to extort a pledge from Lord Grenville and Lord Spencer, that they would waive all future agitation of the Roman Catholic claims, compelled them to send in their resignation, Lord Sidmouth resigned also. His biographer attibutes this to his delicacy. We do not wish to deprive his heirs of all claim to this amiable virtue; but we think we can suggest another reason for his unwillingness to retain office in a new administration. Whoever might come in, Canning was now sure to come in too. Indeed, negotiations had already begun between him and the Grenvilles; and if the difficulty of the Roman Catholics had not intervened, it is most likely that they would have agreed to every thing which he might name, to procure the support of the man in Parliament from whom they had most to fear—the pupil and representative of Pitt. Canning had but one condition to propose—that Sidmouth should not be his colleague. Sidmouth had only one apprehension—that Canning might be his colleague. Between the disgust of the one and the alarm of the other, Lord Sidmouth can scarcely have persuaded himself that he was exercising any great degree of 'delicacy' towards his colleagues, by resigning with them. A less pardonable timidity than that which shunned the galling fire of Canning's ridicule, prevented

him from aspiring to a share in the greatest honour of the Grenville administration. As a member of that cabinet he might have earned some portion of the fame so justly due to its latest and its noblest work. If he had exercised no commanding talents —if he had displayed no dazzling eloquence—if he had shown neither zeal nor enthusiasm in the most disinterested triumph of modern philanthropy—he might yet have come in among the lukewarm and secondary defenders of the abolition of the Slave-Trade. But even this cheap and easily acquired fame he was contented to forego. The Grenville ministry scotched the worst horrors of slavery by crushing the African slave-trade. Sidmouth had the ill-timed hardihood to oppose, on this occasion, the measure of the government of which he was a member. He had often before grieved Wilberforce by his 'moderate' and 'practical' obstructions; now, in the moment of triumph, he shocked and saddened him by 'exceeding his own precedent.'

The new ministry came in on a 'No Popery' cry: and its composition was worthy of its origin. The Duke of Portland, an old man, feeble in body, and more feeble in mind, was at its head. Illness had reduced him to that depressed and nervous state in which he was obliged to call in laudanum to his relief. In his best days he had been good for little; and now he was good for less. He had high notions of family interest, party combinations, and the royal pleasure. Of government, as a science, he knew just about as much as the Duke of Newcastle or Lord Bute. When he was in difficulty—which was every day—he would send to Lord Malmesbury for advice; but, what with his pains, his opiates, and his habits of mind, he was generally unable to avail himself of it, when it was given. Such was the head of the government. The others, with one exception, were of the same parliamentary calibre, and the same political reputation. Lords Castlereagh and Hawkesbury were the secretaries for the Foreign and Home Departments; the official pretensions of the one lay principally in his force of character; of the other in his private virtues. Eldon was their Chancellor, strong only in law and scruples; and Perceval their Chancellor of the Exchequer, whose administrative ability, logical acuteness and promptness, were not yet as well known as his piety and decorum. Places of one kind or another, of course, were found for the Chathams, Camdens, and Roses. In such a circle one misses Sidmouth; but the heavens, it is said, cannot hold two suns: Canning had taken office—and Sidmouth kept aloof.

However, Sidmouth in opposition was very like Sidmouth in office—at issue with his former colleagues and his former self. In one point he was consistent: he took the King's view of every

question when he knew what that view was; he took the King's side in every debate in which there could be said to be a King's side. On the very first debate that took place, he voted with the ministry against his recent colleagues, and for the King. Thus early do we find him preventing the defeat of the existing, and the return of the late, administration. Then, forgetting that his own military measures had been considered the weakest of their time, he took upon himself to censure those of government for their inefficiency. His next demonstration was equally sensible and consistent. He had been chief minister of the crown at the date of the first battle of Copenhagen, in 1801; was responsible for it, and, of course, had to defend it; yet, six years afterwards, when the bombardment of Copenhagen was repeated, under circumstances of equal pressure, he had the assurance to denounce it. Whatever might be the violation of the law of nations, it was the same in both cases. But Canning, the principal adviser on this last occasion, had acted neither on impulse nor in ignorance. The ministry had obtained possession of the contents of the secret article in the treaty of Tilsit. Lord Sidmouth, who knew nothing at the time of the secret information which ministers had thus received, and the sources of which they were then anxious to conceal, railed against their proceedings as violent, precipitate, and unjust. The mysteries of that age have been since cleared up, and the motives of its leading statesmen published to the world: under these circumstances it would have been wiser in the Dean of Norwich not to have revived the discussion.

The growing infirmities of the Duke of Portland were terminated by his death in the year 1809. Mr Perceval, who had for some time been the real, now became the acknowledged head of the government. His first act was to make overtures to Lords Grey and Grenville: but the Protestantism of the minister repelled the liberality of the two advocates of emancipation. His next move was one that savoured more of policy than of compliment. It was to open office to Lord Sidmouth's friends, but, in compliance with the prejudices of Canning, to exclude Lord Sidmouth himself. They at once refused to accept terms so injurious to the honour of their chief, and remained, therefore, in opposition. But with Lord Sidmouth this was of course a nominal position, in which he could display neither the activity nor the consistency of a parliamentary leader. He opposed Government on some questions, but his own party upon more. He voted with ministers against Lord Grenville's amendment, but with the opposition against the Walcheren expedition. At the same time, it is hard to understand how he ever ven-

tured to vote against ministers at all.' He looked on the King's government as a function of the King's prerogative; and attributed to it something of the inviolability which belongs to the royal person. To use the language of his biographer, 'his principles of loyalty did not admit of his ever engaging in any organised system of opposition.' In fact, there is every reason for supposing, that he regarded anything like independent resistance to the pleasure of the court as very wrong, if not very wicked. Like Eldon, he was always anxious 'to serve the best of Kings.' His kindred propensity to office was ere long indulged. In the spring of 1812, he returned, after five years of unofficial life, to the presidency of the council; and the first important occasion on which his assistance was required, was in the investigation consequent on the murder of the minister to whom he had allied himself. Perceval's death changed the *personnel*, not the politics of the cabinet. The old King was now politically dead. Lord Liverpool—the Lord Hawkesbury of former days—a man after Sidmouth's own heart—thoroughly respectable, who offended no man by the appearance even of any thing superior to the very level of routine, became First Lord of the Treasury; and Sidmouth took the seals of the Home Department.

This was the ultimate phase of his political career; but it was not the most favourable to his reputation. The ten years during which he was Home Secretary, were years of domestic tribulation, distress, and discontent. They required a man of firmness and fortitude; but they still more required a man of benevolent and comprehensive understanding. Sidmouth wanted the qualities which would have enabled a real statesman, not only to grapple with the urgent difficulties of the times, but also to trace them to their origin—to analyse the elements of national grievances—to master the pathology of national dissatisfaction—and to prescribe the appropriate remedy to each symptom of political disease. But Sidmouth belied his nickname. His 'doctoring' was empirical, not scientific: the dignified quackery of summary, yet formal practice—not the divination of legislative genius—which is nothing else than a knowledge of human nature, and of the actual condition of the society which it presumes to govern.

He was hardly in office before desperate outrages broke out in the manufacturing districts. The Orders in Council, want of employment, dear bread, and war-taxes, were producing their natural effects on an ignorant, half starved, and worse educated population. Machinery was broken, masters were assaulted, and witnesses terrified by secret confederations organised throughout the country. The northern counties were put under mili-

tary protection. A special commission was issued; some fourteen men were hung. So far, rigour was exercised; and, perhaps, this kind of rigour was necessary. But, unfortunately, it was the only sort of prescription which Sidmouth recognised. He drove in the disease; which broke out afterwards with greater violence; to be again repelled, and again invigorated by a repetition of the same practice. He was content with discharging this part of his executive duty; and never troubled himself to think that a statesman's sphere includes preventive and remedial measures. He went to his grave, without suspecting that he had left anything undone.

Meantime, his ecclesiastical friends kept dinning into his ears the necessity of establishing churches and schools; and he admitted the wisdom of their advice. We, too, are friends to schools and churches. But, taken by themselves, sermons and catechisms will never supersede policemen and dragoons. Means must be found of softening popular discontent by popular concessions, of smoothing the angry frown of authority into the placid smile of temperate conciliation, and of affording a ready ear to the prayers of helpless, reckless, unrepresented multitudes. But these are means, which were never dreamed of in his philosophy. He thus, without malignity—without cruelty—without any taint of despotism in his character—became the instrument of cruelty, tyranny, and injustice.

The war, once gloomy, disastrous, and dishonourable, had been cheered and brightened by wonderful successes. Talavera, Salamanca, Vittoria, followed one another, with accumulated proofs of a prowess, of which the nation had been hitherto unconscious. We had become—after twenty years of costly experiments and costly failures—a military people. The courage of the country had never failed; now, however, desperate stubbornness had grown into hopeful confidence. But the exertions to which we had been strained were painfully felt in every hamlet and industrial haunt throughout Great Britain. The many, whose patriotism naturally rises and falls with their supply of animal comforts, found that the trophies of remote victories, and the acclamations of applauding multitudes, gave neither food to the hungry nor raiment to the naked. When at last a British army had marched from Toulouse to Paris, the working people of London, Huddersfield, and Manchester, were suffering a distress greater than captivity. The moment of our foreign glory and our domestic shame coincided. Again, England was in a state of partial insurrection. Again, the militia were embodied. Again, seditious pamphlets and inflammatory speeches spread fear, tumult, and discontent: And Sidmouth, the Home Secretary, was just as unfit to deal with this crisis as Adding-

ton, the Prime Minister, had been to take the helm in the name of the English people. He neither understood the temper of that people, nor sympathised with their sufferings. Peace had not brought plenty. On the contrary, one of the first objects of the Government in 1815 was to fix the price of corn; that is, to fix the highest possible price! It seems almost like reading some antediluvian record to peruse the letters which passed at this time between Lord Sidmouth and his friends and to find them turning the victory of Waterloo and the pacification of Europe into an occasion for making bread dear. Mr Bond was not quite certain whether 76s. or 80s. should be the price at which 'foreign competition' should be allowed to interfere. Lord Sidmouth's 'apprehension and conviction' was, that 80s. was '*not* sufficient to give that confidence to the corn-grower 'which is essential to the object of the bill.' Such were the maxims gravely promulgated by high functionaries of Government in the year of our Lord 1815. They believed first, that a high price of corn was a desirable thing; and next, they held that it was always attainable through an act of Parliament. Yet, holding, believing, and professing these doctrines, they were surprised that the mass of the people was discontented, sullen, and vindictive! A reduction of price was pronounced 'hazardous,' while hungry artisans were murmuring against high prices. An influx of corn was pronounced a calamity, while thousands were in want of daily bread!

The consequences were such as the lowest reader of the lowest newspaper would, at present, understand, expect, and justify; but such as Lord Sidmouth could only prose over—and punish. From 1815, to the day on which he retired from office, he was engaged in one continual conflict with his countrymen. Dr Pellew calls this period an 'extended campaign between 'lawless aggression on the one side, and the firm and temperate exercise of constitutional authority on the other.' That there was occasional lawlessness on the side of the people, cannot be denied. But that they were generally or mainly lawless, or that their designs were dangerous, is no more true than that they were met by 'the firm and temperate exercise of constitutional authority.' There were in these times, as there are at all times, men ready to use the ignorance and passions of their fellows as tools for their own ambition. But the multitudes who followed Hunt, or shouted for Cobbett, were neither radically disloyal, nor desperately malignant. Their feelings and opinions have been since recorded by some of their own party, with every semblance of reality and truth. They had no designs on the Throne, the Peerage, or the Church. They were neither levellers

of rank nor enemies to property. They were generally poor, simple artisans, who believed that they had a right to be represented in the assembly that imposed the taxes which they had to pay; and who were illogical enough to confound the maintenance of a restrictive duty on corn with a denial of food. They thought that Parliament had legislated for the interests of the few rather than of the many; and what they felt more keenly than every thing besides, was the cold indifference of the aristocracy to the comforts and the happiness of the poor. In an age, which is erecting wash-houses and baths for those who otherwise could neither wash nor bathe—which regards the sewerage and ventilation of cottages as objects of natural solicitude to the proprietors of wealthy mansions—and which holds a happy and contented poor to be among the essential elements of any great and flourishing community—these feelings will neither be despised nor condemned. But Lord Sidmouth's age judged differently; and Lord Sidmouth was not before his age. He looked only to the outward and visible show; he saw not the inward and universal yearning. The show was one of threatening and defiance: the yearning was for comfort, and for that homely well-being, without which no household knows content, and no empire can be safe. It is painful to think how fruitful exalted ignorance may be of crime. And it is impossible not to think of this while we go over that familiar page of our domestic history, where Lord Sidmouth's name most frequently recurs. His biographer, however, belongs in this respect to the olden time; and extols him for the very acts by which our own feelings are so provoked, that we find it difficult to make the allowance, which, nevertheless, we know ought to be made, for the character of his understanding and the policy of his age.

Lord Sidmouth, however personally active in his younger days, had been singularly lax in arming and encouraging the yeomanry, when there was a prospect of foreign invasion. But he now made amends for this, by calling them out against the people in a time of civil commotion. The working classes through the North had organized themselves into clubs. Their object was to petition for Parliamentary Reform. But Lord Sidmouth was convinced then, as his biographer is convinced now, that Reform was only a 'specious pretext' for rebellion and revolution. Accordingly, he suspended the Habeas Corpus Act against the Reformers, as he had against the Luddites. But his policy was not limited to coercive laws or yeomanry enrolments. He abetted a system, of which, we believe, he himself did not know its cruelty and baseness. Documents published within the last few years have established, that amongst the 'Radical Re-

'formers' of that day, many men were introduced who professed to be identified with the principles of their societies, but by whom their secrets were systematically betrayed. This horrible system was carried on under the patronage of the Home Office and the Treasury. The Dean of Norwich is at great pains to show that Lord Sidmouth was not a party to the diabolical plans that were too successfully used for trepanning the ignorant and the credulous into conspiracies, for which they answered with their lives. There was no occasion for this. No gentleman—no man of common feeling—would in England lend the sanction of his authority to so base a plot. But Lord Sidmouth encouraged and rewarded a system, the springs of which he did not set in motion, and the working of which he could neither follow nor control. He rewarded informers. He thereby encouraged men to concoct conspiracies, that they might betray the conspirators they had made. *Iidem auctores conjurationis, iidem delatores,* has been from time immemorial the symbol of a despotic government. Men who are to be paid for detecting crimes, will assist in their concoction: And this accordingly was the case during the whole of the disastrous period which succeeded the conclusion of the war. Men were prosecuted for conspiracies, into which they had been betrayed by villains artful enough to deceive their victims and mislead the Government.

The result of such tactics may easily be conjectured. The Crown and the Executive became associated in the minds of the people with chicanery, malevolence, perfidy, and cruelty. Every convicted traitor who was left for execution or transportation, was looked upon as the victim of Castlereagh and Sidmouth. All faith in the honour and integrity of the ruling classes was as completely destroyed, as that in their benevolence and kindness had been before. The effects of this on public liberty were even worse than the effects on public confidence. As loyal men as ever lived may be made disloyal by oppression; *they* are the most likely, perhaps, to be so. The poor and the untaught were rendered savage by all they saw and suffered. The gulf between them and their superiors became wider and deeper. They threw themselves into the arms of artful and selfish demagogues. They shouted, they subscribed money, they underwent penalties, and losses, and degradation, for men who preached the destruction of property and rank, but who never sacrificed their own interests for their confiding followers. The influential and wealthy members of the Liberal party got frightened. They held aloof from publicly supporting principles to which they were devoted, through a horror of the company into which their interposition would necessarily bring

them. Thus, all the weight of money, station, and opinion was, for a time, thrown into the scale of unconstitutional severity. Men, whose liberalism had brought on them the imputation of republicanism in the stormy days of the French revolution, shrank from the prospect of subjecting England to a triumvirate of Hunt, Cobbett, and Carlisle. Never had authority such a latitude; and seldom did it proceed so far. But in the end it overleapt itself.

In 1819 came the crowning act of folly and excess. A partial tranquillity had been followed by fresh disaffection. Public gatherings were assembled all over England. The northern counties were historically pre-eminent in the movement. Government was more than usually on the alert. A great meeting was convened near Manchester. Fifty thousand people, many of them women and children, collected together under the auspices of Hunt. On a sudden was heard a murmur, a rustling, and the tramp of horses. A cry was raised, 'the 'soldiers are coming,' and quickly the sabres of an armed force were fleshed in that weak and unresisting multitude. Never since the tragedy of Glencoe had the kingdom known such a day as that of 'Peterloo.' As in the one case the traditionary hate of a rival clan, so in the other the cherished animosity of a rival class, was stained by bloodshed. The master manufacturers and the Cheshire tenantry wreaked their vengeance on the manufacturing artisans. All enquiry was resisted. The authors of the massacre were thanked by the Regent, before and without enquiry. Dr Pellew devotes several pages to a laudation of the magistrates, of the heroes of the Home Office, and of all who were anyway parties to this brutal act of power. The best commentary on it is the history of the few succeeding years. That frightful day was never forgotten or forgiven. It rankled in the memory of thousands. It made further restrictions and further coercion absolutely necessary. After the magistrates had been thanked by the ministry, and the ministry commended by the Regent, and Lord Fitzwilliam dismissed from his lieutenancy by both, the whole drama was fitly consummated by the Six Acts. From that moment Parliamentary Reform became a certainty.

So far the Liverpool ministry is entitled to the gratitude of posterity. It procured for us Reform, in the same way that Leo X. was the author of the Reformation, and James II. of the Bill of Rights. But, though the end was certain, and the prize fore-destined, the way was long, and the struggle hard. Disappointments were to be borne; and the keenest of all disappointments to men whose soul is in the cause they advocate;

the disappointments which spring from the guilt, the folly, and the falsehood of their associates. The progress of human freedom is like the journey of the Son of Anchises through the shades of Hades—

> 'Hinc exaudiri gemitus, et sæva sonare
> Verbera; tum stridor ferri, tractæque catenæ
> * * * * *
> His demum exactis—
> Devenêre locos lætos et amæna vireta,' &c.

First, the misery which fosters crime, then the daring which champions affliction—next, the gibbet, the prison, and the martyrdom of the forward few—lastly, the glorious triumph of the combined many. But before the object which the reformers sought was obtained, the 'vigour' of the ministry drove men to acts of the greatest folly and wickedness. The last three or four years of Sidmouth's public life were spent in watching, detecting, and punishing conspiracies. He had to deal with real plots against the life of the King, and the lives of the ministers. Every great occasion, from a cabinet dinner to the coronation of George IV., or the funeral of his Queen, suggested or confirmed suspicions of treasonable plots and insurrectionary movements. Scarcely had he done prosecuting the Radicals, when he had to prosecute the Cato Street gang. And to prosecution and punishment he limited all his exertions and all his cares. He applied the actual cautery to the affected part—and thought he had recruited a morbid constitution! He had, as we have previously observed, no guess at the origin of the social malady which was before him. Hang, fine, or banish!—these were the three courses open to him, and none besides. In vain did parents and wives intercede for the ignorant dupes of cunning cowardice, or for the wretched victims of unalleviated suffering. To appeal to the rights of constitutional hostility directed against a mock representation, was vainer still. He was inflexible. He neither pardoned, nor encouraged the hope of pardon. Still he was not a cruel man. He delighted not in the shedding of human blood. Like the tyrant of old, *jussit scelera, non spectavit.* His personal feelings, though not warm, were kindly; he sacrificed them, notwithstanding, to his theory of administration with the less remorse, because he did not witness the torture which he inflicted. He was a creature of method; and one of the methods in vogue at the Court where he was a favourite, was to put naughty people to death. Mrs Fry has recorded in her diary the deep disgust which she felt at his refusal to intercede for a poor woman, whose case deserved a more lenient judgment than that of death.

Such a life, if not painful to his better nature, must certainly have been inconsistent with his personal comfort. He was officially the most unpopular man in England, except Lord Castlereagh. No man of ordinary courage and ability, willingly bears the thankless burden of universal obloquy one day longer than he can help it. Dissensions in a cabinet which has no real head, are inevitable: and therefore Lord Liverpool's cabinet was divided against itself. This—with the odium to which he found himself exposed—supplied Sidmouth with valid reasons for finally resigning. Besides, the ties which had once bound him to office had been snapped by the death of the old King. He was not so old as many who have continued ministers of state; but he was old enough to avail himself of the plea of age for retiring. Accordingly, in January 1822, and the 65th year of his life, he delivered up the seals of office into the hands of George IV., who gave him his warm thanks for his long services, and a pension of L.3000 a-year. This pension Sidmouth, who was not a covetous man, voluntarily surrendered, when he came into possession of a fortune by his second wife, a daughter of his old friend Lord Stowell.

The remainder of his days he passed at the White Lodge in Richmond park, in the society of many friends, whose esteem he retained through all the vicissitudes of politics. Lord Wellesley, Lord Exmouth, Lord Eldon, the Duke of Gordon, and Mr Tierney, were his most constant and intimate companions. Into their ears he poured his reminiscences of the past, and his forebodings of the future. When he did quit the peaceful retreat of Richmond for the House of Lords (which was not often,) it was to vote for the 'good old principles' which he had learned while young, and which he never unlearned. He voted against Catholic Emancipation and against the Reform Bill, as if George III. were still alive, and O'Connell had never agitated. The progress of the age—its toleration—its demand for education and for political privileges—he viewed with a horror almost religious. He regarded Lord Grey's ministry as the most dangerous, and Sir Robert Peel's opposition as the most patriotic, in the annals of England. This creed clung to him to the last. Politically, he had ceased to exist many years before his natural death. The wiser conservatism of a later generation rapidly disencumbered itself of Sidmouth as it disencumbered itself of Eldon. After 1830, he was a *κῶφον πρόσωπον* in the drama of party. Without office and without influence, he glided down the declivity of age, on a quiet footpath; neither lonely, however, nor unlovely; happy in the recollection of a well-intentioned life—in the treasured memorials of his sovereign's love—in the devoted affection of his children, and in the consolations of a natural piety. He survived all

the friends and companions of his youth; and, on the 15th of February 1844, he expired without a struggle, in his 87th year.

There are far more noticeable points in his life than in his character. Dr Pellew, with his affectionate partiality, opens the question, whether his hero and relative was a great man. The zeal of a biographer and a son-in-law may be pardoned for the suggestion; but few will refrain from smiling at it. The truth is, there never was a man with weaker claims to the appellation of great. He had nothing great or commanding about him, except his person. He had ordinary intelligence, ordinary acuteness, ordinary good-nature, and less than ordinary powers of speaking. He followed ordinary devices in extraordinary times. Had he lived in ancient Rome, his house would have been a temple of Fortune. He was her favourite from the beginning. Accidents conspired to lead him on from one friendship to another, and from one post to another, till he reached an eminence too high for his capacity and vanity. Accident connected him with Pitt, and made him the confidant of George III. Personal address, which had made Bute a minister at the beginning of the reign, and regular habits of business—the qualities of a merchant's clerk engrafted on the demeanour of a courtier—won for him the obstinate attachment of the most self-willed of kings. As a statesman he failed in the estimation of all persons, except Dr Samuel Clarke, Sir Richard Hill, and Mrs Elizabeth Carter. But, even in his mishaps, Fortune smiled upon her son. His ill-success found a foil rather than a contrast in the policy of his faction. Pitt, who despised Addington, must have been stung at seeing, in his own baffled alliances and campaigns, so little justification for this contempt. As a war-minister, Addington blundered much; but the world thought that Pitt blundered more. Addington was lucky in succeeding a man, whose genius, great for some purposes, was ill adapted for the exigencies of a mighty European conflict. His fortune would have been consistent with itself, if he had never resumed office after 1804. His civil administration was distinguished by intolerance which he called principle, and by a severity which he called vigour. He would have been an admirable Lord Chamberlain, or Privy Seal, as he had been a most respected Speaker of the Commons. But in no age, in which public opinion had its fair play, and the public voice its full power, could such a man have been long intrusted with the fortunes of a struggling nation, and the liberties of a divided people.

His life is not without its lesson. It is curious to observe, throughout the stormy era that extends from 1790 to 1820, that the stanchest champions of the people were the repre-

have foreseen the trouble they were bringing upon Ritson by this now obscure allusion, it may be hoped that they would have refrained—the outlaw would have been scarcely more perplexed at finding himself before them in his own proper form in open Court.

Robin Hood's companions have a kind of coparcenary in their master's popularity. Wakefield still remembers her celebrated pinder George à Green; and he is a sign-post hero, not only there, but in places far distant from the scene of his first encounter with his chief. The names of Maid Marian and Friar Tuck, of Scarlet Much, and, above all, of Little John, are linked indissolubly to that of their leader; and the last of them eclipses, in the circumstances of his death and burial, even the exploits of his chief. If we are to believe his chroniclers, Little John lies interred, not only in three places, but in three kingdoms. England shows the house in which he died, and the spot where he was buried, at Hathersage in Derbyshire; and tradition—that safe guide, as we are told, in matters of faith, but not over trustworthy in matters of history—asserts that his grave having been sacrilegiously opened, some years ago, 'by order of Captain James 'Shuttleworth,' a thighbone was found in it of gigantic dimensions. The bone was as malicious as it was long. The curious captain and his coadjutor, a wicked sexton, were instantly visited by 'many unlucky accidents.' The thighbone threw the captain off his horse, and tripped up the sexton in his churchyard. Neither of them could obtain peace of mind or safety of body, until the pilfered *os femoris* was restored to its allotted resting-place, when 'all these troubles ceased.' One would have thought that these facts constituted a strong case for England. But Scotland overturns them all, by proving that she gave Little John a grave, not by any mere tradition, but by the ocular testimony of that most veracious canon of Aberdeen, the historian Hector Boece. We read in Bellenden's translation, that, 'in Murray 'land is the kirk of Pette, quhare the banis of Littill Johne re-'manis, in gret admiratioun of pepill'; and he very judiciously adds, in reasonable explanation of the popular admiration, 'He 'hes bene fourtene fut of hicht, with square membris effering 'thairto. Six yeris afore the cuming of this werk to licht, we 'saw his hauche bane, als mekill as the haill bane of ane man; 'for we schot our arme in the mouth thairof: be quhilk apperis,' he concludes, and it is the moral of his story, 'how strang and 'square pepill grew, in our regioun, afore they were effeminat 'with lust and intemperance of mouth.'—(Bellenden's *Boece*, i. xxxiv.) But Scotland is not allowed to repose in triumph, notwithstanding the possession of this enormous 'hanch-bane,' and

the energetic testimony of Hector Boece. Ireland puts forth a claim which has an antecedent probability, arising from its singular conformity with the national character. Little John, we are told, took refuge from English oppression in the neighbourhood of Dublin. A hillock, perhaps a barrow, which once stood on Ostmantowne green, and was termed Little John's shot, was a lasting evidence of his presence and of his skill in archery: But no Toxophilite dexterity could appease the severe majesty of Irish justice; and 'it appears,' we are told, 'from some records in the Southwell family, that he was publicly executed for rob-'bery on Arbor Hill, Dublin.' Hard-pressed by this Irish evidence, Ritson could only suggest, that there should be a *profert in curiam* of the remains.

The existence of ballads, of which Robin Hood is the hero, can be traced back to the reign of Edward III. The author of Piers Ploughman, who wrote about A.D. 1362, introduces Sloth confessing himself unable to say his *pater noster*, and ignorant of all the hymns respecting the Saviour and Our Lady, but well versed in the 'rhymes of Robin Hood.'—(Wright's Edition, i. 101.) Of these 'rhymes' probably several still exist, in altered forms, but there is no one which has come down to us in any unquestionable manuscript of the time of Piers Ploughman. The earliest that is at present known, occurs in a manuscript which formerly belonged to Withers the poet, and is now in the public library of the University of Cambridge. Mr Wright has contended that this manuscript, although upon paper, is of the age of Edward II., but the more general opinion seems to be, that it belongs to the following century. Whatever the age of the manuscript, the poem itself may be of the date Mr Wright has assigned to it; although we cannot say that the internal evidence has led us to that conclusion.* It is, however, a singular poem, and introduces Robin Hood to us in a light which broadly distinguishes him from vulgar freebooters. He was not only the boldest, and the most courteous, he was also the most religious of robbers; and here, at Whitsuntide, when the woods had put on their first brilliant livery, and the birds were singing merrily, and the deer were seeking shelter under the green-wood tree,

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* *Suum cuique.* It is said, in the last edition of Ritson's *Robin Hood*, that this poem, which is known by the title of 'Robin Hood and the Monk,' was first published by Hartshorne in his *Metrical Tales*, London. 8vo, 1829. Hartshorne was preceded by Jamieson, in whose collection of *Popular Ballads*, (Edinburgh, 8vo, 1806,) it will be found, vol. ii. p. 54.

Robin is lamenting that it was a fortnight and more since he had seen his Saviour, or, in other words, since he had heard mass. Under the influence of this prick of conscience he determines, that, 'with the might of mild Mary,' he would go that day to Nottingham, in order to join in the solemn services of Pentecost. He does so, and is recognised and betrayed by 'a 'great headed monk,' whom he had once relieved of a hundred pounds. The gates of the town are closed, and, after an ineffectual defence, Robin is thrown into prison; and the false monk is dispatched to the King with tidings of the capture of the celebrated outlaw. Little John and Much waylay the monk on his journey to London, slay him and his little attendant page, and themselves proceed to London with his letters. The King directs that Robin Hood shall be brought into his presence, and sends an order by the hands of Little John and his companion to that effect, to the Sheriff of Nottingham. On their arrival at Nottingham, they are entertained with the honour due to royal messengers; but—

'When the Sheriff was on sleep,
Drunken of wine and ale,'

Little John and Much betake themselves to the jail, kill the jailer, and release their leader. They all fly to the green-wood, and the ballad ends by the pardon of Little John for having beguiled both King and Sheriff, on the ground of his clannish fidelity to Robin Hood. Not a word is said in condemnation of the murders.

A second 'rhyme of Robin Hood,' which is derived from another manuscript, also in the public library at Cambridge, is probably of about the same age as the last. Ritson assigned it to the reign of Henry VII. Mr Wright would transfer it to Henry VI., on the strength of a memorandum on one page, setting forth the expenses of the feast on the marriage of the King with Margaret—'Thys ys exspences of flesche at the mariage of my ladey Margaret, that sche had owt of Englonde;' but surely this memorandum is more likely to apply to 'my 'Lady Margaret,' daughter of Henry VII., who was married 'out of England,' that is, in Scotland, to James IV., than to the Margaret who was married '*in* England' to Henry VI. The poem details the adventures of 'Robin Hood and the Potter.' After the usual trials of skill, with quarterstaff and sword, in which Robin is worsted, he changes clothes with the Potter, buys his stock in trade, and, thus disguised, adventures into Nottingham. By offering his pots at an underprice, he soon clears his board of all but five, which he presents to the Sheriff's wife. This act of liberality is rewarded by an invitation to dinner.

At the Sheriff's table Robin learns that a great trial of skill in archery is about to take place that afternoon. He attends, and surpasses all competitors. By way of accounting for his skill, he professes to have practised with Robin Hood, 'under his tor-'tyll,' that is, his twisted 'tree.' The Sheriff expresses a wish to see the famous outlaw. The Potter offers to be his guide; leads him into the depth of the forest, and, at one blast of his horn, surrounds the astonished functionary by the well-known band. The Sheriff is compelled to leave behind him his horse, 'and all 'his other gear,' and is glad to make a safe retreat upon any terms; while Robin, with his accustomed courtesy to the fair sex, sends home, as a present to the wife of the insulted Sheriff, a white palfrey, 'which ambles like the wind.'

'Robyn and Gandelyn,' which is another of the old manuscript 'rhymes' included in Mr Gutch's collection, does not seem to refer to Robin Hood. The names mentioned in it, and also the story it tells, are inconsistent with all the other ballads of this series. With the exception of a fragment of 'Robin Hood and 'the Old Man,' published by Jamieson, (Popular Ballads, ii. 49,) 'Robin Hood and Guy of Gisborne,' first published by Percy from his folio MS., is the only additional manuscript 'rhyme 'of Robin Hood,' which has any pretension to antiquity. This clever, and in some parts even elegant poem, details a fierce contest between Robin Hood and a person named Guy of Gisborne, who had sworn to apprehend the outlaw, and was roaming the forest in search of him, habited in 'a capull hyde,' which is said to mean a horse's hide,

'Top and tail and mane.'

Robin is successful in the encounter. Guy is slain; his body is barbarously mangled 'with an Irish knife;' and Robin clothes himself in the 'capull hyde,' and takes possession of his enemy's horn. Thus accoutred he proceeds towards Barnsdale, where in the mean time his men had had an encounter with the Sheriff; several of them had been killed, and Little John was bound fast to a tree. Robin Hood, in ignorance of what had taken place, blew a loud blast on Guy's horn, which was recognised by the Sheriff, and, when he saw the wearer of 'the capull hyde' stalk down the glen, he concluded that Guy had slain Robin Hood. It was not until Little John had been set at liberty, that the Sheriff discovered his mistake, and 'fled full fast away.'

These are all the 'rhymes of Robin Hood' which have any right (so far as respects external evidence) to be looked upon as of any considerable antiquity; and it is possible that they are some of the very rhymes alluded to in Piers Ploughman. The invention of printing soon put the story on a more permanent footing.

Wynkyn de Worde sent forth from his new shop in Fleet Street, perhaps in the year 1500, 'A Lytell Geste of Robyn Hode and his meyné, and of the proude Sheryfe of Notyngham.' * This is a ballad romance in eight fyttes, or books, and, in point of poetical merit, may fairly rank with the best compositions of its class. Robin is here again introduced in his character of a religious freebooter. We are told that he heard three masses every day before dinner; the third, which was his especial delight, being in honour of our 'dear Lady.' Such, indeed, was his love for the Virgin, that he never harmed any company in which there chanced to be a woman. Equally careful was he that no damage should be done to any husbandman 'that tylleth with his plough,' nor to any good yeoman, nor to any knight or squire 'that 'wolde be a good felowe.' But, in spite of his attachment to religious observances, there existed in his mind a wide distinction between the services of the church, and its ministers. His vengeance was guided by a kind of puritanical aversion to all clerical dignitaries. A fat abbot, or the steward of a monastery, was nuts to him, as the woodland saying is; and the higher the dignitaries, the worse they fared with him. These bishops and 'these archbishops'—such is Robin's charge to his followers—

'Ye shall them beat and bind.'

The 'Lytell Geste' informs us, that in the execution of their accustomed roving commission, Little John and two of his companions waylay a knight who is passing through the forest—a melancholy, miserable man, a very representative of Him of the Sorrowful Countenance. He willingly agrees to accompany the rovers to their master. Robin entertains him at dinner sumptuously; swans, pheasants, and other delicacies, smoke upon the outlaw's board. The feast being concluded, the knight prepares to depart. 'Pay ere you wend!' says Robin; 'It was never the 'custom for a yeoman to pay for a knight.' The knight confesses, with humiliation, that he has but ten shillings in his coffers. 'Go look,' says Robin to Little John, and then addressing the knight, 'if you have no more, I will not have a penny.' The search confirms the knight's veracity; and leads to friendly inquiries on the part of Robin Hood as to the cause of the knight's poverty. 'For a hundred winters,' the unhappy man

* A copy of this book, believed to be unique, exists in that library which we have already several times had occasion to mention, and which is pre-eminently rich in matters relating to Robin Hood—the public library of the University of Cambridge. It has been reprinted twice; by Ritson in his Robin Hood collection, and now again by Mr Gutch, who gives also a modern version by the Rev. John Eagles.

explains, 'his ancestors had been knights,' and, within the last two or three years, he himself had possessed an income of four hundred pounds a-year, as his neighbours well 'kende.' But his son had the misfortune to kill a Lancashire knight, and also a squire, in a joust; and the father's goods had been 'sette and 'solde,' and his lands pledged to the abbot of St Mary's for four hundred pounds, to pay the penalty of his son's mishap. The day for repayment of the loan was close at hand, and the knight, being unprovided with the money, already sees his estate pass from him. Robin inquires, who would be the knight's surety if he were to advance the sum. The knight acknowledges that he is as much at a loss for friends as money. He can offer no surety save Our Lady, who had never failed him before. Too much cannot be done for a friend of Our Lady's! Robin protests, that, if all England were sought through, a better surety could not be found; and the knight is immediately provided not only with money, but with garments, a horse, and a trusty squire in the person of Little John. The whole band enter heart and soul into their master's feelings. They weep over the knight's misfortunes, and supply his wants with more than their master's liberality. Thus drops the curtain at the end of fytte the first.

The second fytte transports us to St Mary's abbey; where the abbot is chuckling over the absence of the knight, and the anticipated forfeiture of his lands. The prior entreats his superior to show a little pity, but his merciful promptings are scornfully rejected by the abbot, and by a fat-headed monk, no less a person than the high cellarer. The fatal day arrives; and a court is held for the condemnation of the land with proper legal formality. In the midst of the proceedings the knight knocks at the gate. He enters clad in simple weeds, and humbly entreats the monks to grant him a longer day. The abbot insists upon his bond; he will have his money or the land. The high justice interferes as mediator—

'What wyll ye gyve more?' said the justice,
'And the knight shall make a release;
'And elles dare I safly swere
'Ye never hold your lande in pees.'

'An hundred pounde,' sayd the abbot,
The justice said, 'Give him two.'
'Nay, be God!' sayd the knight,
'Yet gete ye it not soo:

'Though ye wolde gyve a thousande more,
'Yet were ye never the nere;
'Shall there never be myn eyre
'Abbot, justyse, ne frere.'

He sterte hym to a borde anone,
Tyll a table rounde,
And there he shoke, out of a bagge,
Even four hundred pounde.

His debt thus paid, the knight takes leave of the chagrined abbot—'he went hym forthe full mery syngynge, as men have 'told the tale,' and living to himself at home, contrives in time to get together the sum which his benefactor had advanced. He equips himself also with a splendid present of bows and arrows, and on the appointed day, rides out, with 'a light song' and a merry heart, on his way to Barnsdale.

The third fytte relates the adventures of Little John, who, straying into Nottingham, attracts the attention of the Sheriff by his skill in archery, and, with the knight's consent, enters into the Sheriff's service for one year, under the name of Reynold Greenleaf. After a time, 'it befel upon a Wednesday,' that, in the absence of the Sheriff, Little John raises a disturbance in the house, and, after a certain amount of quarrels and broken heads, the Sheriff's cook and Little John run away, and betake themselves to the green-wood, carrying off with them their master's plate and ready money, 'three hundred pound and three.' They have scarcely joined Robin Hood, when Little John bethinks him of 'a wife.' The Sheriff is encountered on his return home, beguiled into the forest, and delivered over to the enemy's party. He is served at supper off his own plate, stripped to his breech and shirt, kept all night in most uncomfortable plight, and is dismissed on the morrow upon taking an oath never to lie in wait for Robin Hood 'by water ne by londe,' and, if any of the troop fall into his custody, 'to help them that he may.'

In the fourth fytte the fat-headed high-cellarer of St Mary's, while travelling with a large sum of money in his mail, is unlucky enough to fall into the power of these outlaws: who lose no time in exercising, at his expense, the ancient equitable jurisdiction by which they were wont to give relief against the hardships of the law and the abuses of property. The cellarer protests that he has but twenty marks. Little John searches and finds eight hundred pounds on him. Robin Hood declares that the money is sent by Our Lady; who, with her accustomed goodness, has doubled the sum which he had lent the knight. The monk is dismissed in high dudgeon, refusing a stirrup-cup at his departure, and vowing that he might have dined 'better cheap' at Blyth or Doncaster. The fytte concludes with the arrival of the knight. Robin accepts his presents; but tells him that Our Lady had already paid back the amount of the loan by her cellarer, together with another four hundred pounds, of which he begs the knight's acceptance in return.

With the fifth fytte there commences a new story. The Sheriff of Nottingham proclaims a shooting-match; Robin attends, and bears off the prize. As he leaves the town, the cry of 'Robin Hood!' is raised; 'great horns gan they to blow;' the townsmen assemble, a sharp encounter ensues, and Little John is wounded in the knee, so that he can neither go nor ride. He entreats his master to smite off his head with his 'brown sword,' and make his escape. The proposal is indignantly rejected. Little Much takes his wounded companion upon his back, lays him down from time to time 'to shoot another while,' and, in the end, they all escape to the castle of their friend the knight.

The sixth fytte opens with a complaint by the Sheriff to the King, against the knight, for harbouring outlaws. His Majesty determines to visit Nottingham, and himself suppress these outrages. Without waiting for the arrival of his sovereign, the Sheriff waylays the knight. His lady appeals to Robin Hood, who instantly summons his men, proceeds to Nottingham, slays the 'proud Sheriff,' and carries off the knight into the greenwood.

The seventh fytte presents us with the arrival of Edward, 'our 'comely King,' at Nottingham. For half a year all his endeavours to take Robin, or the knight, are vain. At length, a forester offers, that if the King will put on the costume of an abbot, he will lead him to Robin's retreat, 'a mile under the lynde;' in the very depths, that is, of a wood of limes. The offer is accepted. Robin received the pretended abbot with courtesy, and of forty pounds voluntarily offered by the King, took but one half, which he doled out among his men, and 'bad them merry be.' The King then produces a summons under the royal seal, inviting Robin to Nottingham, 'both to meat and meal.' Robin bends upon his knee before the royal missive, and entertains the messenger in his noblest fashion; feasts him off his own fat venison—

> 'With good white bread, and good red wine,
> And therto fine ale brown.'

After dinner he entertains him with the accustomed forest sport, a shooting-match; the condition being, that whoever misses a rose garland suspended between two poles, should forfeit his archer's 'tackle,' and submit to receive a buffet on his head. Robin misses by 'three fyngers and mare.' The King is to enforce the penalty. He hesitates. 'Smite boldly,' said Robin, 'I give thee large leave.' Thus encouraged, the King folds up his sleeve, and, with one blow of a stalwart arm, makes the outlaw reel almost to the earth. Such an exhibition of 'pith in the

arm,' opens the eyes of Robin and his friend the knight. The *bras de fer* was an acknowledged attribute of sovereignty. Down kneel the outlaw band before the recognised majesty of England; and peace and pardon follow.

The eighth fytte hurriedly concludes the history. Robin and his men follow the King to the court. But within a year the inextinguishable love of the forest had lured away all his companions save two, and Robin himself was pining after his 'tortyll tree.' On a certain day he chanced to behold an assembly of young archers practising. This brought his home-sickness to a height.

'Alas, and well-a-woo!
Yf I dwell longer with the King
Sorowe wyll me sloo.'

He hied back to the green-wood, and dwelt there for 'twenty 'yere and two;' but, in the end, was betrayed by his kinswoman, the prioress of Kirkesley. Going to the priory 'to be leten blode,' the prioress and Sir Roger of Doncaster, 'that was her own special,' procured his death 'through theyr false playe.'

The poem concludes with the charitable aspiration—

'Cryst have mercy on his soule,
That dyed on the rode,
For he was a good outlawe
And dyde pore men much god.'

The Lytell Geste is the most skilful and complete of all the Robin Hood poems. It has, indeed, a kind of epic regularity of construction, which has no parallel in any of the nearly fifty subsequent ballads which Ritson and the present editor have brought together. These are all founded upon the incidents of the Lytell Geste, or upon those of the earlier 'rhymes,' or upon incidents common in ballad literature; and the majority are rude compositions, of little merit or value, except as proofs of the way in which a story, once admitted into the popular mind, will gradually enlarge and spread on every side. In the instance of Robin Hood, there were two peculiar sources whence the facts, which were ultimately engrafted upon the original story, were derived. The first, was the adoption of Robin Hood as an actor in the popular festival in honour of May Day. In this old observance, which was a relic of the ancient festival of Flora, a Lady or Queen of the May was a necessary character, as the representative of the Goddess of Flowers. From an early period the Lady of the May was termed in England, and perhaps also in France,* Maid

* See Douce's *Illustrations of Shakspeare*, p. 588, edit. 1839. Roquefort, de l'etat de la Poésie Françoise, p. 261. Warton's *Eng. Poetry*, i. 80, edit. 1824.

Marion. At a more recent date, when the original meaning of the festival was altogether disregarded, a Lord or King of the May either superseded the Queen, or was added to the customary actors; and, finally, the Lord or King came, in many places, to be termed Robin Hood, and was brought upon the scene in archer's habiliments, and with some of Robin Hood's usual attendants. In this way the names and stories of Robin Hood and Maid Marion came to be blended; and Robin acquired an additional hold upon the hearts of the people. The second source to which we have alluded, is intimately connected with the first. May Day games fell out of fashion; archery was remembered only in the famous feats of English bowmen; old faiths and superstitions began to wax dim; Maid Marion, who used to be personated by a boisterous 'lubberly boy,' was turned over to some woman less attractive still, and became an object of contempt even with Falstaff; Robin Hood's quiver hung useless at his back; Friar Tuck could no longer raise a laugh by pattering an Ave, or repeating scraps of the old Latin service; the joke and the merriment were now dependent, not upon a Little John of six feet two or three, but upon some low life Jack-pudding, or upon the coarse vulgarities of some make-believe Moor or Ethiopian—for there is nothing new under the sun.

Such was the state of things with the story of Robin Hood, when, some two hundred and fifty years ago, Anthony Munday and Henry Chettle contrived to unite it with a semi-historical narrative of an interesting character, and to bring it upon the ordinary stage in the drama of 'The Downfall of the Earl of Huntingdon,' Robin Hood being the outlawed Earl, and Maid Marion 'the 'chaste Matilda, the Lord Fitzwalter's daughter.' The play was extremely popular, and not undeservedly so. The plot is well developed; the *dramatis personæ* comprise many names of traditional interest; the familiar incidents of the ballads are skilfully adapted to a quasi-historical end; and, finally, that portion of the play of which the scene is laid in the green-wood, possesses a sylvan freshness and sunny light, which no man that has a living soul in him, or the least feeling for country life, can possibly withstand. Munday and Chettle's play gave new life to the decaying legend. But it was not a true life. To convert the old popular favourites into lords and ladies in disguise, was to communicate a galvanic semblance to them rather than a real existence. They, however, became fashionable; and the supposititious nobility of Robin and Marion passed from the play into new ballads, and was accepted as an integral portion of the original history.

> 'But time is like a fashionable host,
> That slightly shakes his parting guest by the hand.'

New favourites arose. 'The old Robin Hood of England,' as Shakspeare terms him, now no longer a popular hero, was soon overlooked in the artificial world of polite letters. He gradually faded away into a memory and a tradition, a thing for antiquaries and refuse-mongers: and they strove to make something of him after their own fashion. One gentleman invented a pedigree of the poetic earl, which is an outrage upon all history; and another an inscription upon his tombstone, which is a burlesque upon all language. Finally, Ritson, with most astonishing carefulness, gathered up all the crumbs of information respecting him, the allusions, the scattered disjointed references, which lie strewn over the surface of our literature,* and brought them all together into two octavo volumes. Mr Gutch has republished almost the whole of Ritson, with additions; but without Ritson's care. He holds Ritson, we can see, in some contempt. Yet it would not please him, if any one were to institute a strict comparison between the antiquarian acquirements of Ritson and those of Ritson's successor.

And now, throwing aside the poetical earldom, and the popular *liaison* with Maid Marion, and the ballads clearly subsequent to the Lytell Geste, we arrive at the question—Who and what, after all, was Robin Hood? Where and when did he really live? This is a question which it will take a bolder man than we can make up among us, to answer distinctly. What do contemporary English chroniclers say respecting him? Not a word. What evidence does any contemporary author afford concerning him? None at all. What proof is there, in short, that he ever existed, or did any one of the feats attributed to him? The testimony only of ballads and popular tradition. Nothing else. For, although he is mentioned in two *Scottish* chronicles, written several hundred years after the most recent of the periods at which he is supposed to have lived, it is plain that the authors of the chronicles in question knew nothing of him beyond the ballads; and merely assigned a speculative date to the life and adventures of the person whom the ballads celebrated. The first of

* Ritson's diligence in this respect was singular. Some few allusive passages have been turned up since his time, but the number is very small. We can add but one which we believe has not been noticed. It occurs, of all places in the world, in a petition to Parliament, presented in the year 1439, against one Piers Venables of Aston in Derbyshire, who 'having no liflode, ne sufficeante of goodes, gadered and assembled unto him many misdoers, beynge of his clothynge, and, in manere of insurrection, wente into the wodes in that countrie, like as it hadde be Robyn Hode and his meyné.'—(Rot. Parl. v. 16.)

these chronicles is the *Scotichronicon*, partly written by Fordun, a canon of Aberdeen, between the years 1377 and 1384, and partly by Bower, abbot of St Columba, about the year 1450. Bower's labours, in connexion with the *Scotichronicon*, are said to have been of three kinds. Fordun completed five books; these Bower interpolated with new matter. Fordun also left various collections for a continuation of his work, from 1153 to 1385: these Bower arranged, eking them out with materials collected by himself, and he digested the whole into books, extending from Book V. to Book XIII. cap. 33; while the latter part of Book XIII., and the continuation down to the end of Book XVI., are attributed to him entirely. Although there was this distinction between the books before and after Book XIII., Bower himself claimed the whole chronicle subsequent to Book V. as equally his own. In some concluding valedictory lines, he says—

'*Quinque libros Fordun, undenos auctor arabat.*'

Now it is in Book X. that the passages relating to Robin Hood occur; but it is a mistake to say that they occur only 'in one of 'the late manuscripts' * of the *Scotichronicon*. They are to be found in all the manuscripts that we have had opportunities of consulting; in the Edinburgh MS., from which Goodall printed; in the famous Black Book of Paisley, which is now in the King's library in the British Museum; in the Harleian manuscript 712, which is a copy made in 1483 for an archbishop of St Andrews; and in the Harleian manuscript 4764, which is also a manuscript of the fifteenth century. In all these manuscripts the passages exist as printed by Hearne or Goodall; but it is clear that there cannot be any certainty that they were written by Fordun. Their disjointed character, as compared with the passages which precede and follow them, gives them very much the appearance of having been interpolated, but, whether interpolated or not, the facts that are stated in them are evidently derived from the ballads, which are distinctly referred to, and are said to be more attractive 'to the silly people' than any others of their kind.

The other Scottish writer who mentions Robin Hood is Major or Mair (*Joannes*, as Buchanan designates him, *solo cognomine Major:*) in his *Historia Majoris Britanniæ*, which was first published in 1512, and appears to have been written a very little while before. Under the reign of Richard I., that is, between 1189 and 1199, he observes—'About this time, *as I conjecture*, 'the famous thieves, Robert Hude of England and Little John, 'lurked in woods,' &c.; and then he relates various particulars,

* Wright's *Essays*, ii. 84.

evidently taken from the ballads, which, he says, were sung throughout England and Scotland.

It is quite unnecessary to offer any comment upon the contradictory statements of two writers, neither of whom had any means of ascertaining the truth. It is clear that they wrote from the ballads and from common tradition; and that what they say adds nothing whatever to the information derived from those sources. They relied upon those sources alone, and so must we. And what can we learn from them? What is the testimony of tradition? It confounds, as we have seen, the monuments of different periods and different races—monuments between the erection of which many ages and many revolutions must have intervened; it huddles together things natural and things artificial; remains British, Roman, Saxon —relics in all parts of the kingdom; and assigns them all to Robin Hood. Sometimes, as Mr Wright has well remarked, he is identified with the dwarfs, and sometimes with the giants, of the popular creed.—(Wright's *Essays*, ii. 209, 210.) Wherever an old memory or an old tradition was lost, Robin Hood was appointed to fill the vacant place: A clear proof that the popular mind was full of the exploits attributed to him, but none whatever that he performed them. And what of the ballads? Far be it from us to depreciate these interesting and valuable remains. Our ancient ballads constitute a kind of literary heaven, into which we must peer with anxious eyes when we are looking for the morning star which ushered in our poetry and romance. But ballads are founded upon fiction as well as upon facts. With all respect for Mr Sharon Turner, we should as soon think of building upon the historical authority of *The Lays of Ancient Rome*, or of Scott's *Lady of the Lake*, as upon that even of the Welsh triads: and before we can admit the ballads of the fourteenth century in historical attestation or explanation of the achievements of a hero whose name is traditionally placed two or three centuries earlier, and is associated with monuments many ages anterior even to the period assigned to his existence, surely we ought to have the testimony of some one who avers in plain prose, that at one time or another he really was a living and not an ideal person. So long as all contemporary history continues to be an absolute blank respecting him, we may accept the ballads and the traditions as evidence of the widely diffused popularity of *the story;* but for anything we can see to the contrary, they rather show that it ought to be placed among our national fictions than among our national facts.

We are aware that two French writers have recently endeavoured to fix the wandering Robin within certain definite limits both

of time and space. Thierry in his 'History of the Norman Conquest,' and the author of a *Thése de Littérature sur les Vicissitudes et les Transformations du cycle populaire de Robin Hood*, (Paris, 1832,) would throw him back to the reign of the first Norman kings. They discover under his disguise one of the Saxon patriots who so long resisted the Norman rule.* These writers

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* Ancient ballads and modern theories would, by this time, have brought into question (had it been possible) another celebrated outlaw of another kind. We mean Thomas à Becket. But however questionable may be the condition in which his historical character has come down to us, his historical existence is beyond dispute. And there was sufficient in it evidently, of what was extraordinary, to provoke fiction to give a little more colour to the story, and add an inch or so to the stature of its hero. Not only did ballad writers, anticipating Mr D'Israeli, provide Becket with a Syrian mother, whom Thierry and Sharon Turner have accepted as a truth; but the ground and popularity of his opposition to his sovereign are accounted for in the romantic school of *Angleterre Poëtique*, by representing it as a personification of Saxon and Norman jealousies, as well as of the more lasting rivalry between church and state. We do not venture ourselves to determine whether Becket was or was not a Saxon. We wait till criticism has the means either of reconcilement or of preference, on a comparison of the apparently opposite statements of Becket himself, and of his almost other self, Fitzstephen.

Becket's words are few and general, and were uttered in scornful answer to his enemies. The *Clerus Angliæ* had reproached him with ingratitude to the king, who had promoted him *in gloriam ab exili*; but nothing is said on either side about race, or of the wonderful circumstance of a Saxon primate. Becket replies: 'Non sum revera, *atavis editus regibus*. Malo tamen is esse, in quo faciat sibi genus animi nobilitas, quam in quo nobilitas generis degeneret. Forte natus sum de paupere tugurio!' In his remonstrance with Foliot, Bishop of London, the ablest and most prominent of his opponents, he enters more into particulars. 'Quod si ad generis mei radicem, et progenitores meos, intenderis, cives quidem fuerunt Londonienses, in medio concivium suorum habitantes, sine querela nec omnino infimi.' Supposing this to be literally true, how far back must the words (*radix* and *progenitores*) necessarily carry us? And were all citizens of London, necessarily of Saxon origin?

On the other hand, Fitzstephen's statement is precise, designating the very birthplace, in Normandy, of Becket's father. The circumstance, too, is mentioned by him incidentally, with no further object than that of accounting, by reason of the ancient neighbourhood of the families, for the early favour shown to Becket by Archbishop Theobald. 'Præfatus Gilbertus (pater Thomæ Becket) cum domino archipræsule de propinquitate et genere loquebatur; ut ille, ortu Normannus, et circà Tiercii villam, de equestri ordine, natu vicinus.'

The account of Fitzstephen is, to a certain extent, confirmed by the circumstance that *a family of the name of Becket* appears on

differ a little with each other, but their theory is in principle the same; and it is no more than a theory, a picturesque imagination, very taking and romantic, but totally at variance with the spirit of the Robin Hood ballads, which is one of loyalty to the sovereign, not of opposition to his sway. Besides, the silence of contemporary historians, is, what lawyers call in their grotesque language, a negative pregnant. These historians name the most distinguished Saxon outlaws; but they are all ominously silent regarding Robin Hood. It is easy to dovetail the existence and adventures of the hero of the green-wood upon any passage which indicates the existence of a band of outlaws. This is what the *Scotichronicon* has done in the reign of Henry III., and Mair in that of Richard I., and Thierry and Barry at other periods: But until some real authority can be produced for Robin Hood's existence, at some one period or other, he must remain historically a dream; or, if scholars please, a myth— 'the hunter and the deer a shade:' But, in the meantime, he may be just as useful and renowned. The old giant-killer of Greece, commonly called Hercules, will astonish schoolboys by his labours to the end of time; and Robin Hood will have home and shelter in the very heart of English song and fancy, as long as there is pleasure in freshness, freedom, and adventure, in birds and ballads, in green woods, and the air that blows over the early morning of a nation's being.

ART. VI.—1. *Tancred.* By BENJAMIN D'ISRAELI, M.P. 3 vols. London: 1847.

2. *Die Judenfrage.* Von BRUNO BAUER. Braunschweig: 1843.

WE well remember the pleasure with which, many years ago, we read 'Vivian Grey,' and our admiration of its wit and fancy was increased by hearing that it was the production of a very young man, whose life had hitherto lain among books, and who, though bearing a name well known to the literary world, had had little opportunity for that commerce with society which is the ordinary school of the novel-writer. Among the many

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the earliest of our Norman Records. Thus A. D. 1180, a hoard of coins, which were sold for L.49, money of Angiers, was found in the earth in the house (*in terra in domo*) of Mauger de Becket, under the White Cliff, (Rot. Scacc. Norman. i. cxvii. and 79;) and in the 4th John, a grant was made of the lands which formerly belonged to William Becket at Welleboe.'—(Rot. Norman. i. 57)

originalities of that book, the introduction of political characters, and the prominence of political motives, were not the least. Living personages, too, were treated with an unscrupulous familiarity, almost new to prose, but redeemed by the sort of exuberant gaiety that excuses in conversation much that might otherwise be regarded as flippant and rude.

The years between 'Vivian Grey' and 'Tancred' have not been spent idly by Mr D'Israeli. He has written many works of fiction, all, we believe, successful, and some of them among the best of their time; some verse, in which he has rather tried than exercised his powers; and political essays, anonymous, but acknowledged, in which the thing to be said was evidently much less valued than the manner of saying it. The 'Adventures of 'Captain Popanilla' deserve to be remembered as an admirable adaptation of Gulliver to later circumstances; and the 'Wondrous 'Tale of Alroy' is a most imaginative attempt to naturalise in our language that rhymed and assonant prose which has so great a charm for Eastern ears, but which with us will scarcely win more admirers than have been gained by the attempts at English hexameters. Mr D'Israeli has also gradually risen to political distinction since he entered Parliament in 1837, and joined the multifarious majority which placed Sir Robert Peel in power. He has himself stated in the House of Commons, that he had little sympathy for either of the great political parties into which the public men of this country have been hitherto divided; and the general indistinctness of his practical objects, and the prominence he has given to the personal characteristics of statesmen, confirm this assertion. His opinions, indeed, seem rather in process of expansion than to be confined within the limits of any political formula; and although our observations on the meaning and tendency of his writings may illustrate his notions of government and legislation, it is not at present within our province to criticise his position as a partisan. We estimate highly his oratorical abilities —the more so, perhaps, from the rare exhibition of that art in the present age; but here we have to deal with the reasoner rather than the orator; and although there may be passages in his speeches which are better adapted to the range of imaginative writing than to the precision of a practical legislature, and argumentations in his novels which are intended to explain and bear upon his political life, we shall comment on his theories as we should on those of one who aspires to be a political philosopher rather than a successful gladiator in the parliamentary arena.

'Tancred,' and the books which preceded it, have been so generally read, as to justify us in presuming that the majority of our readers are familiar with their plots and characters. Mr D'Is-

raeli indeed boldly presupposes this; by introducing in successive novels the characters of those preceding, thereby assuming that the former have not only been read, which is likely enough, but remembered, which in these writing days is a bold demand. As there is nothing complete in the writings before us, there is no saying but that these delineations may go on till 'Coningsby' is an octogenarian at Bath, and 'Sybil' holding a salon like that of the Misses Berry. But we have a few grave objections to make to the continued portraitures of living members of society with which these volumes abound. Though always executed with nicety of touch, vivacity of expression, and keen wit, and almost always with great good-nature, yet Mr D'Israeli should know that the immediate interest which these personalities confer on his works is dearly purchased; for, the moment a character is known to represent Lord ——— or Mr ———, it loses all power as a work of art. The 'historical picture' becomes the 'portrait of a gentleman;' the fidelity of the likeness is the only object of attention, not the moral fitness, the entireness, the beauty, or the grandeur of the character. The great poet or novelist should mould his men and women out of the large masses of humanity, out of the manifold varieties of strivers and losers, and actors and sufferers; and surely he degrades his function when he condescends to draw miniatures of individuals composing the least distinctive and frequently most vapid of all classes of the community—namely, that which is conventionally called the highest. Nor, in truth, however familiar the author may be with the personages in question, can they even have much value as mere resemblances; for on the one hand, if he possesses that knowledge of their real inner being which only friendship or great intimacy can give, he will be no more willing to expose these penetralia to the rude light of open day, than he would the profoundest struggles of his own heart; and on the other, if his pencil only gives the shadowy representation in which men of any worth appear amid the circumstances of ordinary life, no truth is anywise gained. There merely remains upon paper a superficial portrait of what the man appeared to superficial people, and the reality of him rests unknown or misinterpreted, just as before. Shakspeare may have been his own Hamlet, and Goethe his own Faust; as the works of every man of genius in a certain degree portray the mind that composes them; but, except in comedy, all characters must lose in proportion as they can be affixed to an individual reality, even to that of the writer himself.

These novels, however, professing as they do to enunciate a system of political philosophy, do not rest their claims to public

attention on the mere skilful delineation of character. They have all one object, or rather they all express an effort towards an object, and that no less a one than the revolution and regeneration of modern society. All that we are accustomed most to admire and desiderate, all that we are wont to rest upon as most stable amid the fluctuating fortunes of the world, the progress of civilisation, the development of human intelligence, the coordinate extension of power and responsibility among the masses of mankind, the advance of self-reliance and self-control—all, in truth, for which not we alone, but all other nations, have been yearning and fighting and praying for the last three centuries—all that has been done by the Reformation, by the English and French Revolutions, by American Independence—is here proclaimed an entire delusion and failure; and we are taught that we can now only hope to improve our future by utterly renouncing our past.

There is indeed nothing very rare or new in the doctrine, that civilisation is the great corrupter of human nature. This was the youthful crotchet of Rousseau's prize-essay, and it is the mature theory of Mr Sewell's Christian Politics. It is the common ground, indeed, of the high Tory and the Sans-culotte—of those who have no faith in the progressive development of man, and of those who aspire to no higher humanity than that of the instincts, the passions, and the uncultivated affections. Not, indeed, but that the imagination, both of many races and of wise and noble individual minds, has often formed, as it were, a reversed ideal of the future destiny of mankind—picturing what we may again become, as a Golden Age in which we have already been; and representing what we have yet to obtain as something which we have formerly lost—an error easily incident to that nature which stands

> 'On a point of time,
> With an eternity on either hand.'

In Mr D'Israeli's application of this notion to our present social and political position, he has kept clear of the sophism of Rousseau, who insensibly transplanted himself and society into a state of nature with all that cultivation which they could only acquire by coming out of that state; but he has only done so by extending and exaggerating the paradox; and by desiring to transplant man back into an uncivilised state, not only with respect to independence of the desires of sense, but also with respect to moral effort and spiritual culture.

In the first book of this series, a band of youthful politicians are struck with sovereign contempt for the 'mediocrities' to whom the present English constitution has entrusted the government of the country; and are resolved not only to subvert

that inefficient system, but to substitute their own genius for its weak and conventional authority: Yet the novel closes just at the point when they start on their enterprise; and the practicability of either portion of the arrangement remains as problematical as ever. In the second work, the peculiar evils incident to a crowded population are vividly depicted, and all are laid to the account of the development of industry; while the harsh lines of distinction between high and low in this country are powerfully reprobated and mainly attributed to the aggregation of capital. But the remedy which should equally apply to a busy manufacturing Manchester and an inactive agricultural Skibbereen, is not disclosed; and no better means of amalgamating the alienated classes are discovered, than the alliance of two persons —who turn out both to belong to the upper one.

The tale which immediately attracts our attention, presents us with a Coningsby of loftier aspirations and purer heart; a youth of the highest rank and station, (why will Mr D'Israeli be so fond of dukes?) who astounds and terrifies his most respectable parents on the very day after he comes of age, by announcing his desire to go to the Holy Land, half-pilgrim and half-prophet, in search of a new faith which shall supersede our exhausted forms of Christianity. After a volume full of contrasts between the boy's earnestness and the frivolity and decorum of the world around him,* he arrives at Jerusalem; and the two latter volumes, to which the first is but a long preface which injures the artistic effect of the whole, are occupied with his adventures in the East. Here he is taught to reverence the Hebrew race as that which gave the Saviour to the world; to look on Christendom as 'an intellectual colony of Arabia;' and in a divine revelation actually made to him on Mount Sinai, he is commanded to go forth to preach a purer theism and the doctrine of 'theocratic equality' to mankind. Instead, however, of instantly devoting his energies to this solemn mission, the young apostle continues to travel about Syria, and ends by proposing marriage to the daughter of a great Hebrew banker.

It is superfluous to blame Mr D'Israeli for not working out into the practical reality of these days, a political philosophy which is in fact nothing less than an abandonment of all principles of individuality, responsibility, and self-government; and a return to the narrowest principles of loyal dependence, hero-worship,

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* There is a curious coincidence between the sentimental fine lady who faints over the loss of the profitable railway, and the Fœdora of the 'Peau de Chagrin,' whose passionate 'Mon Dieu!' turns out to be applied, not to the lover, who is listening in an agony of expectation for some token of reciprocal excitement, but to a sudden fall of the five per cents.

and local patriotism. It is also in vain to call on him to apply to the religious deficiencies and desires of the age a theosophy which neutralises the last eighteen hundred years of the world, under the colour of the rejection of all 'the increased developments 'that have grown up in the increased distance between God and 'man;' which would substitute a quietist adoption of absolute *à priori* impressions for the fruits of the laborious analysis of generations; and which enunciates the sublime doctrine of 'fraternity 'under a common father,' in the same breath with the assertion of the indefeasible superiority of one race over all mankind, and with the complaint of the dissolution of modern society for want of some autocratic mind to guide it.

Such principles, or something like them, have been the basis of all the fanaticism and charlatanism that in their manifold expressions have arrested the advance of the human mind; and it would be indeed difficult to reconcile an honest adherence to them with the clear intelligence and fine sense of humour that Mr D'Israeli elsewhere exhibits, but for the one idea which has passed from 'Coningsby' to 'Tancred,'—namely, the essential and unalienable prerogative of the Jewish race, to be at once the moral ruler and the political master of humanity. Mr D'Israeli is himself of Jewish origin; and he has identified his own natural powers and his own ambition with the history and destinies of that people. He has done more; he has sacrificed to his national feelings his own good sense and his appreciation of the circumstances of his own age and time. It is indisputably to his honour, that while so many persons of that blood have condescended to the smallest devices, such as the elision of vowels, or the transposition of consonants, to veil the characteristic names of their families, or have dropped them altogether, out of a false shame, he should, without even the obligation of the religious duty, have frankly avowed the fact, and repudiated the notion of disgrace in this alien origin. This is not only honourable, but, like most other bold avowals of the truth, it is wise: for whatever distinction Mr D'Israeli may hereafter achieve, this circumstance can never be thrown in his teeth, and he has taken at least one weapon of prejudice out of the hands of his opponents. But when, not contented with this, he turns round on the country of his birth and political adoption, and can see nothing in its people but a mass of jaded slaves, nothing in its intellectual progress but a feverish delirium, nothing in its representative system but a 'drollery,' nothing in its deep religious earnestness but a decorous infidelity, we lament the enthusiasm we were inclined to admire; and distrust the fitness of such a man to take a prominent part in the direction of the affairs of a nation which he so little steems and understands. Nor can we give Mr D'Israeli the bene-

fit of the doubt — whether or not he is acting on the O'Connell principle of making immoderate demands to secure some lesser concession; for, if his principles are carried to their legitimate results, the full political emancipation of the Jews, and their incorporation in the societies in which they happen to dwell, becomes not difficult, but impossible. Baron Rothschild may become member for the City; but Sidonia, the ideal Jew, must remain an alien till he returns to Jerusalem. In the last volume of 'Tancred' there is a sketch of a young Syrian Hebrew, who, without being ashamed of his race or his religion, listens with a smile to the exalted language, in which the heroine asserts the splendour and the superiority of their race, and sighs for the restoration of their national glory. This we conceive to be very much the spirit in which 'Tancred' will be received by the foremost Hebrews of Europe. They will be much interested in the views and reasonings, and perhaps in secret not a little proud, of their advocate; but they will avow that neither his feelings nor his hopes are theirs—that though they do believe that, in the course of events, God will work out for them a destiny worthy of their original, and give a palpable form to that nationality which has endured so much, and which still remains firmly persistent under so many temptations; yet only desire, in the mean time, to discharge the duties of citizens in a free state, and take their fair chance with other men.

The German Radical, Bruno Bauer, in his 'Judenfrage,' adopts indeed without reservation all that Mr D'Israeli asserts respecting the segregation both in past and present times of the Jewish people; and he deduces from it the conclusion, that such a social principle necessarily excludes them from all political privilege, because it implies an absence of all political sympathy. He expounds how irreconcilable must be this exclusive nationality, this—

> 'Pride of autocthonic culture,
> Never mingled with the jargon
> Of the Grecian nor the Roman,'—

with all the advancing doctrines of freedom and equality, the free-trade of commerce and the free-trade of thought, which compose the future of the civilised world; and he urges that it is a false and spurious liberality which would admit a Jew within the pale of a constitution which not only his religion, but his national prejudices, must teach him to abhor. He treats this disqualification as something which it is hardly possible for the individual to get over, even by the open profession of Christianity; and it is curious to see how the very characteristics which Mr D'Israeli holds out as deserving the reverential admiration

and envy of the rest of mankind, are fixed upon by the radical philosopher as constituting the evidence of incurable degradation. The absolute submission to a fixed unplastic law appears to Bruno Bauer in itself to except the Jewish people from that historical development which is the life of humanity; and to render them incapable of adapting themselves to the impulses and interests of common European life. He regards every Jew as 'utpote cadaver,' bound to a dead form, and thus even less adapted to the purposes of daily life than the Jesuit, who is at least obedient to a living authority.

And yet this is what Mr D'Israeli represents as the ineffable superiority of the East, 'whose slumber is more vital 'than the waking life of the rest of the globe,' while Europe is described as 'that quarter of the globe to which God has 'never spoken;' and he praises the sublime inexorability of the law, which, though the vineyards of Israel have ceased to exist, still enjoins the children of Israel to celebrate the vintage. Again, the Jewish polity is the closest that has ever risen among nations; in its permanent legislation, the 'stranger within your gates' was always 'the stranger;' the line between Jew and Gentile was one that no baptism could pass; circumcision, called by Spencer *signum politicum*, did not make, it merely authenticated, the Jew. This, says Bauer, is equally true in Egypt of old, and in the Europe of our own time: conqueror or conquered, the Jew is ever apart, and all your emancipation can never make him otherwise. And thus also Sidonia preaches, 'The decay of a race is an inevitable necessity, 'unless it lives in deserts, and never mixes its blood.' In the same spirit it is laid down that the long and wide dispersion of the Jewish race has had little effect in domesticating their thoughts in the different lands they inhabit: they are always and every where exiles — their Passover prayer is not to remain and prosper where they are, but to return to Palestine, and from Jerusalem to rule over the world. This local feeling also pervades the whole of Mr D'Israeli's theory.—'I know well,' says Tancred, 'though born in a northern and distant isle, that the Creator 'of the world speaks with man only in this land; and that is 'why I am here.'—'Let men doubt of axioms,' cries the Sheik, 'but of one thing there can be no doubt, that God never spoke 'except to an Arab;' and the angel of the Vision exclaims, 'The thoughts of all lands come from a higher source than men, 'but the intellect of Arabia comes from the Most High.'—'Is it 'to be believed,' writes Mr D'Israeli himself, 'that there are no 'peculiar and eternal qualities in a land thus visited which dis-

'tinguish it from all others? that Palestine is like Normandy 'or Yorkshire, or even Athens or Rome?'

Strange expressions these for a citizen of those British Isles of which Solomon never heard, and which the Roman regarded as we may do New Zealand. The most superstitious venerator of Christian holy places has never ventured to limit the Divine influence to their circumference; the meanest Hadjee will tell you that Allah is every where, as well as in Arabia;* and the religious philosopher shrinks with disgust from the notion, that God has selected some miserable miles on the surface of this rolling planet, as the exclusive space where man can be instructed in the realities of his being and inspired with the feelings that can elevate and purify his nature. We want no German reasoner to impress upon us, that men, who really believed and acted on such a principle as this, could only misinterpret the dealings of God with mankind, and are nearer the most monstrous fetischism than the great truths of liberty, morality, and religion.

But we conceive that a very short investigation of the real facts of the relations between the Jews and other nations would establish the error, both of such an advocacy and such an opposition. It seems to us to have been too often assumed that their dispersion has the character of an especial Divine judgment, without regard to the circumstance of the early emigrations that spread this enterprising people over the whole of the then discovered world. The traces of the Ten Tribes have been lost merely on account of the wideness and variety of their dispersion; for attached as the people were to their religious centre, their innate energy drove them forth over East and West quite as much either as persecution or war. They appear, indeed, to have gone out rather as busy colonists than as querulous exiles; and no race, of which we know anything, ever fixed itself so easily and firmly in strange countries. It left a colony and a temple in Egypt; it occupied the Crimea many years before Christ with the Caraites, who remain separate and distinctive to this day, and are remarkable for the honesty of the men and the beauty of the women; and in the earlier ages of the Christian era, Jews were

* Among the sayings of 'Rabia,' a holy woman of the second century of the Hegira, which have been preserved by Arabic devotional writers, is one describing her feelings on arriving at Mekkeh—

'O heart! weak follower of the weak,
That thou should'st traverse land and sea,
In this far place that God to seek,
Who long ago had come to thee!'

Palm Leaves, p. 67.

to be found established in Illyria, Spain, Gaul, and the Rhenish provinces—possessing land, holding military and civil functions, and enjoying most of the privileges of Roman citizenship. With the extension of Christianity, indeed, a darker era for them began. The Christian faith so rapidly absorbed both the mythologic forms and the philosophic ideas of the Western world, while towards the East it made little or no progress, that it became identified with the old occidental spirit, which, whatever be its ethnological origin, from the earliest development of Grecian civilisation had raised itself in open animosity to the great stable institutions and organised nations of the oriental world. By the time of St Augustin, as we learn from his scornful address, the Jews had lost the privilege of joining in the civil or military service, and were even forbidden to sit at the tables of distinguished men—but, adds the Father significantly, 'Jews pay the taxes.' * The code of Justinian compelled them to bring all disputed cases between themselves and Christians before Christian tribunals, but, if both parties agreed, allowed disputes among themselves to be referred to Jewish arbiters—thus showing that they must already have had a recognised system of jurisprudence. Their rights of property being no longer secure, we find them driven to trade and commerce; and most successfully active were they in these occupations. Marseilles, according to Gregory of Tours, acquired the epithet of 'the Hebrew,' and Narbonne, Lyons, and Toulouse, were full of Jewish merchants. The whole trade of the Levant fell into their hands, and their eastern habits permitted them the traffic in slaves, which, even in those days, began to be repugnant to Christian feelings. The wealth and importance they thus acquired, were no doubt the cause of their persecution and attempted expulsion by Clotaire II. in 615, and by Dagobert II. sixteen years after. The practical ability of the Jews found them favour in the eyes of several of the rulers, though it excited the jealousy of the Church; and thus we find Charlemagne according them commercial privileges, and Louis-le-Debonnaire permitting them to hold real property and to live freely according to their law; and even extending his care of their feelings to the extent of forbidding markets to be held on Saturday, in districts in which they happened to be numerous. But the Church, which then, as a successful and powerful church must always do, represented the popular feeling, rose against this toleration: councils were summoned to pronounce edicts of exaction and persecution, and tumults were aroused to confirm them. Nor was there any peace for the Jew in the new form into which

* Augustini Epist. v. 23.

society was now moulded. He had no place in the feudal system; lord he was forbidden to be, whatever might be his wealth; serf he could not fairly be, because he had no hold on the soil. Was he then merely a stranger, an *aubain*? This question assumed considerable importance when the royal power claimed the profit of the *droit d'aubaine*, inasmuch as it involved the point whether it was by the king or by the seigneur that the Jew was '*taillable* '*à merci*.' This difficulty was practically resolved by both getting as much as they could out of him; although the formal right generally was taken to rest with the king, and in England the common law left no doubt upon the subject. Henry III. (by a singular inversion of the modern process,) assigned and delivered to his brother, Richard Earl of Cornwall, all the Jews in England, as security for a debt; and in the base debate of 1754 we find John Duke of Bedford (!) objecting to a proposed clause, on the plea that it would interfere with the principle of the common law, which rendered the Jews the property of the King. In the old time, however, the English Jews probably gained some protection from this understanding.

In the eleventh century the persecution became more systematic, and by the beginning of the sixteenth, western Europe was nearly emptied of its Jewish population. We have read that not twelve Jews were left in England. Wherever they remained, they were segregated from the rest of mankind by enforced peculiarities of costume, and in the south confined to *ghetti* in the cities. In the Iberian peninsula, where a common theism had associated them with the power and with the expulsion of the Moors, they had so far mixed with the Spanish people as, according to Le Maistre, to have tainted their character and their blood; and to have rendered the austerity of the Inquisition necessary to save the very nationality of Spain; while in Portugal, even religious fanaticism did not prevent them from attaining a certain social credit, which insured them, when at last expelled, a comparatively favourable reception in other countries. Thus the Portuguese Jews who settled in the south of France, obtained privileges denied even to their brethren, who, in Alsace and Lorraine, were the subject of special legislation; and many Portuguese names of Jewish blood, belonging to men who took refuge in England from the Autos da Fe and from the living graves of the Inquisition, are still recognisable among us in the most diverse ranks of society, from the peerage to Monmouth Street.*

* The distinction of 'Christianos Novos,' and 'Christianos Velhos,' was abolished in Portugal in 1773, by an edict which enunciates that 'the blood of the Hebrews is the blood of our apostles, our deans, our presbyters, and our bishops.'

The Reformation, which widely diffused the study, and the abuse, of the Jewish records, through Christian Europe, did not produce any notable change in the feeling towards the Jews. The English Puritans might have been expected to look with diminished horror on those, whose religious passions, and even whose ceremonial observances, they so closely imitated: but Cromwell seems to have been nearly alone in his statesmanlike toleration. Sir Paul Rycaut has recorded the conference in the long gallery at Whitehall when he consulted the 'men of God' as to whether the Jews from Holland should be permitted to build a synagogue in London, and adds—'I never heard a man speak so well in my life.' He asked the clergy where the Jews had a better chance of being converted than in England? and the merchants whether they were really afraid that this mean and despised people should triumph over them? What was really done for them is doubtful; Cromwell apparently gave them some indulgence, and is said to have received L.60,000 for it; but Young, in his 'Anglia Judaica,' is of opinion that they failed at that time, and established themselves in England only in the following reign.* Under Queen Anne the Jews offered Lord Godolphin L.500,000 to be allowed to purchase the town of Brentford, with full license of trade; but when Lord Molesworth pressed him to accede to the proposal, he refused, on the ground that he could not so affront the clergy and the mercantile interest. In Germany, the animosity has only been softened by the inevitable habits of civilisation; and the efforts of Lessing, Mendelssohn, and Dohm, have but now begun to bear fruit. One of the first improvements proposed to be effected by the new representative government of Prussia, is the extension to the Jews of a portion of the privileges of citizenship; while in Italy, the new Pontiff, on whose wise and practical reforms the attention of Europe is now fixed, has announced his intention of abolishing the 'Ghetto,' and of admitting the Jews to all municipal rights.

Through the whole of this mournful history, forming, as it does, a black and bloody episode in the annals of every European nation, and the worst in those of the most free, this fact stands clearly prominent—that the exclusion, the separation, and the alienation, have not been on the side of the Jews themselves. Whenever the chance has been given them, their nationality has

* The story of the project to make Ireland a new Palestine is uncertain—as is the mission of the Jews to determine whether or not Cromwell was the Messiah. The Irish settlement was a favourite fancy of Harrington's; but probably more out of dislike of the Irish than love for the Jews.

never opposed to the institutions and habits of the civilised world any thing of that unmalleable nature which characterises the other oriental race, so long also wanderers over Europe, and known as Römi or Zingari. In all countries the Jews have advanced the arts of peace; and affronted the national vanities only by the success of their undertakings. Their persevering labour, when converted into money, has given them a superiority which has at once aroused the envy and the cupidity of the natives, so that their sufferings have been in proportion to their social excellence. It is impossible to say how much the active habits of English trade owe to the example and competition of this people, since they have been allowed to settle freely among us. Nor does there seem to be any just historical ground for the supposition, that the Jew will not attach himself by acquisition of real property to the country in which he is settled. It was not the Jew that refused to hold land, but it was the state which forbade him, and thence drove his energy into other channels. In the same way, it was not the Jews that declined to compete in the higher branches of commerce, but the jealousy of the Christians which forced them to content themselves with retail trades and monetary profits; even in tolerant Venice, Shylock could not have been its Merchant.

The only public opportunity in recent times which we know to have been given to the Jews formally to promulgate their opinions as to their duties and relations with other men, was the declaration of the Jewish Deputies in Paris, in 1806, followed by the decisions of the Grand Sanhedrim in 1807. There all the chief points of discrepancy between themselves and the western nations were fully discussed, and authoritative decisions arrived at. In marriage, and other family relations, they agreed to conform to the customs of the several countries in which they were placed, with the exception of some restrictions on mixed marriages—a difficulty not yet quite cleared up between different Christian bodies. Absolute obedience to the laws, fraternity with their fellow-citizens as fellow-creatures of the same God, readiness to submit to all the necessary regulations of civil and military service, useful occupation in all honest labour, and lastly, the duty of lending pecuniary assistance to all other men on the same moderate terms which their law requires them to impose on their co-religionists—all these points were declared to be the recognised religious and moral obligations of the Jews in France; and we believe that generally they have been faithfully adhered to, up to the present day. A singular tribute to the worth of the Jews as citizens, was paid in January 1827 at Nismes, by the public testimony of the Court of Justice, in that only portion of France in which they had

had a fair chance of moral and political improvements for some generations, 'That for ten years no one Jew had ever appeared before 'the Court for either a misdemeanour or crime, (*Délit ou Crime*;) 'and that as to the accusation of usury, so freely brought against 'them, only two Jews were prosecuted for this offence in the 'whole of the south of France, and those upon slight grounds; 'while a thousand Frenchmen had been cited and punished as 'usurers.' This was the natural fruit of the comparative confidence that had been placed in the banished Hebrews of Portugal; and the criminal tables in this country show a smaller proportion of Jews brought to justice than of most Christian denominations.

The repeal of the Jewish Naturalisation Act by the Pelhams, in 1754, the year after its enactment, is one of the most painful incidents in our constitutional history. It had been passed by considerable majorities in both Houses, and with the full acquiescence of the bishops; and it was abrogated under the most shameless avowals of popular compulsion. In vain Lord Temple pronounced the clamour to be 'dissaffection clothed with superstition,' and declared that the persecution of the Jews must lead to that of the Dissenters. Mr Pelham said he voted for it, because unreasoning religious excitement might lead to some 'fatal event!' (such as his own retirement,) and that the 'poor people,' having been misled into riots, deserved our compassion; and Mr Pitt himself, in a later debate, when the tide of persecution was checked at last, spoke of the clamour that produced the repeal as 'a little election art which has been judiciously humoured.' The old hostility of the common law towards the Jews was carried into the argument which was maintained for eighteen days before Lord Eldon, as late as 1818, in the case of the Bedford Charity. Indeed, much more than that hostility, if we can suppose that any countenance was intended to be given on that occasion to the savage language of Sir Edward Coke, who could seldom make mention of the Jews, but as if he were attorney-general prosecuting for the murder of Christ. With him Jews are infidels, 'and all infidels are *perpetui inimici* (for the law presumes not 'that they will be converted, that being *potentia remota*,) and 'between them, as with the devil, whose subjects they be, and 'the Christian, there is perpetual hostility, and can be no peace.' Let us, however, hope that these matters will ere long be purely historical; and that we shall shortly hail the day that abolishes the last sign of political disparity between the Jewish inhabitants of this country and their fellow-citizens. We feel assured that a short experience will convince the good sense of this nation of the fallacy of all arguments of exclusion and separation founded

on religious and national prejudices on one side, and on an extravagant national pride on the other. It is a good sign, that the persecution of the Jews, even in Russia, is taking the character of amalgamation rather than of distinction; and that the violence of that unscrupulous government is now exercised to assimilate the Jews in costume and political duties to the rest of the population; while the journals have mentioned that the Jews of Offenbach and Königsberg have decided, by a large majority, to transfer their Sabbath to the first day of the week, to facilitate their communications with Christians.

Mr D'Israeli beautifully expresses the deep obligations under which the daily spiritual life of the English people lies to Jewish writers and Jewish history; but he should observe that our interest and sympathy are nearly confined to such portions of the history and writings of the Jews as are not of Jewish but of universal application. The lawgivers, heroes, and rulers of Israel, are dear to the imagination of the English people, not as the chiefs of a single exclusive race, but as the fathers and guides of our common humanity. The law of Mount Sinai is not felt as

'Tradidit arcano quodcunque volumine *Moses*;'

but as the enunciation to all mankind of the foundations of their moral and social being; and the regal individuality of David and the other Psalmists of his age, are lost in those earnest outpourings of the general human heart, so entirely without parallel in the whole range of Eastern poetry. The wisdom of Solomon is not with us, as with the East, exhibited in the feats of a great Hebrew magician, but in the expression of a great practical intelligence—the 'common sense' of the old world; and the attempt of Mr D'Israeli to give the characteristic of a narrow nationality to the Being who enclosed all mankind in his outstretched arms on the Cross, has something about it more painful than a mere paradox. Yet we are most willing to allow, that in the high appreciation of the value of the Old Testament by the English people, there is a good foundation for a better moral relation between themselves and their Jewish brethren, when the last political stigma shall have been once removed. James I. said, on the publication of Sir Henry Finch's 'Calling 'of the Jews,' that he was 'so auld that he could not tell how to do his homage at Jerusalem;' and now the intellectual world is indeed too old to do so at Mr D'Israeli's bidding; but we can do what James never thought of doing—we can obliterate the political distinction between Jew and Gentile, and raise the one without humiliating the other.

We wish that our space allowed us to balance the censure we

have been compelled to express, by some examples of the great literary merit of 'Tancred.' It is full of charming effects of style and fine delineations, when living characters are no longer the subjects. The descriptions of Oriental life are only to be compared with those of Anastasius or Eöthen. Fakredeen, a sort of prurient graft of eastern subtlety on western politics, is quite original, and very amusing. There is occasionally too much of that sharp contrast which surprises rather than pleases; for we do not feel Jerusalem more real by its comparison with Wapping—we do not understand better the antiquity of Damascus by being reminded of the newness of Birkenhead. But this, with other defects, arises from Mr D'Israeli's desire to accommodate himself to all readers—to be comprehended in his deepest sentiments by every body who can enjoy his clever sketches—a practice which generally succeeds no better than that of the orator who talks down to the level of his audience, and of which Mr D'Israeli, in his speeches, is rarely guilty.

A considerable part of the third volume is taken up with an episode of the visit of Tancred to a people dwelling in a remote and mountainous part of Syria, who are governed by a Queen of wonderful beauty and wisdom, and retain the old worship of the deities of Olympus. Tancred is conducted into a temple where those forms—

'Not yet dead,
But in old marbles ever beautiful,'

stand before him and are still adored. We would not wish to be over-critical of incidents like these, which may fairly be intended to have more of a poetical than an historical character; but the whole subject of the religions of Syria is so interesting and important, that we would not have the readers of Tancred rely on the accuracy even of the foundation of this story of the 'Ansary.' The Anzairies (or Nassarians) are really a very different people from anything here represented. Their religious peculiarities date only from the year 890, and are remarkable from their mixture, not of Paganism, but of Christianity with the Shiite section of Mahommedanism. Their prophet was a native of Nasr, a village in Koufa, who declared that he had seen 'Christ, who is the 'Kelimet Allah (Word of God),' but whom he made out also to be related to Mahommed; he called himself 'the Spirit, and 'John the son of Zachariah,' and preached that men in prayer should turn their faces towards Khads (Jerusalem), should fast only twice a-year and keep the Christian festival of Easter. He selected twelve disciples from among the most intelligent of his countrymen to propagate his doctrine, and after some persecution he sought an asylum in the wild country above Latachia, where his followers still exist. One of his tenets was, that

Hussein, the twelfth Imaun, had been taken up to heaven, whence he would again descend as Moohdi (Saviour) to earth, and establish an universal religion. As late as 1843, a man from Koufa announced to the Mahommedans of Irak (Babylonia) that he was this Messiah, and was in consequence arrested and condemned to death; but the extreme sentence was commuted at Constantinople.

The only fact which we know to bear any relation to Mr D'Israeli's fiction, consists in the observance of rites, that may well have belonged to the ancient worship of the Syrian Venus, among a portion of those singular tribes who were established in Syria before the Saracen conquest, and who claim to be the lineal descendants of Ishmael, the son of Abraham. They outwardly practise Mahommedanism, and make a deep mystery of those traditional ceremonies, in which the idolatries of Baal and Astarte are still preserved; and although it is frequently asserted that they retain the ancient images, none have been seen or found in their houses by their enemies and invaders. Owing to their belief in the metempsychosis, they avoid the destruction of the smallest animals, and thus their persons and habitations swarm with vermin; and a large branch of them, who inhabit Djebail Sandjar, not far from Nineveh, are called 'Yezedies,' from their doctrine of antagonist principles of Good and Evil, and from the practical conclusion which they draw, that the Evil one is to be sedulously propitiated, while the other may be safely neglected, from his inability to do them any harm. If Mr D'Israeli had inferred a connexion between any of the Syrian religions and the mysticisms of Persia and India, he would have been much nearer the truth than in investing them with the forms of Grecian art and thought. The translation of the Greek philosophers by the enlightened khalif El Meimoun only added some new subtleties and fancies to the accumulated store of Eastern notions and traditions; and neither then, nor now, nor at any time was, or is, the Oriental mind capable of those æsthetic perceptions, out of which the finer Hellenic organisation produced its immortal mythology.

One word in conclusion, in vindication of this our own age, which Mr D'Israeli so delights to depreciate and contemn. Thrice, or oftener, he asks, whence and whither is the 'progress' of which we boast? And his rhetoric of course flows on contentedly unanswered. Yet this is surely no hard question to encounter. Mr D'Israeli has fixed his imagination and his affections on a state of things which he believes to have existed of old, and in which some rare men acted as Prophets and Heroes, possessing more immediate communication with Divine powers than the rest of mankind, and holding the wills of other men in submission by

reverence or fear. Now what we mean by 'progress' is simply the gradual extension to a larger number of the human race of those excellencies, those capabilities, those responsibilities, which Mr D'Israeli admires and deplores when limited to the few. We have now learnt that the master of slaves must himself be a slave, and that he who rules by will alone can never himself be free. Our 'progress' is the extension of heroic virtues beyond the noted men who make history, to the humble multitudes for whom history is made; our 'progress' is a more generous and conscientious cultivation of the intellectual gifts which raised select individuals into the estimation of prophets and sages, and the diffusion of them over a far wider field of humanity than those favourites of former ages ever conceived or thought of; our 'progress' is the slow but certain substitution of a sense of individual responsibility, of individual duties, and individual rights, in the place of feelings of physical and moral dependence on one side, and of physical and moral authority on the other—a progress, if not towards a system of 'theocratic equality,' at least towards a recognition of the worth of man as Man, and of that universal duty of mutual self-sacrifice and world-embracing charity which may lead on the human race to destinies, of whose excellence we can now have no clearer perception than of the nature and the purposes of the most distant stars.

ART. VII.—1. *Die Staatsmänner Preusseus, Stein und Hardenberg.* —(*Prussian Statesmen, Stein and Hardenberg.*) Leipsic: 1842.

2. *Uber die Agrarische Gesetzgebung in Preussen.* Von K. L. HERING.—(*On the Agrarian Legislation of Prussia.*) By K. L. HERING. Berlin: 1837.

3. *Gesetz Sammlung für die Königlich-Preussische Staaten.*—(*Collected Edicts of Prussia.*) Berlin.

THE names of Tiberius and Caius Gracchus are not more indissolubly linked together, or more intimately associated with all that is perilous in the history of agrarian reforms, than are those of the modern Prussian statesmen, Stein and Hardenberg. And as the projects of the former resulted in the erection of the Roman monarchy on the ruins of an effete republic,* so the measures of the latter may be said to have created

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* (The Gracchi period.)—'The characters and events and their final issue, in establishing monarchy as the government of the civilised world, may possibly have exercised some influence on the fate of Europe, which we feel even at this day.'—Arnold's *Roman Commonwealth*, p. 59, vol. i.

the kingdom of Prussia anew out of the wreck of serfdom and feudality. But, we have no wish to push the parallel to the length to which the revelations of recent historians might invite us.* We cannot, however, forbear remarking upon it as a singular coincidence, that it should have been reserved for Niebuhr, himself a colleague of the modern reformers, to be the first to vindicate the memory of the illustrious Roman brothers from the undeserved obloquy of twenty centuries;—and that, by elucidating the real nature of the *ager publicus*, he should have stripped the very term *agrarian* of its factious historical import.

The particular measures which have given an especial prominence, of late, to the names of Stein and Hardenberg, are comprised in a series of royal edicts, promulgated at their instance, affecting the proprietary rights of an important section of the Prussian peasantry. The majority of these enactments appeared during that eventful period in the annals of Germany, which intervened between the conclusion of the humiliating treaty of Tilsit, in 1807, and the outbreak of the war of Liberation in 1812; and they bear very visibly on their front the impress of the stirring times in which they originated.

By the fourth article of this Tilsit treaty, the world is somewhat ostentatiously informed: 'That a portion of his late domin-'ions is hereby restored to the King of Prussia, merely as a proof 'of the affection which his Imperial Majesty of France entertains 'for his new ally, the Emperor of Russia.' In the face of such a declaration, of which the generosity might be more easily questioned than the truth, any attempt on the part of Prussian statesmen to disguise the utter prostration of the monarchy, would have been as idle as it would have been impolitic. The only judicious course, in such a case, was that which we find pursued in the first of the series of edicts to which we have alluded. In the opening words of the enactment of 9th Oct. 1807, Stein declares: 'That 'what Prussia has lost in *extent*—she must seek to regain in *inten-'sity*.' External aid could, under the circumstances, have availed but little; and the minister felt that the only hope of national regeneration lay in a full development of the internal resources of

* 'It was exactly such a state of things as this, which presented itself to Tiberius Gracchus. While the number of Roman citizens was increasing every year by Italian allies who obtained the Roman franchise, and more especially by freedmen, the number of landed proprietors decreased. The numerous small estates of former times were no more.'—Niebuhr, *Rome*, vol. iv. p. 329.

the provinces, flung back rather than restored under this haughty imperial donation.

At the time, nothing short of miraculous power can have seemed capable of elevating Prussia out of the depths of moral and political degradation into which the monarchy had been gradually, but steadily, sinking from the death of Frederick the Great. Of *his* Prussia nothing further now remained than the worst effects of his worst measures. It was a favourite paradox of the sagacious Börne, that it was Frederick who lost the battle of Jena, and there is much point in the anachronism.

It was his system of finance, borrowed from that of Louis XIV., which dried up every spring of commercial wealth. It was his maxim, that 'the noble alone possessed a feeling of 'honour,' which limited the *matériel* of the army of his successors to an agglomerate of the lowest creatures from the dregs of society. No person of ignoble birth, be his military talents what they might, could hope for advancement or could ever rise to the rank of officer. This limitation, and the brutality which privilege so frequently begets, rendered the great body of the soldiery indifferent to success. The greater number were mercenaries, generally criminals, and much less likely to be formidable to a foreign enemy by their valour, than to their own country by their rapacity. Under Frederick the same men had been, through his genius, more than a match for the equally degraded soldiery with whom they had to cope. But now, when opposed to the fiery patriotism of the small *propriétaires* who composed the army of Napoleon, they gladly joined their officers in admitting the utter futility of a struggle. But even had the Prussian army exhibited ordinary valour—had those in command, from the highest to the lowest, abstained from a display of cowardice and treachery without a parallel in the annals of any kingdom—it still would seem almost impossible that Prussia should have been able to maintain a place among the great powers of Europe, as long as her internal economy continued unaltered. Although a purely agricultural country, and relying altogether for her strength on the resources of the soil, her system of rural policy might have been supposed cunningly devised with a view to baffle the enterprise and mar the skill of the husbandman.

We shall immediately explain the peculiar nature of these laws and their fatal consequences. But it needed not the additional horror of that rural fanaticism, which usually disgraces, if it does not defeat, all attempts at reforming agrarian evils, to fill the mind of a minister with dismay on contemplating the *débris* of the Prussian monarchy after the battles of Jena and Auerstadt. With its King and court fugitives in Memel—half its territo-

ties and its capital in the permanent possession of the enemy—its fields desolated by war and pestilence—its commerce shackled by foreign restrictions and domestic monopolies—its treasury drained to the last thaler—its military strength jealously limited to but one fourth of its former number—its resources crushed under the burthen of an overwhelming contribution—Prussia must have presented a disheartening spectacle to the eye of a statesman, however sanguine. Niebuhr had just before entered the service of the state, but now withdrew to his native Denmark in disgust. In one of the historian's letters to a friend, we find the following allusion to the general posture of affairs. 'The dissolution of all socialities and forms is now complete! Either entire decomposition—or a new life—is setting in!' Fortunately for Prussia, the latter alternative of the historian's prophecy proved the correct prediction.

It was at a crisis so disastrous, and under circumstances so discouraging, that Baron von Stein was summoned to take charge of the helm of state. His very elevation to this office was a concession to the enemy, and an act of obedience to the dictation of Napoleon. 'Prenez M. Stein, c'est un homme d'esprit,' was the brief formula of his installation. The same fiat that removed Count Hardenberg, his predecessor in office, and fellow-labourer in the cause of reform, sufficed for his elevation. It would, however, be much more easy to assign satisfactory grounds for Napoleon's distaste for Hardenberg, than for his fatuitous recommendation of Stein. Like Hardenberg, Blücher, Scharnhorst, Niebuhr, and most of the great names that adorn the Prussian annals of this period, Stein had only *adopted* Prussia as his fatherland. This is a circumstance which we have not seen elsewhere noticed, but it is very significant of the dearth of native talent, which misgovernment produces. Charles Baron von Stein, born 8th May 1757, was a native of the duchy of Nassau, and was descended from an old and distinguished family. Having married a lady of large fortune, a native of Prussia, he was induced to enter the civil service of the latter state. His eminent administrative talents were speedily recognised, and his advancement, despite the natural impetuosity of his temper, was comparatively rapid. The peculiar qualities of his mind were shown to great advantage in the management of certain branches of the commissariat department which had been entrusted to him, and he soon established his reputation as a firm and clear-headed man. While on a visit in England, he had ample opportunities of contrasting the vigour of freedom with the apathy of slavery. The strong and permanent attachment for Britain and British institutions, which he then acquired, frequently inspired his measures, and swayed

his conduct during his subsequent career. We can readily conceive with what a sense of disgust, and shame, such a mind as that of Stein must have turned from the contemplation of the sturdy yeomanry of England to the miserable bondsmen of Prussia. The contrast soon led him to recognise the primary cause of much of the misery he saw around him on his return. It needed far less sagacity than he possessed, to perceive that the chief seat of the manifold evils for which he was invited to suggest a remedy, lay in those semi-barbarous agronomic relations, which, however favourable during the transition from a nomadic to an agricultural state of society, interpose an insuperable bar in the way of all social progress in its later stages. But in order to comprehend the peculiar nature of the inveterate prejudices against which the minister had to contend, and that we may duly appreciate the scope and policy of his measures, it is necessary to understand the agricultural constitution of Prussia, as it existed prior to the emanation of these memorable edicts.

The agrarian legislation of Prussia may be conveniently divided into two grand periods. The elder, or feudal period, may be said to date from the 18th of April 1417, the day on which Frederic IV., burggrave of Nuremberg, obtained the electoral principality of Mark Brandenburg from the Emperor Sigismund, in consideration of the payment of a sum of 400,000 gold florins. The modern, or allodial period, dates from the publication of Stein's first edict of 9th October 1807, abolishing serfdom, and overturning entirely the ancient system by which agricultural labour had been regulated and restrained.

When the first of the Hohenzollerns entered upon his newly-acquired territory, he found his immediate vassals rioting in all the license of uncontrolled feudalism. His attention, and that of his successors, during three successive centuries, was, however, far too fully occupied in curbing the more general pretensions of the nobles, to leave them much time or inclination for bold agrarian reforms. The enactments of these three centuries laid the foundation, however, of the reforms which our own age has witnessed; although their only tendency was to foster a certain class of peasant fiefs, or Bauerhöfe,* for which feudal

* We prefer retaining the original German term 'Bauer,' peasant, to hazarding a synonyme. 'The German *Bauer*, and the *bure* or *gebure* of Domesday, are the same words, only different dialects. Their Latin synonyme was *Colibertus*. This appears, by a section *de Geburi Consuetudine* in a curious glossary upon ancient services among the Cottonian MSS.; old enough for an Anglo-Saxon version of it to be found in the library of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge.'—*Ellis's*

sovereigns have generally exhibited an especial tenderness. This class of peasant fiefs is peculiar in its incidents, and has no exact counterpart among ourselves. On this account, and because the modern edicts have been generally misinterpreted, from its having been overlooked that they refer almost exclusively to these tenures, it will be necessary to describe their nature and origin somewhat fully.

In accordance with a fundamental maxim of the *Lehnrecht*, or Feudal Code, as it prevailed throughout Germany, and still prevails in Hungary, the noble was wholly exempt from direct taxation. He held his lands by knight service, and his estates were *ritterfrei*—knight-free from all ordinary taxes and imposts. When, in the course of time, the modifications of the feudal system, consequent on the introduction of standing armies, rendered it necessary to impose permanent burdens on seigneurial lands, these burdens were thrown by the nobles upon a certain class of their immediate vassals, to whom land had been already assigned and stock advanced, somewhat on the *métayer* system of France. Thenceforward it became one of the characteristic liabilities of these bauers, to satisfy the fiscal obligations of the lords. This compromise, which left the principle of the noble's immunity from taxation ostensibly intact, received the acquiescence of the government; subject to the proviso, that, in the event of such bauers being, by accident or otherwise, incapacitated from meeting the just demands of the Exchequer, the lords were bound to make good the deficiency. It followed as a necessary corollary from this arrangement, that these peasant fiefs, on which the crown had acquired a lien for its taxes, should not be furtively withdrawn from liability by being incorporated with the knight-free lands of the lords. According to the terms of the *Bauer Ordnung*, or Peasant Code of 1570, the noble was debarred from regaining possession of peasant fiefs, except on satisfactory proof of his requiring

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Introduction to Domesday, vol. ii. 425. Serjeant Heywood, in his Anglo-Saxon *Ranks*, goes almost as much out of his way, in deriving it from the *bovarius*, or neat-herd, of Domesday-book, as a grave philologist, whom we have heard insist that *coward* must come from *cowherd:* because the tenure of the original English boor resembled in many points that of the German bauer, and is a much more likely origin of our copyholders than Villenage. Lord Loughborough had been led, by considering the German tenures, to doubt the villain pedigree of copyholds as reported by Sir Edward Coke; and on reference to the *Geburi Consuetudines*, we think Mr Serjeant Stephen will no longer be of opinion, that it is a pedigree too firmly settled to be shaken.

them for actual residence, and on his amply compensating the occupying bauer.

The extent of these fiefs varied according to the quality of the soil and other circumstances, and ranged from 40 to 100 acres. A similar uncertainty prevailed in the exact quality of the tenure. Some of the fiefs, as in the case of English copyholds, descended to the heirs of the occupant, but subject to the right of the lord to select from among such heirs the one who might to him seem most likely to cultivate the farm to advantage. In some instances a right to exact a fine or *laudemium* from the new occupant was recognised in the lord. The bauer generally had, on the other hand, a clear life interest in the land, and could not be evicted from his holding except on certain specific grounds. These were—1, manifest incompetence; 2, insubordination; 3, notoriously evil habits; 4, a refusal to perform the customary services. In all cases of eviction the lord was bound to remunerate the peasant for all improvements. He was further bound to keep the buildings in repair, and support the aged and destitute. The servitudes and easements followed the custom of the manor and were proportional to the extent and quality of the holding. The lord was further bound to keep such fiefs constantly occupied by persons of the bauer class; he could, however, prevent the marriage and dictate the trade or occupation of his vassals, and exercised the most ample powers of a civil and criminal jurisdiction over them. Many of these incidents, however, it must be remembered, were common to other tenures, as well as to this particular bauer class. In the declaratory edict of 29th May 1816, great pains are taken to distinguish these quasi-fiscal holdings from the many other species of farms that existed. Independently of the particular class of vassals here alluded to, the agricultural population consisted in part of *Freibauers*, or Freeholders, who owed their freedom either to manumission, or to their having, with the sanction of the lord, entered upon deserted holdings. There was also a numerous class of villagers, or persons associated together, and cultivating a certain quantity of land in common. These village communities (*Dorf Gemeinde*) have always constituted a very peculiar feature in the rural economy of Germany, and are remnants of the spirit, if not of the practice, of the ancient Teutonic colonists described by Tacitus. Complete uniformity of cultivation must, of course, be observed in communities so associated together, in order to prevent the cattle of some from trespassing on the growing crops of others. But the restrictions unavoidably growing out of such a system of joint culture became in time, as among ourselves, so onerous and injurious to the general progress of agriculture, that one of the primary objects of these edicts was

to secure their abolition. These small village corporations were generally fiefs either of the crown or of some neighbouring lord, or else under the tutelage of some religious foundation. It will be scarcely necessary to observe, that, besides the several classes of tenants and farmers, of whom we have been speaking, there existed a very considerable number of farm-servants and labourers (*Gesinde*,) who received their remuneration either wholly in food and clothing, or partly thus and partly in land. This hasty sketch of the territorial economy of Prussia will enable our readers more easily to comprehend and follow the successive changes which ensued. Before we enter on our *précis* of the earlier agrarian enactments, it may be worth while to state that the first Domesday-book of Prussia was undertaken by the father of Frederick the Great, in 1717, and that the several holdings were there entered and classified. This book has since then formed the basis of every fiscal operation.

The agrarian enactments of the early Prussian rulers, were mainly directed against the fraudulent policy of such nobles and landowners, as ruined and evicted their bauers, and incorporated their lands with their own. The incentives to such a heartless course were twofold. In the first place, the high price of grain consequent on continued wars, rendered it possible to derive large profits from more extensive corn culture; in the second, they thereby evaded the fiscal responsibility attaching to the peasant's fief. We consequently find every successive ruler, from Joachim the First down to Frederick William the Third, torturing his ingenuity to discover means of counteracting the cupidity of his vassals. The Great Elector, in 1667, threatens to inflict the severest pains and penalties on all who should 'persist in evicting 'peasants from their holdings, or refuse to instal others, who have 'offered to occupy them; so acting with a view to the sole enjoy-'ment of their waste meadow and arable land.' In the edict of 14th March 1739, we find Frederick the First vowing vengeance on 'all, from the Margrave down to the meanest noble, who 'should dare at their peril to evict arbitrarily, without good legal 'grounds, any bauer from his holding, or permit such fief, when 'vacated through death, war, or any other cause, to remain unoc-'cupied; or presume to consolidate such holding with the seig-'neurial domains.' These minatory effusions were occasionally varied by paternal expostulations in behalf of the unfortunate serfs against the oppressive exactions of their noble masters. It would seem, however, that in neither particular were the royal admonitions much heeded. Looking through the hundreds of edicts that constitute the early agrarian annals of Prussia, we are far from favourably impressed with the conduct of the noble

landowners either towards their vassals or their lord. The morbid tenacity with which they clung to the most absurd and profitless of their barbarous privileges; their entire indifference to the well-being of those whose destiny they controlled; and their utter neglect of the general interests of the state, obtrude themselves very painfully on our notice during the perusal. They seem to have faithfully preserved their taste for the object of the earliest predilection which history assigns them: *materia munificentiæ per bellum et raptus.* Our surprise is therefore as slight as our regret, when we learn that no less than seventy persons were on one occasion executed for highway robbery on a single day, without distinction of rank or station.

The accession of Frederick the Great to the throne imparted new life to agriculture. His zeal for its promotion is evinced by the vigour and variety of his measures. Finding his admonitions in behalf of the bauers as little attended to as those of his predecessors, he had recourse to a novel and striking expedient. He forthwith imposed an annual fine of 1000 thalers on each lord, for every fief found unoccupied, and a further fine on the rural functionary intrusted with the *surveillance* of these holdings. His commissioners were likewise authorised to seize as much of the lord's stock as might be needed for the repairs of such tenements as were found in decay, 'without regard to 'any one consideration on earth.' It would be tedious to enumerate his manifold efforts for the general promotion of agriculture. From among the most striking and least efficient, we may select the vast sums which he lavished, in the shape of loans, on the owners of estates. This extraordinary profusion is the more remarkable, from its being in glaring contrast with his ordinary parsimony. The extent, to which this most primitive of all remedies for agrarian evils was carried by him, will appear by a single instance. Within twenty years from the conclusion of the Seven Years' War, he had expended nearly a million sterling in this way in the province of Pomerania alone; which was equivalent to conferring upon it an immunity from the land-tax for twenty years. That these largesses rather stimulated the indolence than the activity of the noble proprietors, seems now universally admitted; and it is a fact, which may serve for a useful admonition.

But the most important measure, and one, the effects of which are still very generally felt throughout the kingdom, was the establishment, under government control, of provincial mortgage banks. They were called *Landschaften*, from the circumstance of the parties concerned in their organisation being members of the *Landschaft* or provincial diets. These institutions, introduced at the suggestion of an intelligent merchant of the

name of Bühring—have unquestionably conferred great advantage on all engaged in agriculture. Their primary object was, by furnishing the landowner with a certain amount of capital, to rescue him from the hands of usurious creditors. The original principles, on which it was suggested that they should be established, were nearly as follows:—

Such of the owners of estates as pleased, were to hypothecate them to a joint-stock bank, and receive in notes, of not less than 500 thalers (L.75 each), one-half or two-thirds of the value of their lands, as ascertained by official valuation. These notes or coupons were to be payable *au porteur*, and to bear interest from day to day. The bank charged one per cent higher interest for its advances than the notes bore. This difference was to be applied to cover the expenses of management, and to form a sinking fund, to be employed in the gradual redemption of the estates. It would be, it was suggested, unnecessary to insert in the notes either the name or designation of any particular borrower, or that of his estate, inasmuch as the several estates of all mortgagers were equally liable to the individual demands of each holder of a note. In the event of any irregularity on the part of the borrower in the payment of the interest, his estates were to be forthwith sold. Either the government or the bank of Prussia might undertake to convert these notes, on demand, into cash; but this would be so rarely necessary, that only a very small amount of ready money would ever be needed. The advances of the bank were to be applied, under its control, to the payment of incumbrances. The first of these institutions was commenced in 1772, in the province of Silesia, where the estates of the nobles were, in consequence of the ravages of the war, in a more desperately embarrassed state than elsewhere.

The Silesian experiment proved perfectly successful, and the *Landschaft* was soon in so flourishing a condition, as to be enabled to reduce its rate of interest to creditors from five to four per cent. During the first eighteen years of its existence, it had extended its operations to the amount of fourteen millions of thalers, or upwards of L.2,000,000 sterling. Its example was soon followed in other provinces of the monarchy; and the collective advances of these several banking associations amounted at the period of Stein's accession to office, in 1807, to no less than L.8,000,000 sterling. Of this large sum, about three-fifths had already found their way into the hands of capitalists, or the coffers of public institutions and charitable bodies. The remaining two-fifths continued to serve as a very popular paper currency. Two serious errors had, however, been committed, which considerably impaired both the credit and efficiency of

these banks. In the first place, the valuation of the estates had been too high, having been based on calculations of the profits realised during the war period; secondly, the wise provision for securing a sinking fund had been neglected. But both these errors were subsequently repaired; and it is but justice to the inventor of the system to state, that time has fully corroborated the correctness of his calculations. Indeed, most of the recent amendments in the working of these institutions, have been little more than a recurrence to the principles originally laid down by him for their guidance. So firmly had these banks taken up their position in the monetary world, in the years 1837—1840, that they were all enabled to reduce their rate of interest to three and a half per cent. At that period the amount of their collective notes, of from twenty-five to one hundred thalers each, had increased to L.12,000,000 sterling. Notwithstanding this large increase, and the gradual reduction of the interest to but three and a half per cent, the price of these securities, or *Pfandbriefe*, as they are termed, has been higher,* and subject to less fluctuation in the European market, than that of almost any state securities. One great source of the preference they have long enjoyed in Prussia, unquestionably, is their enabling the poorer classes to invest their small savings in a shape which offers all the security of a mortgage on land without its cost. Another reason may perhaps be the feeling, that a private creditor might be compelled to make good his liability, whereas a government is not subject to the like necessity: while no eventuality, in case of a war, would seriously interfere with the rights of the holders of these securities. Mr M'Culloch considers them to have been founded with the best intentions; but he fears that they offer dangerous facilities for contracting debts, from the improbability of the principal ever being demanded, as long as the interest is regularly paid. We cannot, however, find that these apprehensions have been justified by the practical working of these insti-

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* On the 1st May last, the prices of these securities, notwithstanding the extraordinary derangement of the money market, in consequence of railway liabilities, were as follows:—

Prussian State Debt . .	3½	per cent	93
West Prussian Pfandbriefe .	3½	—	92¾
Posen	4	—	101
.....	3½	—	91¾
East Prussian	...	—	96
Pomeranian	...	—	94
Silesian	...	—	96¾

tutions, especially since the late reforms in their constitution, and their being placed under more direct government control.

From the death of Frederick the Great to the peace of Tilsit, no material change had taken place in the condition of the agricultural population, beyond the ordinary decay and confusion incident on war and famine. The noble was still disabled from acquiring peasant land, and the peasant could not acquire noble land; nor could the noble enter into trade, nor the citizen become a landed proprietor. Prædial bondage still subsisted. Some few, however, of the nobles had been so far enlightened by the writings of Thaer, as to perceive that a complete revolution in the science of husbandry was in progress. They were just opening their eyes to the fact, that the new system of farming, consequent on the introduction of a rotation of crops, required that its operations should be conducted with a degree of care and intelligence neither to be expected nor attained under a system of compulsory labour. Their mental processes were, no doubt, in some degree quickened by the terrors of the French Revolution. The government, taking advantage of the first appearances of growing light among its subjects, led the way, by commuting, on the 16th July 1799, the personal and other services of its vassals, and by conferring on them the right of unlimited ownership in their holdings, on payment of equitable fines. The example of the monarch found some imitators amongst the nobles; but the number was small. So small, that the humane intentions of the crown may be considered as having been baffled on this occasion as before, by the vigorous combination of the lords. Even the impetuous energy of the great Frederick had not succeeded in effecting more than a conversion of the bondage of the crown serfs into an *adscriptio glebæ*. How keenly he felt the degradation of the system is conveyed in his dying declaration—the most to his honour, perhaps, of any sentiment he ever uttered, 'that he was tired of 'ruling over a nation of slaves.'

We are now arrived at the period when the wedge, thus introduced into the crazy framework of feudality, was to be driven home with resistless force. One hardly knows, whether to be more surprised at the late period of the change, or at the boldness and rapidity with which it was now effected. The disastrous battle of Jena had clearly shown, how little reliance Prussia was warranted in placing in the flower of her chivalry. The name of noble had been long identical with that of soldier; both were now associated with the vilest cowardice and dishonour. The moment was therefore a favourable one for wresting from those who had usurped and betrayed a sacred trust, some of

their privileges which enjoyed no other claim to respect than what has been felicitously styled by Burke 'an iniquitous legality.'

The first official act of Stein was the publication of the memorable edict of 9th October, 1807, removing the disabilities of the nobles to acquire peasant land, and of the peasants to acquire noble land; abolishing personal bondage, and interdicting the future creation of such a *status*. The edict concludes with a promise, that the right of ownership in the soil shall be extended as far as may be practicable.

Within a year from the appearance of this vivid indication of his future policy, and long before it could be thoroughly carried out, an untoward event deprived Prussia of Stein's services as prime minister, and afforded the antagonists of his innovations a temporary triumph. Hurried away by the ardour of his patriotism, and by the natural impetuosity of his feelings, he incautiously entrusted to a friend, about to proceed to St Petersburg, a letter to the Russian general, Prince Wittgenstein, encouraging the latter to make an onward movement against the French. By some mischance the messenger fell into the hands of the enemy, and Stein's letter was unexpectedly discovered among his papers. The immediate effect of this miscarriage, which has been suspected not to have been wholly the work of chance, was the resignation of Stein, and his retiring under the protection of Austria. But, though he never again filled the office of Chancellor of State, still he had the satisfaction of actively co-operating with the ministers who were intrusted with the development of his ideas, and of assisting them, by his sagacious counsel and advice, in maturing the germs of regeneration which he had so fearlessly sown. The address in which he took leave of his coadjutors—generally known as his 'Political Testament'—contains a singularly able and nervous sketch of the liberal and enlightened policy which it was his aim that Prussia should pursue. He died in 1825, and at once assumed an undisputed niche in the Pantheon of Prussian statesmen.

Stein had superseded Hardenberg, to be now, in turn, and on similar grounds, superseded by him. In consequence, however, of Napoleon's repugnance to the latter, a considerable interval elapsed between the retirement of the one and the accession of the other as Chancellor of State. The office remained in abeyance during the interval. No two men were ever more dissimilar in their nature—their very dissimilarity tending apparently to render their combined powers more complete. It may indeed be reasonably doubted, whether the fierce energy of Stein, which could brook no contradiction nor take note of difficulties, would have

availed alone. But it was no less fortunately than ably seconded by that versatility in expedients and diplomatic subtlety, whereby Hardenberg eluded the most jealous vigilance of his adversaries. The extraordinary adroitness of the latter in baffling the searching scrutiny of Napoleon, and keeping him, notwithstanding his avowed distrust, in complete ignorance of the varied preparations which were making for the great struggle of 1812, was as essential an element towards its triumphant issue, as Stein's Agrarian policy or Tugendbund; and his success remains an imperishable monument of his diplomatic powers.

Charles Augustus, afterwards Count, and subsequently Prince, Hardenberg, was by birth a Hanoverian, and born in 1750. His father held the rank of field-marshal in the Hanoverian army, and had served with honour under the Dukes of Cumberland and Brunswick. The son, after a long preparatory education, adopted the profession of diplomacy; but was obliged to abandon it in consequence of a personal affair with the Prince of Wales, (George IV.) in 1782. He then entered the service of the Duke of Brunswick, and, on the duke's death, was induced to remove into that of Prussia. He speedily passed through the ordinary gradations of office, until we find him possessing the entire confidence of his new sovereign. His success is very intelligible. To the graces of a peculiarly pleasing exterior, he added the advantages of a highly cultivated intellect, and the fascination of his manner was naturally characterised by the sprightliness of his fancy. Though less daring and venturous in his original conceptions than Stein, he was not less steady or persevering in the pursuit of any important purpose, which he had once seriously taken up. The laboriousness of his habits recoiled before no amount of work. The memoirs of his times, drawn up by himself, have been deposited in the archives of the Prussian state, by the late monarch, and await publication in the year 1850. They will, no doubt, be very interesting to Prussian statesmen. He died in Padua, on the 26th November 1822, as he was returning from the Congress of Verona.

Hardenberg's re-accession to power in 1810, was immediately marked by the promulgation of an edict, (27th October,) that left no doubt of the line of policy he intended to pursue, nor of his firm determination to give every possible effect to the political ideas of his predecessor. This edict remodels the entire financial system of Prussia, and contains a complete programme of the minister's future measures. In the preamble we find it, among other things, declared,—'That, from thenceforward, all exemptions from the land-tax shall cease—such a privilege being irreconcilable with natural justice, or with the spirit of adminis-

'tration in neighbouring states. That the royal domains shall 'not be excepted.' The edict promises, among other things, 'a 'new and improved system of taxation—entire freedom of handi- 'crafts—the abolition of sec-mill, and the like restrictions—the 'institution of a well-organised system of provincial and general 'representation;' and engages that,—'to that section of our 'subjects who have not hitherto enjoyed the ownership (*Eigen- 'thum*) of their holdings, we shall grant and secure the same, 'and wholly abolish many oppressive forms and imposts.'

The vagueness of this last declaration respecting the grant of ownership, has been, no doubt, a primary source of the confusion that has hitherto prevailed, not only in the remarks of our own, but also of many foreign writers on this subject. Indeed, it is not improbable, that a certain degree of ambiguity may have lain within the intentions of the minister. In an edict, in which the Crown was announcing its resolution to have recourse to such extreme measures, as the secularization of all religious corporations, and the sale of the royal domains, considerable latitude in the description of future boons might be only prudent. We must, however, express our surprise at the completeness of the delusion under which Professor von Raumur laboured when he favoured the public with his suggestions concerning the conversion of Irish *tenancies-at-will* into freeholds. Such simplicity is, perhaps, the more surprising in the learned professor, as he was himself for some time engaged about the person of the minister. Had this vivacious traveller paused to consult his reason, he must have suspected—as in the edicts he would have found—that tenancies-at-will are specially excluded from the operation of the minister's agrarian measures. In the two edicts of 1811, and in the declaration of 29th May 1816, specially issued to give effect to this promise of an enlarged ownership in the soil, the terms are so precise, and the limitations so stringent, as to leave no doubt, regarding either the motives or the extent of the minister's policy. Some recent theorists, building on the authority of the professor's representations, have not hesitated to support their propositions by the example of Prussia, so far as to imagine, that they found there a precedent and sanction for a no less sweeping measure of confiscation, than that of the conversion of the pauper occupants of the most limited and precarious tenures in Ireland into absolute owners of the soil. To show that such appeals to the modern agrarian measures of Prussia, and that all the dangerous analogies which have been sought to be deduced from their success, are altogether based on a total misconception of their real scope and tendency, nothing more can be wanted, than a simple exposition of their real purport. What was done, it will be seen, was neither more or less than the

compulsory enfranchisement of persons whose tenure might, in the phraseology of English law, be called an onerous kind of copyhold, while it was also in the general case of a fiscal or semi-public character. It was the doing suddenly, and at once, by government, what it has taken the courts of law in England four or five hundred years only partially to accomplish; the last stage being still outstanding for the legislature to complete.

On this fundamental point there must be no mistake. The Prussian crown has never, up to the present time, attempted any alteration in the tenure of land, except in two instances. The first of these was in relation to the particular class of bauer fiefs already described, and the second referred to tenures corresponding to our leases in perpetuity. In both cases the policy of the government was sufficiently obvious. It is stated with all necessary clearness in two agrarian edicts, promulgated on the 14th of September 1811. These two edicts, with the supplemental declaration of 29th May 1816, form the basis of the modern agrarian code: from having both appeared on the same day, they are sometimes confounded. The first is entitled an 'Edict for the 'regulation of the relations of Seigneurs (*Grundherrn*) and Peasant farmers (*Bauers*),' and is strictly limited to the particular fiscal fiefs already described. This enactment, in conjunction with the subsequent declaratory edict, ordains: That such peasant holdings as present the following characteristics shall, under certain conditions, become the absolute property of their then occupants. These characteristics are—1st, holdings created with the primary view of supporting the occupiers as independent farmers. 2. Entered in the tax rolls of the provinces as bauer fiefs. 3. Occupied during the normal years of the monarchy by distinct peasant farmers. 4. Investing the lord with the obligation to keep them constantly so occupied. 5. For the taxes of which the lord is responsible. A distinction is then drawn between such of these fiefs as descend by custom or law to the heirs of the occupant, and those not so descending. The edict goes on to state, 'that the relation hitherto subsisting in 'these cases is such, that the real owner exerts no direct influence 'on the management or cultivation of the farm; and, in the case 'of non-descending fiefs, each succeeding peasant holder is with-'out any permanent interest in it. We therefore cannot permit so 'noxious a relation to continue.'

Having determined that this noxious relation should cease, the edict proceeds to assign the conditions on which the grant of absolute ownership shall be made. It avows the necessity of discovering some general principle to guide the government in determining the exact amount of remuneration due to the lord for his surrender of absolute ownership, or, as we should say, the fee.

In the first place, it deduces, from the abstract principles of the constitution, the duty of the lord in all cases to moderate his demands within the limits necessary to admit of the peasant gaining a decent subsistence. This decent subsistence is assumed to be attainable, when the peasant retains for his own sole use one third of the clear profits of his holding. Coupling this assumption with the further one, that the demands of the lords have been already pushed to their reasonable limits, the edict lays it down as a general principle, that the restoration of one-third of the peasant lands to the absolute control of the lord, freed from all responsibility, either as to taxes or the maintenance of buildings, shall be deemed to be a fair adjustment of the reciprocal claims of landlord and bauer. In the case of non-descending fiefs, this standard is raised to a restoration of one half the lands. This indemnity to the lord is to be made either by a surrender of the land itself, or by an annual money rent, according to the size of the fief. Whenever a subtraction of any part of the lands would make the farms too small to admit of their being profitably cultivated by means of draught cattle, they were not to be reduced, but a money rent was to be substituted instead. With respect to personal and other services, hitherto due to the lord, a money value was to be put upon them: and this was to be measured by the increased cost of cultivation to the lord in consequence of their discontinuance. The remaining provisions of the edict are of subordinate importance, and are for the most part technical arrangements to facilitate its being carried into effect. One other clause is, however, of interest, as illustrating the real character of the measure, and proving the slight degree of importance which its framers attached to the mere honour of titular ownership. The sacrifice of the lords' right of ownership in the case of inheritable holdings, is estimated at but five per cent of their clear yearly value, and in the case of others at but seven and a half per cent.

The second of the edicts of 14th September 1811, is entitled an edict for the advancement of agriculture. As its preamble will serve to place our foregoing observations in a clearer and more authentic form, we present it entire. 'We Frederick 'William, by the grace of God, and so forth, declare—That the 'rural population of our monarchy has been hitherto unfavour-'ably circumstanced. With a view to promote its welfare, we 'have abolished serfdom, and the burthensome duties of 'supplying horses and forage to the army. But these improve-'ments are insufficient to secure its thorough and permanent 'well-being. With the exception of Lower Silesia, the great 'majority are without landed property, and what they possess.

'is subject to manifold restrictions. The promise made in 'the edicts of 9th October 1807, and 27th October 1810, as *to* '*a general* grant of ownership, is this day fulfilled by 'the Edict 'regulating the relations between lords and bauers. By virtue 'of that edict, and others which will soon appear, the indepen-'dence of bauer landholders is or will be established, and the ser-'vitudes injurious to agriculture abolished. With a view, however, 'to remove all impediments, and give our subjects full scope for 'their enterprise, and to enable them to derive the utmost 'possible advantage from the soil, we direct—that all impedi-'ments to the free disposal of land by sale, gift, or will, arising 'out of the constitution as it hitherto existed, be hereby abolished. 'This power of sale over portions of the land, is to enable it to 'get into the hands of men of capital, and thus clear it of 'incumbrances. From the greater subdivision of the soil, a 'considerable advantage, and one dear to our paternal heart, 'will accrue. It will give people in a small way, (*kleine Leute,*) 'as they are termed, gardeners, labourers, and the like, an 'opportunity of acquiring landed property, and gradually 'increasing it. Such a prospect will render this numerous and 'useful class of our subjects orderly and economical, as land can 'only be acquired by such means. Many such persons will rise 'and succeed in attaining to distinction through their property 'and industry. In this way the state will gain a new and 'valuable class of industrious proprietors: through the efforts 'to become such, agriculture will gain new hands, and an acces-'sion of industry, from the stimulated exertions of those now 'engaged in it.'

The edict then proceeds to prevent leases in perpetuity from becoming a bar to subdivision, by declaring it compulsory on the landlord to accept of a capital sum in lieu of rent, calculated at four per cent, and to accept payment of this capital sum in instalments under certain prescribed conditions. The other provisions of this edict 'for the advancement of agriculture,' relate chiefly to the abolition of those rights of commonage and servitude, which affected the agriculture of Germany at that period, almost as much as that of Spain at present. The edict concludes by declaring it to be the intention of the monarch to institute a board of agriculture in Berlin, which should organise provincial societies, and should appoint salaried agents to disseminate a knowledge of husbandry among the lower classes. This board was to supply funds for the construction of model farms, and for such other purposes as might be found most conducive to the interests of agricultural science. The good intentions of sovereigns, and sometimes their engagements, are

occasionally longer in being brought to bear than those of private persons. The board here promised has been only just constituted in Berlin.

The foregoing extracts are conclusive evidence of the purpose of the original edict. This purpose was an exceedingly simple one: and the principles on which the attempt was made to reconcile conflicting interests, appear to have been as equitable as possible under the circumstances. One might therefore have reasonably hoped that intentions, as benevolent as wise, would have been met by the great body of proprietors, in a fair and liberal spirit: and that they would have co-operated for their success. Any such hope would, however, have proved fallacious. Every effort was made by the noble representatives of the landed interest to baffle the tendency, and evade the provisions of these enactments. The usual outcries were raised against the injustice of interfering with vested rights; loud complaints were urged against the hardship of being deprived of the services of their serfs, and at their being thus compelled to give better food and a higher rate of wages to their emancipated labourers. It was boldly predicted that it would be wholly impossible to find a sufficient number of persons to till the ground: since the great bulk of the non-proprietary rural population would by law, it was alleged, migrate to the towns, when they were no longer attached to the soil. The labour and expense of the necessary arrangements with the bauers were loudly insisted upon. A hundred voices—among the rest that of Prince Pückler Muskau—inveighed against the whole tribe of 'nomadic' functionaries, engaged in the, no doubt, ungracious task of arbitrating between the exacting spirit of the lords, and the greedy disposition of their newly emancipated vassals. An indemnity was demanded. To these expostulations the government replied—that the question of an indemnity could not be entertained, since the changes would prove equally advantageous to the lord and peasant; that the feudal rights which the lords had hitherto enjoyed, could only be regarded, in justice, as delegated to them purely for purposes of police; that any improvement in the quality of food, or amount of wages, which might follow from the enfranchisement of the labourer, would only prove that his remuneration had been hitherto below its proper level; that the supposed improvement in the condition of the labourer, would secure the requisite supply of labour; that the lords must not hope to escape the burthen of maintaining the aged, disabled, or infirm, as this responsibility flowed from their territorial jurisdiction,—and that wherever they might prove conflicting, the general interests of the state must be deemed to be paramount to the private interests of the lords.

In this rejoinder of the government, which is embodied for the most part in a circular addressed to the Silesian Chamber of Representatives, there are a few points open, perhaps, to controversy. But of the general soundness of the policy which called it forth, there can, we think, be but one opinion. A considerable portion of the soil, it must be remembered, amounting to about one-sixth of the whole surface of the monarchy, was in the hands of persons who, though exercising, as usufructuary occupants, a complete control over the mode of tillage, yet possessed a merely terminable interest in it, and were therefore disinclined, had they been otherwise able, to undertake any permanent improvements. Those who enjoyed the absolute legal ownership—a distinction based on the *dominium directum* and *dominium utile*, which had easily passed from the Roman into the Feudal law—were by custom and other circumstances incapacitated from exerting any direct influence on the actual cultivation. Apart from other incapacitating circumstances, the vast extent of their own domains, and their total want of the necessary capital, rendered any beneficial interference on their part impossible. If we take, for instance, the province of Pomerania in 1806, we shall find the extent of land in the hands of its 1308 noble proprietors, to have been about two millions of English acres, and that it was encumbered with mortgage debts to the amount of about L.5,000,000 sterling. In point of fact, the peasant, when in possession of the absolute ownership of his small holdings, enjoyed much more credit, and ampler means of raising the necessary amount of capital, than the noble, whose large estates were not only overwhelmed with debt, but wholly unmarketable in consequence of entails and legal restrictions. Any experiment of the kind must always be accompanied with temporary pressure and temporary clamour; but it may be the least of two evils. A great crisis justified the making of it: and as far as time as yet has tested it, it has been eminently successful. The following judgment is passed upon it by a recent traveller, Mr Laing. 'This revolution,' he remarks, 'in the 'state of property, was almost as great as that which had 'taken place in France, and is pregnant with the same results. 'It gave comfort, well-being, and property to a nation of serfs. 'It emancipated them from local oppression, raised their moral 'and physical condition, and gave them a political, though as 'yet unrecognised existence, as the most important constitutional 'elements of the social body.' To the judicious remarks of Mr Laing we might append those of Mr Jacob, who pronounces a somewhat confused panegyric upon these measures in his report on 'Continental Agriculture.' But the best evidence of

their wisdom and sound policy is to be found in the present prosperous condition of Prussia. Were further vindication wanting, that too may be found in the alacrity with which the other states of Germany, with the exception of Austria, have followed the example.

It has been sometimes urged as an objection to these edicts, that by creating a large body of peasant proprietors, they gave an undue impulse to population. In estimating their effect in this respect, it will be necessary to bear in mind, that at the time of their promulgation, the population of Prussia amounted to only eight millions, and that an increase was therefore very desirable. That an augmentation has been the result has never been denied; but, in the first place, suppose the augmentation to consist of a well-doing and happy people! In the next, whether this increase be attributable to the removal of the restraints of the lords over the marriage of their vassals, or to the occult influences of an absolute ownership of the soil, is somewhat difficult to determine. Both influences have been concurrently in action. Besides, the number of holdings to which these edicts applied, did not in all probability exceed 250,000; the number of bauer fiefs was 161,000. It would, therefore, be absurd to attribute any considerable portion of the increase in the population, an increase amounting to five millions, to this cause. Thirty years of uninterrupted peace must be considered as one of the most important factors in the calculation.

In attempting the foregoing sketch of the agrarian measures of the Prussian ministers Stein and Hardenberg, our chief aim has been to remove the misconceptions that have hitherto prevailed concerning their nature. Their bearing on the question of peasant proprietorship is a problem, which time has yet to solve. It was, no doubt, the wish of the ministers to render the peasant cultivator of the soil as independent of control as was consistent with justice and with the rights of third parties. It would, however, be a grievous error to regard the present results of these modern enactments as decisive of the economic effect of absolute ownership of the soil. In truth, the creation of a large body of independent peasant proprietors is a matter of much less difficulty than its preservation. This latter difficulty is heightened, not lessened, by the removal of restrictions. For, the maintenance of any class must depend on limitations: while, in no particular do modern times contrast with the feudal period more than in their anxiety to obliterate all strict lines of demarcation, and in their hostility to every thing savouring of privilege or legal disability. Nothing is more incontestable than the fact, that many of the most onerous restrictions from which the Prussian bauers were emancipated,

had their origin in a laudable desire to protect them against the cupidity of other classes. Such, partly, was the origin of the disability to dismember or subdivide their holdings, or to mortgage them beyond one half of their value. But, at present, one of the chief evils of a peasant proprietary is the necessity for constant legal interference. Freedom has brought with it this dilemma. With the death of every petty proprietor, and the descent of his holdings to his heirs, the problem of maintaining the independence of his successors constantly recurs with aggravated perplexity. There seems no other resource, than to sacrifice the interests of the younger children to the eldest. We could hardly hope for a more complete illustration of our meaning, than is to be found in the two most recent agrarian measures of concession and restriction, proposed by the Prussian government for the approval of the Grand Diet of Berlin. The first of these propositions, of the 15th May last, aimed at facilitating the acquisition of absolute ownership in the peasant, through the medium of banks, similar to the mortgage banks already described, which were to enable the peasants to compound for their annual dues to their landlords. The object of the second proposition was, the expediency of limiting the succession, in certain cases, to but one, instead of, as at present, to all the children alike. Both these propositions were declined, partly on formal grounds: partly, as was averred, from their being unnecessary on account of the flourishing state of agriculture; and partly from a reverence for those principles of perfect freedom which have endeared the measures and the memory of Stein and Hardenberg. To those who feel an interest in the general agronomic relations of Prussia, and in the curious problems involved in its agrarian legislation, we cannot too strenuously recommend a perusal of the recent debates in the Berlin Diet, to which these royal propositions of the 15th of May gave rise.

ART. VIII.—1. *Journal of a few Months' Residence in Portugal, and Glimpses of the South of Spain.* 2 vols. London: 1847.

2. *A Year of Consolation.* By Mrs BUTLER, (late FANNY KEMBLE.) 2 vols. London: 1847.

FULL nine-tenths of the books of travels published within the last ten years may be traced to the principle or motive indicated in the well-known couplet,—

> 'Tis pleasant, too, to see oneself in print;
> A book's a book although there's nothing in't.'

It is difficult to imagine an easier or pleasanter mode of indulg-

(ing one's vanity, and inflicting one's egotism on one's friends; for all of us have friends who must read a certain portion of what we write, or say that they have read it, or at least express immediately on receipt of the book the extreme enjoyment they expect from reading it—which, by the way, is the method uniformly adopted by the King of the French, as well as by many other illustrious Mæcenases of the day.

A plan is required for an essay, a plot for a novel, some sort of unity of action for a drama, and a due subordination of parts (to say nothing of learning, style, thought, &c. &c.) for a history; but a book of travels may be written, composed, or put together, without plan, plot, unity, proportion, or arrangement of any sort. The beginning, middle, and end, enjoined by Aristotle, come naturally and as if by the preconceived order of events. For example, the steamboat which carries the traveller from Southampton to Havre, is the beginning; the steamboat that brings him back from Boulogne, Ostend, or Antwerp, (as the case may be,) to Dover, is the end; and the whole Continent (or two or three continents, if he is not content with one,) is open to him for the middle; into which he is at full liberty to cram any thing or every thing he has ever heard, seen, thought, or read on pictures, statues, churches, manners, morals, costume, national characteristics, statesmen, diplomatists, monks, nuns, modes of faith, philosophy, and gastronomy.

> 'And how the subject theme may gang
> Let time and chance determine;
> Perhaps it may turn out a sang,
> Perhaps turn out a sermon.'

In most cases, we are compelled to say, a painful exhibition of flippancy and sciolism is the result; but occasionally the same seed falls on a rich soil, and fructifies. A man of cultivated mind, vivid imagination, and refined taste, amuses himself, as he proceeds, with recording impressions or collecting facts. They are new to himself; and, on careful comparison and inquiry, he finds many of them new to others. He lays them by for a period; then takes them up again; meditates on them; selects, retrenches, polishes, re-arranges — and we get a book like *Eöthen* or *The Crescent and the Cross.*

The books before us are of an intermediate quality. We do not believe that much pains have been taken in either case. The materials lay in the way of the writers, and they found them; and we have considerable doubts whether the fair authoress of *A few months' Residence in Portugal* had bestowed more than a few days attention on Portuguese history or literature before starting; or whether the author of *A Year of Consolation* (to be

derived principally from classical associations on classic ground) knew much more of the ancient Romans than the ordinary run of her countrywomen, whom she takes or makes so many opportunities of sneering at. But it is impossible to confound either of them with the cloud of lady travellers who recently darkened the horizon.* Neither of these books is a common book; and one of them (Mrs Butler's) with all its occasional faults of petulance and recklessness, is such as no one but a woman of genius, trained in the hard school of suffering, could have produced. It is from this conviction that we notice them; and we take them together for the sake rather of contrast than of similarity.

We begin with the *Journal*, which we believe it is no longer an indiscretion to announce as the work of Mrs Quillinan, the daughter of the poet of Rydal Mount. It is described in the preface as 'prepared solely for my friends at home,' and as making no pretensions even to hand-book popularity or utility, the more particularly, she tells us, since that formerly humble style of publication has been elevated into rank and importance by Mr Ford—

'My main inducement, indeed, to the publication of this desultory Journal is the wish to assist in removing prejudices which make Portugal an avoided land by so many of my roving countrymen and countrywomen, who might there find much to gratify them, if they could be persuaded that it does not deserve the reproach of being merely a land of unwashed, fiery barbarians, and over-brandied port wine. The shores of the Minho and of the Douro, as well as of the Tagus, so long called 'the home-station' of our navy, are now easy of access as the banks of the Rhine; and almost the whole length of the inland country, from Braganza to Faro, has to most of our travellers, who have been everywhere else, the recommendation of being new. It is to this 'great fact' —the possibility of finding novelty even yet in the Old World, and in a quarter within three days' voyage from the Isle of Wight—that I would call their attention, and not theirs only, but also that of ramblers from the New World, the countrymen of Prescott and Washington Irving, of whom every year brings so many to the Mediterranean side of Spain, yet so few to this, the Atlantic shore of Spain and westernmost coast of Europe,—a shore which ought peculiarly to interest all Americans; for hither swam Columbus from his burning ship; here he found a home and a wife; and here he meditated and prepared his plan of discovery, long before Isabella's patronage enabled him to realize it. Here, too, Martin Boehm found patronage; here Magellan and Alavres Cabral were born; and here, in the service of King Emanuel, died Americus, the man from whom half the globe so strangely received a name.'

* An exception should also be made for a book which escaped our attention at the time of publication, entitled *Rambles in Germany and Italy*, published in 1844, by the authoress of *Frankenstein*.

So far as an appeal of this sort can derive strength from personal character, that which we have just quoted ought to come with peculiar force; for, judging solely from this book, it would be difficult to conceive a more amiable, right-minded, sound-hearted, unaffected, impartial observer than Mrs Quillinan. She was travelling in pursuit of health. She was conscious of this; and conscious, moreover, that it was flying from her. It is difficult for the best of us, or the most philosophical (which is not always the same thing,) to rise superior to the depressing influence of such a consciousness; yet there is not a symptom of irritability from one end of the *Journal* to the other; all the inconveniences of bad inns, rough roads and quarrelsome mule-drivers, so fearfully jarring to the nerves of invalids, fail to make her querulous or unjust for a moment; and she has constantly an eye for all that is picturesque and sublime in scenery—an ear for all that is romantic or spirit-stirring in tradition—an unruffled habit of observation—a good deal of quiet humour—and as much enthusiasm as would be tolerated at present in favour of a nation indissolubly associated in the minds of Englishmen with old port. Her kindliness of feeling, however, does not prevent her from censuring in strong terms the absurd determination of English settlers in Portugal to adhere to English hours and English habits, which effectually prevents them from ever benefiting by the hospitality, or becoming intimately acquainted with the manners and modes of thinking, of the Portuguese.

In our opinion, it is difficult to feel comfortable (not to say, at home) in any country, without speaking the language, not even excepting those (Germany and Italy, for example) where French may serve as a sufficient medium of communication with the higher class; for little that is truly national can be learnt without mixing with the people. But for an Englishman or Englishwoman not to know Portuguese in Portugal, is tantamount to closing up a sense, and being restricted to seeing and reading, so far at least as society is concerned; since very few Portuguese speak either French or English. Yet Mrs Quillinan tells us that 'English ladies will not 'even take the pains to learn to read it, making a comfortable 'cloak of a high-minded reason, in which to conceal from them-'selves the true one—indolence. "It is a great waste of time," 'say the residents, "to learn to read a language which has but 'one book worth reading—Camoëns." A great mistake, by 'the by,' adds the journalist—as (*we* will add) any one may satisfy himself by simply turning to Sismondi or Bouterwek.

There is every conceivable variety of topic in this book, and we could easily select more than one specimen of the writer's

power of describing natural scenery, which would prove her a not unworthy descendant of the author of *The Excursion;* but our space is limited, good descriptions will not bear shortening, and we shall confine ourselves to brief extracts of a less exalted order.

Our readers may, at the present juncture, like us to give them an opportunity of knowing—though unaccompanied by any commentary of our own—the impression made on Mrs Quillinan by the Queen, the Court, and the Government; and, though her means of information were probably as slight as may be, it is just now of more than ordinary interest to learn, over and above what may be collected from diplomatic correspondence, what are the feelings entertained towards England by the different parties in Portugal:—

'We were at the opera again—ballet the best part of the entertainment. It was an Egyptian fancy mystery—the dancing excellent, and the scenery. The Queen and King Consort were present in their private box. Her Majesty is very fond of the opera, when she can go to her private box: anything of display or state is distasteful to her. She is never so happy as when riding in the lanes and woods of Cintra on her donkey, with her husband and children, to whom she is devoted. We heard much of her amiable disposition. She is too tender-hearted for a queen—for her own happiness, I mean. When tales are brought to her of distress, which she has not the power to relieve, she weeps like a child. But she has no real power. Her sceptre may be likened to a living serpent, that may glide out of her hand any day, but not without having stung her. She is distracted by proteus-charters and ever-changing constitutions—by liberal ministers, who would govern her and her people with absolute sway; less, too, for the lust of power, than the lust of filthy lucre; by an ill-armed, ill-paid, ill-conditioned soldiery, ever ready for riot at the call of the highest bidder, and military chiefs, who would all be Cæsars over Cæsar; by a discontented pauper people, who are tired of carrying on their shoulders the quacks and demagogues that have fooled them—a people that have trusted everybody till they will trust nobody. She is distracted between old friends and new friends, the new prevailing. Her husband, a Saxe Coburg Gotha, is said to be no friend to England; his adviser, a German, in the French interest; and his Portuguese creatures, some of them mouthy and red-hot patriots, as they call themselves,—literary, philosophical, and political, are downright Abaneesados in their paltry rancour against Great Britain.'

If the theatre be, as has been contended, an exponent or indication of the taste and feeling of a nation—a doctrine against which, considering the present state of our own drama, it might be prudent to protest—it would seem from the following passages that the taste of the Portuguese is at a very low ebb, and that the national feeling towards England is hardly such as we might have hoped to inspire by more than a century of heroic self-sacrifice in undermining our constitutions with their wine—

'One night our gentlemen went to the new theatre in the Square of Don Pedro (how long will it retain that name? for streets and squares change names with every change of party). Our English friends were much amused with the new tragedy, or melo-drama,—right merry and tragical—of the Twelve of England, in which twelve English ladies, who have been slandered by twelve English Knights, are championed by twelve Portuguese Knights, none of their own countrymen daring to fight for them. The twelve Englishmen, so dreaded, when arrayed in the lists, shrank at the first onset, and stood in a row with their heads down, to be stuck in the back by the valiant Portuguese, the Lusos valerosos, and were all killed in a moment. The enthusiasm of the audience was tremendously funny; and when they called for the author, the poor man presented himself on the stage, pale as a tallow-chandler, with the triumph of genius. Camoëns has told the story well, and like a true poet, patriotically and inoffensively. But this play was the *ne plus ultra* of swaggering balderdash. The story itself is as true, or as likely, as the stories of Tom Thumb and Jack the Giant-killer.'

Are the literary world, particularly the embryo Humes, Robertsons, Gibbons, and Hallams of these realms, aware that the history of Portugal—*i. e.* what can be fairly called *the* history, remains to be written, and that abundant materials are preserved in the Archives of Lisbon?—

'We thought of poor Mr Southey. What a diligent historiographer would he have been here, had but leisure and opportunity been his. How often did he long to be among these records, and how frequently would he say, that he looked to his projected history of Portugal as *the* work on which he founded his hope of a name, as if he had not done enough to establish a reputation. Not a page of his history has appeared, nor perhaps ever will, nor can, in the form that it would have best taken from his own hand. The history of Portugal—the most romantic of histories—is still unwritten, so we must console ourselves with such a one as we may get from Senhor Herculano, librarian to the King Consort.'

Senhor Herculano hates the English, because the good folks of Plymouth did not find out that he was a great man, when, exiled by Don Miguel, he took up his residence among them for a period; and not content with the everlasting infamy to which we are predestined in his forthcoming work, he is constantly abusing us in the newspapers. The story of the Portuguese and English Knights will probably become authentic in his hands.

We are irresistibly tempted by the following story regarding the dogs of Foz and Oporto, who, it seems, have gradually bred and multiplied themselves into a plague.

'A year or two ago, the magistrates, in order to abate this nuisance, offered so much for the head of every vagrant dog that might be found without its responsible owner in the street. Heads of dogs in plenty were produced for the reward at the police-office; and the dog-decapi-

tation trade prospered for some days, till it was discovered that not a head nor a hair had suffered of any of the mongrels against which the canine edict was issued; but any gentleman's dog that could be seized, and all the ladies' lap-dogs that could be caught, had been the victims.'

The trait is worthy of the peasantry of Ireland or the lazzaroni of Naples, whom we take to possess greater quickness of perception and aptness for practical repartee than the lower order of any other country; and it is a curious problem for political philosophers to solve, why this peculiar talent should be found co-existing, in such strongly marked instances, with bad government or neglect. Is it race, or climate, or the elasticity of mind produced by recklessness,—by the fearful habit of disregarding the future and living solely for the hour? We must now turn to Mrs Butler.

No two female travellers, capable of writing books, could differ more widely from one another than Mrs Butler and Mrs Quillinan. The one is essentially *objective*, the other essentially *subjective*; the one draws her materials almost exclusively from without, the other almost exclusively from within; the one observes and comments, the other thinks and feels; the one, with her quiet good sense, submits patiently to privations and conventionalities—the other, with her strong fierce volition, demeans herself, when they cross her, like an eaglet in a cage. It is the Lake school against the Romantic school: the *Excursion* against *Childe Harold*—we had almost said, against *Don Juan*: Rydal Mount against Covent Garden: but Covent Garden in its zenith, with the Kembles acting Shakspeare, and (flash after flash) electrifying an audience composed of all that was most brilliant and distinguished in the land.

Our great southern contemporary was pleased to call Mrs Norton the Byron of modern poetesses. The term was a misnomer as applied to her; for in her last poems and those by which she would most wish to be known (*The Child of the Islands*, for example), self is forgotten altogether, and her entire unbroken sympathies are with the poor. But Mrs Butler's style is to all intents and purposes Byronic; and there is hardly a striking page in her *Journal of a Residence in America* or the work before us, which is not strongly coloured by her own individuality and intense self-consciousness. Occasionally she gets beyond even Byron, and startles us with a fearless, too-confiding frankness, like Rousseau's. We pointed out this peculiarity ten years ago. We pointed out at the same time sundry offences against good taste, which we suggested it might be as well to avoid in future; but as Turner goes on making his skies and water yellower and redder in exact proportion as the enlightened public exclaims against them, just so is Mrs Butler determined never to be

reasoned by the pressgang (her own word) into the proprieties. Or, to take a family illustration: Once, in the height of the famous controversy about *aches*, which John Philip Kemble persevered, night after night, in pronouncing *aitches*, in defiance alike of the yells of the pit and the remonstrances of friends, who thought he was giving undue importance to a trifle,—he was overheard exclaiming to himself, 'No, I never will give up my *aitches*.' If Mrs Butler ever soliloquises—and we never yet knew a man or woman of genius who did not—we are quite sure she might be overheard exclaiming, 'No, I never will give up my indiscretions and personalities. Come what come may, I will not only utter at the time, but print for the public, any predilections or antipathies that may cross my mind, and give that same public the benefit of my passing opinion on every thing and every body, not excepting those nearest or dearest to me.'

The *Year of Consolation* commences thus:—

'*Saturday, Dec. 20th.*—Left Southampton per steamboat for Havre, at ten o'clock at night. The weather clear overhead, but blowing very hard. Horrible little boat; where, *objecting to lie close to two old women*, the only empty berths were one into which the water forced itself, or one in close proximity to the boiler. In the latter I slept.'

Is Mrs Butler aware that one of the principal grounds on which Lord Eldon relied, in the Wellesley case, for depriving the father of the guardianship of his sons, was a letter recommending the persecution of old women and cats?

In her *Journal of a Residence in America* she coolly showed up a near relation; in this book she contents herself with showing up her maid:—

'*Monday, 22d.*—It is a very great blessing to have a comfortable maid; and the next blessing to that is to have an entertaining one. To expect both would be unreasonable; for the creature, maid, cannot by possibility be both useful and amusing. This morning, as I looked at the pale golden bars of light in the east, flecked with dark copper-coloured clouds, that gradually grew dusky red as the great fire of the day kindled behind them, and exclaimed, "How beautiful!" ———, with her innocent mouth wide open, and her grey lack-lustre eyes steadily fixed upon the glowing splendour, said in a tone of philosophic suggestion, "I suppose the sun is going to come up somewhere about there." I suggested the moon, or a great fire; but, with a smile infinitely more stupid than her seriousness even, she said, "No, she knew better than that!" What a delicious thing pure *niaiserie* is! Shakespeare has done it, like every thing else, better than any one else—the clown in *Anthony and Cleopatra*, Audrey, Sir Andrew Aguecheek—jewels of the first water all of them.'—Vol. i. p. 3.

Surely the liability to this kind of exhibition ought to be considered in the wages. We must do Mrs Butler the justice to

say, that there is nothing like *malice prepense* about her, and that she does not spare her own self-love more than that of other people; or rather, (Rousseau-like again) she indulges a more refined self-love, or still higher pride, by baring all her feelings (the weak and wayward ones inclusive) to the world. As Curran said of Byron, she weeps for the press, and wipes her eyes with the public. But ought we to quarrel with the tendency, the irresistible impulse, which drives her to it? Is there not genius of a high (not perhaps the very highest) order which necessarily takes wing from egotism? Are not some of the finest efforts of the imagination owing to the faculty which enables the mind to blend itself with the sublime or beautiful in art or nature, till its own vivid conceptions take the place of the object and the very notion of reality seems lost? Is not this frequently found indissolubly connected with the intense self-consciousness we have been speaking of? And ought we to complain, or be over-critical, when we get a little dross with the gold,—when the habitual indulgence of the faculty leads now and then to the morbid, capricious, or even hurtful exercise of it?

Neither, again, should it be forgotten how character is formed by circumstances. Is there any intoxication in the world equal, while it lasts, to that produced by the applause of a crowded theatre?—is there any career in life so spirit-stirring for a period, and eventually so spirit-crushing, as that of a successful actor or actress?—did a prolonged succession of high excitements ever yet fail to create a fearful degree of morbid irritability?—or is it in human nature, to have one's vanity or self-esteem alternately depressed and elevated, from hour to hour, night after night, for years, without thinking one's feelings of more than ordinary importance to mankind? Moreover, it is far from clear that the disorders or peculiarities of genius, or those superinduced by particular modes of thinking and living, may not be inherited like gout, which occasionally skips a generation or an individual; and Mrs Butler belongs to a family whose entire existence has been one of representation; which has lived and moved, and had its being before the foot-lights; which, through the hard necessity of its position (proud, and proudly sustained, as that position was), found itself obliged for nearly half a century to weigh everything—name, fame, fortune, hopes, and prospects—in the unsteady and ill-balanced scales of popular favour.

If we read this book—as books of travels are commonly read—carelessly, superficially, and with the view of picking up a few facts or whiling away an unoccupied hour—the chances are that we shall pronounce it an unsatisfactory or uninteresting book; but if we make an effort (which Goethe used to say every fair

critic ought to make) to place ourselves in the writer's point of view and situation, and then go deliberately along with her—the sense of her power, of her originality, of the depth and variety of her reflections, of the warmth and richness of her imagination, very soon comes upon us and remains with us to the end, rendering the self-imposed task a fascinating one. Yet it is not the things themselves, or the information we get regarding them, but her mode of looking at them, her *subjective* treatment (to speak æsthetically again), that constitutes the charm. The best specimens are, unluckily, too long for quotation. The following extracts, however, will serve to illustrate what we mean :—

'Returning home, the arches of the aqueducts were all gilt within the sunset. How beautiful they are, those great chains, binding the mountains to the plain, with their veins of living water! The links are broken, and the graceful line interrupted, and the flowing element within withdrawn to its heart in the mountains, and now they are only the most beautiful ruins in the whole world. Sometimes, when seen from a height which commanded a long stretch of their course, they reminded me of the vertebræ of some great serpent, whose marrow was the living water, of which Rome drank for centuries.

'We drove on to the Coliseum. I was again surprised to find how absolutely correct the imagination I had formed of it was. How curious this is! or rather, indeed, it is not curious, that the face of nature and the human countenance can never be so described as to give an absolute and positive to the mind, which shall be identical with the reality, while, with these, the most stupendous works of the hand of man, measurement, description, and imitation, can make us perfectly and familiarly acquainted. I believe the height of the Coliseum, as well as that of St Peter's, was rather greater than I had expected. We stopped for a while looking from this great ruin to the beautiful arch of Constantine; and then driving up the Via Sacra, through the arch of Titus, by the ruins of the Palace of the Cæsars, the Forum, and Trajan's pillar, we returned home. I have seen all this! it is mine!'

On a picture:

'The first was a landscape, by Poussin; a view of the banks of the Tiber—a most perfect picture, which made me exclaim with delight and admiration, as soon as I saw it. The yellow untidy shelving banks, the thick muddy water rolling its dirty white eddies like a solution of putty, were objects that could not in themselves be called beautiful; but the purple light, or rather darkness, that enveloped the whole; the truth, the reality and ideality at once of it, were marvellous. I greatly prefer a fine landscape to a fine portrait; the copy of the human countenance, like the human countenance itself, suggests the nature of man—unrest; the copy of nature, like nature itself, suggests God—repose.'

Sight-seeing in general:

'After walking, as if on eggs, all round the church—for I have always

a sort of feeling that I ought to be turned out, since I don't come there to pray,—we returned to the coach-stand, where, having made a bargain with a charioteer to drive us hither and thither for five hours, we proceeded in regular traveller's fashion, to do all the churches, palaces, gardens, and fountains, that could be crammed into the time. The result of all which, in my mind, was one huge hodge-podge of black, red, and white marble, gilding, pictures, statues, pretty coloured floors and ceilings. Fortunately, the divine blue sky, and the pleasant hanging gardens, with their dark-green leaves and golden fruit, gave me some repose between each sight; but I think, to look at a kaleidoscope for an hour together, is nearly as pleasant, and quite as profitable, as this sort of succession of sights.'

We quote these passages simply as characteristic—as showing how thought and feeling are blended with observation in this book. In short, it is eminently suggestive, and constantly sets us thinking, but not always in the right direction; and the pettiest provocation on the road, is often enough to unhinge the mind and disturb the judgment of the writer. Get her to Italy, and she rises with the subject; yet, even here, we often wish that her genius was of a softer character, and that she would less frequently remind us of Pope's couplet on another lady—

> 'Yet ne'er so sure our passion to create,
> As when she touch'd the brink of all we hate.'

For example, she sends for change for a gold piece, and counts it wrong; an Italian lacquey (as many French or English, and all Swiss lacqueys, would have done) permits her to cheat herself; and forthwith an entire people is condemned.

'Of such experiences, one day in Italy is full; and not all the glory of the past can atone to me for the present shame of the people, nor all the loveliness of external things make up for the ugliness of human souls without truth or honour. Women without chastity, and men without integrity, and a whole country without religion, make a poor residence, in my humble judgment, unless one could be turned into one's eyes, and all one's perceptions be limited to the faculty of seeing the Divine beauty which this baseness mars.'—Vol. ii. p. 49.

We earnestly entreat Mrs Butler to turn to *Corinne* (Book 5, c. 3), and read over carefully the letter to Lord Nelvil; and we are quite sure she will never again be guilty of such injustice, or repeat such platitudes. Nay, what she herself has told us of the feelings of the Roman populace for the new Pope, suggests a conclusive answer to her own diatribe—by showing, at the same time, the corrupting character of the hitherto existing government and institutions, and the impotence even of such government and such institutions to crush the native spirit of

the people, or keep down their enthusiasm for what is noble, generous, and good—

'Oh, give but a hope, let a vista but gleam
Through the gloom of their country, and mark how they'd feel.'

After all, the gems of this book are the poetry; and it is a curious fact that Mrs Butler, so careless, so occasionally unrefined, in her prose writings, is always uniformly correct, chastened, and refined in verse.

Rome ought never to be visited for the first time as a consolation; the mind should be entirely free from all impressions unconnected with the genius of the place; and the associations which the first sight of it may be expected to call up, have been best described in an unrivalled and well-known passage by Mr Alison. But, considered merely as an eloquent, almost involuntary outpouring of melancholy thoughts, nothing can well be finer than Mrs Butler's lines (vol. i. p. 118) beginning—

'Early in life, when hope seems prophecy,
And strong desire can sometimes mould a fate,
My dream was of thy shores, O Italy!

But *l'homme propose, Dieu dispose;* and when she does come, it is

'Not in that season of my life, when life
Itself was rich enough for all its need,
And I yet held its whole inheritance;
But in the bankrupt days when all is spent,
Bestow'd, or stolen, wasted, given away,
To buy a store of bitter memories.'—

It is sad to dwell upon such a picture, and know that it is a copy from the life. Yet these pages abound with indications of improvement, moral and mental; and we think we may venture to say that the wanderer has been at least partially consoled. Mixed up with the burst of indignation, the sigh of despondency, and the hardly suppressed cry of despair, are better, far better things. Let the reader who has been repelled by the reflections suggested by the dishonest lacquey, turn, by way of antidote, to those suggested by the port of Marseilles (vol. i. p. 98); and (as regards merely the utility of the publication) it would be injustice not to say, before concluding, that Mrs Butler's account of the new Papal policy is the clearest that has yet appeared in English to our knowledge: that there is a very curious account of the real origin of Werther (pp. 129-141) in the second volume; and (though we wish she had been a little more charitable to her own countrymen) that many of her hints, if taken in good part, might materially aid in removing the prejudices which unluckily still prevail against both American and English travellers on the Continent.

ART. IX.—1. *Materials for a History of Oil Painting.* By CHARLES LOCK EASTLAKE, R.A., F.R.S., F.S.A., Secretary to the Royal Commission for Promoting the Fine Arts in connexion with the re-building the Houses of Parliament, &c. &c. London: 1847.

2. *A 'Copy of the Minutes of the Trustees of the National Gallery, during the years* 1845 *and* 1846, *with the names of all the Trustees present at each meeting; also copies of the orders and instructions to the Keeper of the Gallery respecting the cleaning of the Pictures, and any directions in respect to this arrangement; and of any other documents thereto.'* Ordered by the House of Commons to be printed, 4th February 1847.

WHEN Diderot was told that Descamps had taken to writing instead of painting, he is said to have addressed him in the following words:—'On dit que vous vous mêlez de littérature; Dieu veuille que vous soyez meilleur en belles lettres, qu'en peinture.' In a very different spirit ought the public to address Mr Eastlake. When, as this year, we miss his pictures from the exhibition of the Royal Academy, we regret that he is so much occupied with other matters; on the other hand, when we open this book, we cannot but lament that the author should not be entirely devoted to literature. It is seldom, indeed, that such qualifications for writing on the history of painting meet in the same person, or that practical excellence and ardent love for his own art are seconded, as in this case, by the capacity for acquiring knowledge, and communicating it in an agreeable form. The title of Mr Eastlake's book is singularly modest; more information is to be found in his 'Materials for a History of Oil Painting' than is generally comprised in works with much more pompous denominations.

The history of oil-painting is deeply interesting in itself, as involving an account of that mode of execution which is now most prevalent in Europe, and which is certainly most applicable to cabinet pictures. Whatever may be the merits of fresco on a large scale, oil-painting is far superior to all other methods, in the power of combining force and substance with transparency. It is, moreover, the exception in the history of art; it is the gift of the North to the South. The artists of France, Flanders, and Germany, have gone forth in successive swarms to imbibe instruction in Italy; but oil-painting was substantially created in the Low Countries, and shot up there at once to a perfection which it has never yet exceeded. To this question, however,

we shall return. But before we attempt to give a summary of the results arrived at by our author, it is necessary shortly to state the nature of the material itself, the application of which to painting is the subject of his book.

There is one class of oils known as *drying oils*—such as poppy oil, linseed oil, and walnut oil—which have the quality of thickening by the absorption of oxygen, on exposure to the air, and which thus dry up with greater or less rapidity; this tendency may be increased by the addition of litharge, or any metallic oxide, which supplies the oxygen to the oil in greater abundance and more quickly than it could otherwise obtain it. There is another class, the *unctuous oils*—like olive oil—which may be said never to dry for such a purpose as painting; while a third kind, the *volatile* or *essential oils*—such as oil of turpentine, or oil of lavender—are odoriferous, from readily diffusing themselves through the atmosphere, and may be distilled without losing their qualities.

The manufacture of drying oils must have preceded the use of oil as a vehicle for colour, even in the warmest climates. We are tolerably certain that the ancients did not practise oil-painting; but it is, Mr Eastlake observes, by no means so clear, that the materials for this process were unknown even in the time of the most celebrated artists of antiquity. Walnut oil and poppy oil were known to Dioscorides. The juice of linseed is mentioned by Hippocrates, and its drying qualities are especially noticed by Galen. The oil extracted from walnuts occurs among those enumerated by Pliny. Aetius (a physician of the sixth century) speaks of drying oils in connexion with works of art, since he mentions the application of walnut oil, on account of its desiccative qualities, by gilders and encaustic painters. Thus then, as Mr Eastlake says, 'the principal materials employed in modern oil-painting were, at least, 'ready for the artist, and waited only for a Van Eyck, in the age 'of Ludius and the painters of Pompeii'—(p. 15.) Nor is it at all clear that many of the processes handed down to the painters of the middle ages were not derived from the ancients. There was long an intimate connexion between medicine and painting; the dispensary or laboratory of the Christian convent furnished at once the drugs which were administered in the former, and the pigments which were required by the latter art. The monks were in this, as in other matters, the depositaries of all the traditional knowledge coming down from earlier times; and while the institution of a body corporate, like a convent, was admirably adapted for storing such information, the pursuits of their daily life gave them every inducement to preserve and apply

the secrets relating both to physic and painting. Nothing can be more curious than the notion of a Frenchman taking out of the hand of an ecclesiastical painter in the monastery of Mount Athos, such a MS. as that from which M. Didron has printed his 'Manuel d'Iconographie Chrétienne.' The technical recipés of the Byzantine Empire—as applied, not merely to the execution, but to the conception of the picture—are found in every-day use, and are thus made to circulate through Europe in a French translation.

Derived from such sources, traces of the application of drying oils to the arts continue through the period which elapsed between Aetius and Van Eyck; linseed oil, however, was preferred to others for making varnish, up to the time of the latter artist. At the close of the 15th, or beginning of the 16th century, artists began to employ the varnishes made with the essential oils. Our author says—

'In the preceding chapter it has been shown that walnut oil (probably thickened in the sun to the consistence of a varnish) was employed in the fifth century to protect paintings and gilt surfaces; and that a varnish, in which linseed-oil was a chief ingredient, was used for similar purposes in the eighth century. It has been seen that the linseed-oil varnish, improved and simplified in its preparation, was common in the twelfth century, at which time a thickened oil, without resin, was also employed. In neither of the documents whence these notices are taken, is there any allusion to the immixture of solid pigments with the oils. The only approach to such a method, consisted in tinging the varnish with a transparent yellow, and spreading it over tinfoil, to imitate gold. Directions for preparing such a composition are given in two of the earliest sources above referred to, viz., the "Lucca Treatise" and the "Mappæ Clavicula." The process was common in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, and appears to have been adopted for some of the decorations in St Stephen's Chapel at Westminster.

'The earliest writers who distinctly describe the mixture of solid colours with oil, for the purposes of painting, are Eraclius, Theophilus, Peter de St Audemar, and the unknown author of a similar treatise, which is preserved in the British Museum. To these sources are to be added some authentic records of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, which prove that the methods described in contemporary treatises on art, were then occasionally practised. These materials furnish a criterion for fixing the original date of certain later references to oil-painting, or rather to its primitive methods; they show that some of these directions, though written in the fifteenth century, were merely repetitions of older formulæ, and consequently had no connexion with the improvements introduced by Van Eyck.'—(pp. 30, 31.)

Before we proceed to discuss the position and merits of the great Flemish master, we must detain the reader for a short time, in order to lay before him the nature of the authorities

which we now possess with reference to the earlier practice of oil-painting. It will be necessary, also, briefly to consider what were the usual processes of the art at the time when Van Eyck is supposed to have made his great discovery.

The MS. treatise, 'Mappæ Clavicula,' appears to have been transcribed in the twelfth century;* the other two writers, whom it is necessary to mention, are 'Eraclius de Coloribus et Artibus Romanorum,' and 'Theophilus diversarum artium Schedula;' copies of both, apparently dating from the thirteenth century, are in the British Museum. Mr Hendrie, in his recent edition of Theophilus from the most complete MS. (that in the Museum), expresses an opinion, that Eraclius lived before the end of the tenth century: this he infers from the absence of all allusion to the infusion of Arab science: that he wrote after the middle of the seventh century, is shown by his quotations from Isidore. The work of Theophilus, Mr Hendrie ascribes to the early half of the eleventh century. We cannot say that we feel satisfied that either of these writers can claim quite so early a date.

Now the 'Mappæ Clavicula,' though it speaks of varnishes composed of drying oil, and particularly of castor oil, makes no mention whatever of oil-painting, properly so called; whereas the mixture of pigments with linseed oil is distinctly taught by Eraclius and by Theophilus. The latter author tells us, that the object on which the colour was applied must be dried in the sun, which proves that his oil was not very carefully prepared. Mr Eastlake goes on to show that—'Whatever may have been 'the purposes for which it was considered fit, it is clear that oil-'painting was sometimes employed in Germany, France, and 'Italy, during the fourteenth century, if not before. That it 'was also practised in England at the same period, there is 'abundant proof. The only question as regards its early use, 'both in this country and elsewhere, is, to what kinds of decora-'tion it was applied.'—(p. 48.)

Our author then gives us numerous extracts from English records, clearly showing the copious use of oil in all the decorative works executed in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. It is proved to have been employed in the composition of varnishes; as a mordant for gilding; for a certain sort of glass painting; in painting walls, columns, and wood; and in one case, at Ely, it was used 'pro ymaginibus super columnas depingendis.' We cannot but think it probable that in this instance coloured statues or reliefs, carved in wood, are more likely to be meant

* This MS. belongs to Sir Thomas Phillips, and has been recently published by Mr Albert Way.

than figures painted on a flat surface. Theophilus, however, it must be admitted, in the following passage quoted by Mr Eastlake, does imply that the tints of the objects themselves in pictures, were to be mixed and applied with linseed oil. He says—

'And then take the colours which you wish to lay on, grinding them carefully with linseed oil, without water, and make tints for faces and for draperies, as you before made with water, and you will vary beasts, or birds, or leaves, in their colours, as it may please you.'—(chap. xxvi.)

We believe with Mr Eastlake that little reliance can be placed on the evidence adduced in favour of pretended oil pictures of a very early period. It is not possible in many cases to distinguish between a painting executed in oil colours, and one which has been gone over with an oil varnish. The author adds in a subsequent note the following remarkable conclusion with reference to English art:—

'The claims of different nations to what has been called "the antiquity of ignorance," are of little importance; but it is clear from the documents which have been adduced in this chapter, that, as regards the mere process, and without reference to its application, oil-painting was more generally and successfully employed in England than elsewhere, during the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. This may be another reason for supposing some connexion to have existed between Eraclius, who appears to be the oldest writer on oil-painting, and the country where his directions were most commonly put in practice.'—(p. 61, note.)

We must now turn to the condition of painting during the latter part of the fourteenth century. The documents which illustrate this period are a Venetian MS. in the British Museum; the Byzantine treatise, published by Didron and Durand, or at least such parts of it as bear evidence of antiquity; and, above all, the treatise on painting of Cennino Cennini, which is now accessible to the English reader in the translation of Mrs Merrifield.

Cennino di Drea Cennini da Colle di Valdelsa is quoted by Vasari in his life of Agnolo Gaddi. He himself tells us that he learnt his art for twelve years under Agnolo, who was the pupil of his father Taddeo, the godson and scholar of Giotto. In Cennini, therefore, we have the precepts of the first Florentine masters handed down in direct descent from their great leader Giotto. The text published by Tambroni, in 1821, is taken from a MS. in the Vatican, which had once belonged to Stosch, and is a mere transcript, made apparently by some foreigner in the eighteenth century. At the end of the MS. are the words, 'Finito Libro, referamus gratias Christi 1437. a dì 31 di Luglio. 'ex stincarum f.' Mr Eastlake says it has been thought that

this is no proof that Cennini's original MS. was not written earlier; and adds, that the oldest and best copy known, that in the Riccardi Library at Florence, has no such date. In fact, it is scarcely to be supposed that the date of 1437 can represent the date of the composition of the book. Agnolo Gaddi worked as early as 1346, but he did not die till 1387. While it is therefore just *possible* that Cennini, after studying twelve years with him, may have finished his treatise in 1437, on the other hand it is extremely improbable that he did so. On such a supposition, Cennini must have been the scholar of Gaddi only during the very last years of his life, when, as we have seen, Agnolo himself could not have been young; while the treatise would have been composed, or, at any rate, terminated, when the author was nearly eighty years of age, if not more. The Italian editor, and others after him, have expressed great sympathy with the artist lying in a debtor's prison (for such were 'le Stinche') at his time of life. We believe, however, that the words in question refer to the transcriber of the copy whence the MS. was taken; and such are the opinions of Baron von Rumohr and of Bottari; the former of whom asserts that the copying of MSS. was a usual mode of occupation for imprisoned debtors at Florence.

It has been considered possible that Cennini derived his knowledge of oil-painting in some indirect mode from Van Eyck, whose discovery, if it is to be so called, was made before 1410; but even admitting that 1437 was the date, not of the transcription, but of the composition of the book, any such conclusion would be extremely improbable. We may safely assume that we have in Cennini the traditional practice of the Florentine school in the fourteenth century. To say nothing of the recipés of earlier writers, if Cennini had derived any thing even indirectly from Van Eyck, he would in his treatise have made some reference to the improved method, whereas what he tells us is given as the repetition of formulæ long received. In fact, there is nothing in it essentially different from the instructions of Eraclius. It is singular, however, that he introduces what he says on oil-painting, by speaking of the method in question as much employed by the Germans—a name probably including the Flemings. He then goes on to instruct his reader how to prepare linseed oil, both by boiling and by exposure to the sun, and proceeds to give directions that every colour should be ground up separately with such oil, and laid on with minever pencils. He says, 'Then leave the work for some days; and, 'resuming it when it is dry, go over the surface again as may 'be required. Paint flesh in the same manner, and any thing

'you may wish to represent, mountains, trees, or other ob-
'jects.'

With this passage before him, it is singular that Vasari should have distinctly asserted that Cennini speaks of 'grinding colours 'with oil for executing grounds of red, blue, green, and other 'kinds, and of mordants for laying on gold, but not for figures,' ('*ma non già per figure.*'). We have, on the contrary, a clear statement of the practice of using drying oil as a vehicle for colour, and applying it even to flesh-tints and landscape. The practice may thus be assumed to be as old as the fourteenth century. Cennini also mentions the use of varnish (*vernice liquida*) for the purpose of preparing a mordant; but, as the English translator has remarked, he does not refer to the mixture of varnish with colours, except in the 161st chapter, in which he speaks of the singular commission which an artist might receive to paint over the living face of a man or woman! We do not know whether we are to imagine a Florentine lady sending for an artist as she would for her hair-dresser, and keeping the muscles of her face still while the fine flesh-tints were laid on with varnish or drying oil; and yet it is difficult to put any other construction on the words of old Cennini.

Mr Eastlake observes—'It is remarkable, that, notwith-'standing the general reference to flesh painting (*é così fà dello 'incarnare*) in Cennini's directions, there are no certain examples 'of pictures of the fourteenth century, in which the flesh is exe-'cuted in oil colours. This leads us to inquire, what were the 'ordinary applications of oil-painting in Italy at that time? It 'appears that the method, when adopted at all, was considered 'to belong to the complemental and merely decorative parts of 'a picture. It was employed in portions of the work only—on 'draperies, and over gilding and prints.'—P. 71. He adds—'Italian pictures belonging to the fourteenth, and first half of 'the fifteenth century, frequently exhibit the partial oil-painting 'above described. It is detected by the difference of surface, 'the portions covered with oil colour being more raised than 'other parts of the work. The preparation with yolk of egg, 'as in the last example quoted, would increase the appearance; 'but the oil alone, from the thickness of its consistence, causes 'a sensible inequality.'—P. 73.

The most important parts, such as the faces, hands, and naked portions of the figure, were generally executed in tempera; and it was assumed in practice that oil-painting was unfit for all delicate operations of the pencil. The Byzantine MS., published by M. Didron, mentions the application of naphtha to thin ickened drying oil; but no such use of the essential oils to have been known to Cennini. In fact, M. Merimée's

conviction is, that this writer could have had no practical experience of the process of oil-painting which he describes. We need not discuss this conclusion; but it will be well for the reader to consider shortly the usual methods of painting familiar to the Italian artists of the fourteenth, and the first half of the fifteenth century. We shall then be in a position to estimate the change made by the supposed invention of Van Eyck.

The word '*tempera*' is used in more than one signification; sometimes it signifies no more than the liquid vehicle by means of which the colour was applied; occasionally it means a glutinous, in opposition to an unctuous medium; and in its most restricted sense it is properly applicable to a vehicle in which yolk of egg is the principal ingredient, sometimes mixed with the white, and sometimes, as in the practice of the Italian painters, beat up with the milky juice of the young fig-tree.

Mr Eastlake thus speaks of *tempera*, properly so called:—'On walls and in coarse work, warm size was occasionally used, 'but the egg vehicle, undiluted, was preferred for altar pictures 'on wood. Thus used, and drying quickly, it was difficult to 'effect a union of tints in the more delicately modelled parts of 'a work—for instance, in the flesh—without covering the surface with lines, (*tratteggiare*, Anglicé, hatching,) in the manner of a drawing. Vasari, indeed, assumes that tempera 'pictures could not be executed otherwise. Examples of works 'painted with the egg vehicle being rounded and duly finished 'without this laborious process, are certainly not common in 'Italy. The pictures of Gentile de Fabriano and Sandro Botticelli are among the rare exceptions. An early specimen of 'Perugino, in the National Gallery, exhibits the dryer method.' —Pp. 102-3.

Our author goes on to say, that the old Rhenish pictures, such as the glorious altar-piece in the cathedral of Cologne, have scarcely any appearance of this hatching. Various methods were in use for making the tempera dry more slowly. When the picture was on cloth, the back was kept wet with a sponge, and in Germany and England honey was used; a material which has recently been again introduced into the manufacture of water-colours.

With regard to fresco painting, the reader knows that the characteristic of genuine fresco (*buon fresco*) is, that so much only should be executed on the wall at one time as will cover the fresh plaster, and will keep wet while the painter is employed upon it; consequently, every such fresco is full of minute joinings, which it requires some contrivance on the part of the artist to conceal, and which demand that the whole design

should be carefully made out beforehand on a cartoon, so as to fall into its proper place in these successive portions of plaster as they are applied. Real fresco is a far superior method in all important particulars to what is called '*fresco secco*,' which existed early in the thirteenth century; while the first work in '*buon fresco*' is supposed by Mr Eastlake to be that painted by Pietro d'Orvieto, in the Campo Santo of Pisa, about the year 1390. Fresco does not admit of the same depth of shade and the same concentration of effect as may be attained in oils; but this in reality makes it better adapted for decorative purposes, and it forces the artist to pay greater attention to the intrinsic qualities of the picture, such as composition, form, and colour. Mr Wilson, the able director of the School of Design, in his Report, printed in the appendix to that of the Commissioners of the Fine Arts, gives us some most interesting information on the subject of fresco painting He says, indeed, 'We find in the 'frescos of the old masters every quality of execution that has 'a name in oil-painting, although those qualities are necessarily 'exemplified in different degrees. We have transparency, opacity, 'richness; we have thin and thick painting, nay, loading; and 'that to an extent that cannot be contemplated in oil. We have 'the calm, transparent, elegant painting of the Florentines and 'Romans; the rich variety of the Venetians; and there are 'cases in which the well-nourished brush of Rembrandt seems 'represented in the works of the fresco painters of old Italian 'times.'—*Second Report*, p. 27.

With respect to these qualities, there is none in which modern German frescos are so utterly wanting, as in that of transparency, and it seems rather difficult to explain how the heaviness, which characterises so many of their works, is to be avoided. We have never seen Luini's best frescos; but, judging from description, he would appear to have been master of this material in a most remarkable degree. Paintings executed in '*fresco secco*' are said to be always heavy and opaque, when compared with those in '*buon 'fresco*.' In the former method, the wall is kept artificially wet, and the work can be left, and taken up again at any time. For arabesques or delicate ornaments, in which the joinings of real fresco would be offensive, it is said to be the best process. Frescos were sometimes retouched in tempera or '*a secco*,' as Vasari terms it; and this must not be confounded with the method of executing the work throughout, in '*fresco secco*,' on walls of which the plastering is complete, before the painting is begun. We have not space to consider wax-painting, although the subject is full of curious learning; and its revival in our own day lends it additional interest. But we will turn at once to the masters Hubert and John Van Eyck.

Van Mander,* the earliest Flemish authority for the lives of the painters, places the birth of Hubert Van Eyck, the elder brother, in 1366; his death, according to an epitaph recorded by the same author, took place in 1426. The supposed portrait of Hubert, on the panel of the Ghent picture now at Berlin, represents an old man, probably of the age of sixty. This picture, though finished by John, was in part the work of his elder brother, who painted the three figures of God the Father, the Virgin, and St John. The date of John Van Eyck's birth has been a matter of much discussion. His portrait, by the side of his brother's, on the wing of the Ghent picture, looks like a man of about thirty-five years of age. The picture in the National Gallery very probably is another portrait of the artist and his wife; for the inscription upon it is certainly 'Johannes de Eyck fecit hic—1434;'† and it is difficult to give any other meaning to these words, than that which would assert that the artist and the man in the picture were one and the same person. If this be correct, Van Eyck must have been between forty and forty-five in 1434. Now, Vasari, in his life of Antonello da Messina, says of John Van Eyck, 'Ma divenuto 'vecchio, ne fece grazia finalmente (that is of the secret of oil-'painting) a Ruggieri da Bruggia.' Vasari's information respecting historical details, is probably derived from authentic tradition, but he is too incorrect in the dates relating to masters of his own country, and his account of John Van Eyck is too full of chronological difficulties, for us to put much confidence in any thing so vague as this. The verses of Lucas de Heere, printed by Van Mander, speak of John Van Eyck's early death, which indeed Van Mander himself appears to question, but probably, as Mr Eastlake says, on the authority only of Vasari's account.

Another writer of Ghent, a contemporary of Vasari, states expressly that John died young; and it appears further that in the accounts of a lottery preserved in the archives of Bruges relating to February 24, 1445, the widow of John Van Eyck is named.‡ To this may be added the fact, that a picture executed for the Abbot or Provost of the Church of St Martin at Ypres, is, in a

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* Van Mander was born 1548, and died 1606. His book was first published in 1604, and the second edition appeared in 1618. The third, published in 1764, is in fact a paraphrase of the original work.

† M. Michiels, in his recent history of Flemish painting, first misspells this inscription, and then argues that it cannot be by Van Eyck, because it is barbarously spelt!

‡ The year began at Easter, and therefore this date is really Feb. 24, 1446.

MS. of the fifteenth century, assigned to the year 1445. This picture was left unfinished, although the Abbot himself lived two years afterwards. Taking all these facts together, and assuming that the portrait in the Ghent picture was painted about the time of the death of Hubert in 1426, or soon afterwards, the conclusion seems probable that John Van Eyck died in 1445, at the age of fifty or fifty-five years.

One curious fact may be noticed here, and this is the visit of John Van Eyck to Portugal. It appears that when Philip the Good was about to take a third wife, he despatched an embassy to Portugal, to solicit the hand of Isabella, daughter of John I. The embassy arrived in December 1428; and there, to use the words of the old record quoted by Rathgeber (p. 36), 'Avec 'ce, lesdits ambassadeurs par ung nommé maistre Jehan de 'Eyck, valet de chambre de mon dit seigneur de Bourgoigne, et 'excellent maistre en art de painture, firent paindre bien au 'vif la figure de madite dame l'infante Elisabeth.' The portrait was finished in February, and was sent home with a report; both appear to have given satisfaction; the lady was at least fortunate in the excellence of the artist who painted her portrait. In October 1429, the embassy left Portugal, but did not reach the court of Flanders until Christmas-day. John Van Eyck therefore was absent a year.

There is something exceedingly striking in the air of mystery which surrounds the Van Eycks and their works. Of their technical improvements we shall speak hereafter; but whatever they were, they came recommended by a power of seeing nature in all her truth and simplicity, such as never has been exceeded, joined to a strong sense of the grandeur and beauty of the old Christian types. When Fuseli said that the heads of God the Father, the Virgin, and the St John, in the great Ghent picture, were not inferior in roundness, force, and sweetness, to the heads of Leonardo da Vinci, and possessed a more positive principle of colour, he did not exaggerate their merits. They are moreover solemn and grand as the finest Italian works of the fifteenth century. Then, again, the subordinate portions of the same picture—the warriors and judges—are full of life and truth; while the green and juicy landscape, with all its marvellous details, contains the germ of the school which afterwards bore fruit in the landscape painters of Holland and the Low Countries. The first time we ever saw these panels of Van Eyck's great works, which are now at Ghent, was in the year 1816. They then looked peculiarly forlorn, for they had just returned from Paris, and were standing on the ground in one of the chapels, covered with dust from the journey. The Sacristan, zealous to show this glory of his native

town, in the return of which from hopeless exile he no doubt rejoiced—without a moment's hesitation spat in the face of the principal figure, and wiped the picture with his handkerchief! Even now, hanging as they do, these pictures of the Eternal Father, the Virgin, and St John, with the adoration of the Lamb, always produce a melancholy effect upon the beholder. They bear the same relation to the great and glorious altar-piece of which they formed a part, as the grass-grown squares and streets of Ghent itself bear to the old city—to that city which, as Froissart tells us, could pour forth its 80,000 men between the age of sixty and fifteen, all able to bear arms. This was when Jacques d'Arteveldt, the contemporary of Hubert Van Eyck, 'raygned in 'Flanders in great prosperyte and puysaunce, and was as great 'with the Kyng of Englande as he wolde desyre.' The city has sunk to a mere provincial town in a fourth-rate kingdom: the panels of the altar-piece have been wrenched asunder, and are scattered abroad in different collections—never to be again united.

There are difficulties and inconsistencies in the account given by Vasari of the introduction of oil-painting into Italy by Antonello da Messina; but the main facts—that he studied in Flanders, in the school founded by the Van Eycks, and that he was the first to spread abroad the new method of oil-painting south of the Alps—seem sufficiently established. The native writers concur in asserting this, and his works show a clear resemblance to the style of the Flemish painters. Vasari's sources of information, though he was loose and inaccurate, especially as to dates, were in the main trustworthy. He was born in 1512, and his book was first published in 1550, about a century after John Van Eyck's death. But he was personally acquainted with most of the Flemish masters who had visited Italy. Thus in the Appendix, 'Di di-'versi Artefici Fiamminghi,' inserted in his second edition, he tells us that in the year 1532 he had known at Rome Michael Coxis, the painter who made that copy of the great Ghent picture of the Van Eycks, which formerly hung in the chapel of the palace at Madrid, and which is now scattered like the original. Vasari's account of the invention of oil-painting is not materially altered in the second edition of his book, although in the mean time he must have had the opportunity of gaining additional knowledge from artists of the Netherlands, whom he did not know at the time of its original publication. He was also at Venice in 1542, and probably acquired there all the information which aged painters were able to give him with reference to the introduction of oil-painting by Antonello da Messina. He quotes the epitaph of this master, distinctly asserting the fact that he introduced oil-paint-

ing,—'quod coloribus oleo miscendis splendorem et perpetuitatem 'primus Italicæ picturæ contulit.' It should be added, that Van Mander recognises the general accuracy of Vasari's narrative, by himself adopting it.

The next question is—what was the nature of the invention, if it may be so called, attributed to John Van Eyck? Formerly the mixture of colour with oils was attributed to the great Flemish painter, and his credit was made to rest on the truth or falsehood of such a statement. It has long been known that this merit at any rate did not belong to him, and that the process of using oil as a vehicle was practised before. The reader will have seen sufficient proof of this fact in the references made above to Cennini and earlier writers. M. Merimée considers that in his essay he has 'sufficiently proved that the brothers Van Eyck, 'and the artists who adopted their methods, used varnish in their 'painting, and this it was which brought forth all the brightness 'of their colours, and preserved their works from the injurious 'action of the atmosphere.'* It is not clear, however, that this writer intends to describe the use of varnish with the colours as properly *the secret* discovered by Van Eyck. Cennini, as we have seen, does not allude to its application to pictures. Mr Hendrie, in his valuable edition of *Theophilus*, just published, asserts that 'there is every reason to believe that amber varnish was 'one of the inventions of the brothers Van Eyck.'† This view of Mr Hendrie's opens a number of curious points, which are touched upon by Mr Eastlake; and it will be convenient, before we give our author's account of what the Van Eycks really did for art, to discuss the question, how far Mr Hendrie is correct in supposing that amber varnish was the invention of the brothers of Bruges? The arguments in this case are in a great measure philological, and Mr Eastlake has himself gone into them with great care and perspicuity.

Cennini, in the chapter (161) to which we have already referred, speaks of tempering the colours 'con uovo; o vuoi, per 'caleffare, ad oglio o con *vernice liquida*.' The expression in Italics occurs constantly, and it is also used by Vasari when speaking of the attempts of Alesso Baldovinetti, 'temperando i 'colori con rosso d'uovo mescolato con *vernice liquida* posta à fuoco.' From a comparison of these passages with each other, as well as with other authorities, it becomes clear that the words '*vernice* '*liquida*' were used together to signify varnish, not that '*ver*-'*nice*' meant varnish in our sense of the word, and '*liquida*' a

* Translation, p. 39. † Preface, p. xxxii.

peculiar quality of it when applied in the manner to which the writers refer.

Mr Hendrie (*Theophilus*, p. 68) arrives at the conclusion, 'First, that fernis, or vernix, is a direct and primitive term for 'sandarac; and, secondly, glassa is a comparative term for the 'same resin.' By 'comparative,' we apprehend him to mean a term used on account of the similarity of the two substances, amber and sandarac, and so applied to the latter gum in a secondary sense. Much of his argument turns on this point. If it can be shown that vernix meant amber before it meant sandarac, the presumption will be very strong against his inference, that amber varnish was an invention of the Van Eycks. We do not question the fact, that the varnish of Theophilus could not (as Mr Hendrie says) be made from amber in the manner described in his recipé. Mr Eastlake tells us, 'In the Lucca MS. (eighth century) the 'word *veronica* more than once occurs among the ingredients of 'varnish; and it is remarkable, that in the copies of the same 'recipés in the Mappæ Clavicula (twelfth century,) the word is 'spelt *in* the genitive, *verenicis* and *verinicis*.'—P. 230.

It will hardly be disputed that these words represent the Greek word *βερενίκη*, or *βερονίκη*, which Eustathius says was in his time the popular term for amber.*

Buttmann, in his excellent essay on the Electron of the Ancients, has noticed this use of *βερονίκη*, or *βερενίκη*, for amber, and the occasional confusion of the words with *βήρυλλος*.† Mr Eastlake says:—'The clue to the labyrinth is easily supplied: 'glessum and *verenice* were the Latin and Greek terms appro-'priated at an early period to amber. The word *verenice*, (*vernix*,) 'even before the thirteenth century, became the usual designation 'for sandarac; and the word *glessum* (*glas*) was sometimes, 'though rarely, also used to denote this substance.'—P. 246.

If this be so, Mr Hendrie's supposition that vernix was a direct and *primitive* term for sandarac, falls to the ground; it was probably applied to that substance only on account of its resemblance to amber, and because the former gum was substituted for the latter. This transference of meaning is strongly confirmed by the use of glassa or glessum, with reference to the materials for varnishes. We know from Tacitus (Germ. 45) that glessum was the word used by the Germans for amber, and the islands whence that substance came were called Glessariæ.‡ In one

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* ἡ δὲ τῶν ἰδιωτῶν γλῶσσα βερονικὴν λέγει τὸ ἤλεκτρον—Eustathius ad Odysseam, Δ 73.

† Mythologus, 11. s. 263.

‡ Pliny, iv. 30. xxxvii. 11. The learned author of 'Britannia after the Romans,' (Bohn, 1836, 4to) says—'In Welsh, Armoric, and Irish,

MS. the expression "Glassa vel firnix Germana" occurs in relation to varnish. It is certainly most improbable that both these words, originally applicable to amber, should be habitually and constantly employed in speaking of the materials for varnish, and yet that amber itself, though capable of being so used, had never been actually applied to that purpose before the time of Van Eyck. The early use of the Greek word mentioned by Mr Eastlake has thus a material bearing on a question in the history of art. We cannot, however, readily admit Mr Eastlake's conjecture as to the origin of the name *Βερενίκη*, given in the following passage:—"The name Berenice or Bernice, 'borne by more than one daughter of the Ptolemies, would be 'more correctly written Pherenice or Pheronice. The literal 'coincidence of this name and its modifications with the vernice 'of the middle ages, might almost warrant the supposition that 'amber, which by the best ancient authorities was considered a 'mineral, may at an early period have been distinguished by the 'name of a constellation, the constellation of Bernice's (golden) 'hair. The comparison of golden tresses with amber was not 'uncommon with the ancients: Nero, who sometimes affected 'to be a poet, applied the epithet "succineus" to the hair of his 'empress Poppæa; in consequence of which, observes Pliny, 'amber-coloured hair became fashionable.'*—p. 230, 231.

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the word *glas* signifies green, and in all these it also signifies blue. Two colours are expressed by the same word, and the meaning of the predicate must be ascertained from the subject. Thus, 'Glas nef' is blue sky —'glas good' is green trees; but whether 'glas gwn' be a blue gown or a green one, is indeterminate! But the origin of this ambiguity is that *glas* means neither blue nor green, and is not the name of a colour, but (like indigo or saffron) of a plant. *Glas* is the herb glastum or vitrum, and the Romans probably borrowed the word glastum from the Gauls' (p. lvii.) Woad was used in glass-blowing as a dye, as well as an alkali. The author adds, that *glas* does not mean glass in any British or Gælic dialect; but that *glaine*, which in Welch means a glass ornament, is Irish both for glass and woad. Glastum occurs in Pliny, (xxii. 2) and the fact that vitrum in like manner meant glass and woad in Latin (Cæsar de B. G. v. 14) is exceedingly curious. The brilliancy and the vitreous fracture of amber probably caused the word glastum or glessum to be applied to it.

* There is a passage in Athenæus (xiii. p. 604) which suggests considerable doubt whether we are always to take the epithet 'golden' as applied by the Greek poets, in a literal sense. He says—*οὐδ' ὁ ποιητὴς, λέγων χρυσοκόμαν Ἀπόλλωνα, χρυσέας γὰρ εἰ ἐποίησεν ὁ ζωγράφος τὰς τοῦ Θεοῦ κόμας, καὶ μὴ μελαίνας, χεῖρον ἂν ἦν τὸ ζωγράφημα.* Shakspeare speaks of amber hair—

'Her amber hairs for foul have amber coted.'

Love's Labour Lost—iv. 3.

All this may be admitted, but if the word βερενίκη had been applied to amber from the locks of the Egyptian queen, it appears impossible that no single trace of such a use of the term should occur in classical writers, and that it should only present itself accidentally in Eustathius, or at any rate, after a lapse of a thousand years, in writers of the eighth or tenth century. The passage in Pliny, quoted above, with reference to the hair of Poppæa, would probably have contained some allusion to the name Berenice, as one of the words for amber, had it been then known in that sense.

Mr Eastlake's account of the discovery of the Flemish brothers appears to us so judicious, and so probable, that we must give it in his words. After telling us that it is likely the enterprising artist may have gradually perfected the methods of dissolving amber or copal in oil—the improvement consisting in the lighter colour of the solution—he sums up his merits as follows:—

'Assuming, then, his (Vasari's) account to be generally correct, and viewing it in connexion with the technical details that have been traced, not forgetting the actual appearance of the Flemish artists' works, it may be concluded that Van Eyck's vehicle was composed either of linseed or nut oil, and resinous ingredients of a durable kind; that it was drying; that, being intended to be mixed with the colours, it was essential that it should be, itself, nearly colourless; and, lastly, that it was of a consistence (though no doubt varied in this respect as occasion required) which allowed of the most delicate execution. Thus much is to be deduced from the evidence hitherto examined. The nature of the resinous ingredient, of the dryer, and of the diluent which may have been used, together with the mode of preparing and purifying the oil, will be considered in the next chapters.

'It may now be expected that some opinion should be expressed as to Van Eyck's claims to the fame of an inventor. With former writers on the origin of oil-painting this has been the favourite question: it is here comparatively unimportant. The technical improvements which Van Eyck introduced were unquestionably great; but the mere materials employed by him may have differed little, if at all, from those which had been long familiar. The application of oil-painting to figures and such other objects as (with rare exceptions) had before been executed only in tempera, was a consequence of the improvement in the vehicle. Still, if we ask in what the chief novelty of his practice consisted, we shall at once recognise it in an amount of general excellence before unknown. At all times, from Van Eyck's day to the present, whenever nature has been surprisingly well imitated in pictures, the first and last question with the ignorant has been—What materials did the artist use? The superior mechanical secret is always supposed to be in the hands of the greatest genius, and an early example of sudden perfection in art, like the fame of the heroes of antiquity, was likely to monopolise and represent the claims of many. It is apparent that much has been attributed to John Van Eyck which was really the invention of

Hubert; and both may have been indebted to earlier painters for the elements of their improved process. It would be useless now to attempt to divide these claims; and although some important discoveries of the elder brother may be ascribed to the younger, it may be safely concluded that much was also due to the investigations and intelligence of the latter. The works of John Van Eyck show that he was endowed with an extraordinary capacity for *seeing nature;* thus gifted, and aided by the example and instructions of Hubert, a world was opened to him, which his predecessors had not attempted to represent. The same mind which was capable of receiving such impressions was also likely to devise suitable means to embody them, and to extend the language of imitation.'—p. 265, &c.

Nor let it be supposed that Van Eyck's claims to honour are diminished by the view taken in the passage just quoted; what is the invention of amber varnish, or the discovery of a process by which colours may be successfully mixed with drying oil and varnish, to those qualities which are implied by the power of feeling, seeing, and pourtraying nature as few have ever done before or since? The acuteness of this sense for outward objects, no doubt led the great master to study the composition and remedy the defects of those materials with which he was compelled to work; and his fine sense of imperfections where others would have rested contented, stimulated him in the improvement of the technical process. Oil-painting had been known and practised long before the time of Van Eyck, but the materials were considered as unmanageable and inconvenient for the finer work. The Van Eycks removed this stigma from the mode of painting most suitable to the damp climate in which they lived; but they enforced the adoption of their process by exhibiting, as artists, a degree of excellence which must have excited our admiration in any material.

We have stated that this new process was introduced about 1410; the earliest authentic picture executed in oils, is said to be one by Pietro Crista, as he is called by Vasari, or Petrus Christophsen, as he signs himself. The master was one of the first pupils of the Van Eycks, and the picture bears the date of 1417. We are ashamed to say that this most interesting record of one of the great epochs in modern art was once in London, in the possession of Mr Aders: but it was not purchased for the nation —it now belongs to M. Passavant of Frankfort.

The Van Eycks knew that transparent brilliancy such as they arrived at was only to be obtained by light behind the colour: they painted, accordingly, on a white gesso ground, and this practice was adhered to by Rubens and the later Flemish colourists, as well as by the Venetian masters. It is an error, however, to suppose that such a ground ought to be absorbent. Mr Eastlake in-

forms us that—'The picture of the "Judgment of Paris," by Rubens, in the National Gallery, is an example; it is painted on a perfectly white gesso ground, which must have been first sized, for there are sufficient indications that its brightness was unstained with oil. The thin painting of the early Flemish masters (a system preserved even by their successors in the treatment of shadows) was thus calculated on the effect of the white ground within it; and such a system being once adopted, the solidity of wood was essential to the durability of their tints.'—p. 388.

He goes on to say—'The priming being quite dry (for if it was not, the superadded colours would sink in), the shadows were painted in with a rich transparent brown, mixed with a somewhat thick oleo-resinous vehicle of the firmer kind before described. The outlines of the lighter parts were not necessarily repeated, since the drawing underneath exhibited all the forms: the minuter darks, though executed with a thinner vehicle, still had the effect of rendering such shades more prominent than the lights. The painters of the sixteenth century often followed the process of the earlier masters in this respect.'—p. 389.

An eminent physician of Charles the First's time, Theodore de Mayerne, has particularly recorded many of the recipés which he obtained from Rubens and other artists of his own day: the MS. is in the British Museum, and will, we are told, be published entire by Mr Hendrie. Descamps has pointed out that the transparency of the shadows, and the absence of all loading in these portions of the picture, is one of the characteristic differences between the genuine works of Rubens and those of his scholars. The advice of this great master caused David Teniers to return to his original habit of painting his shadows thin and transparent. Rubens himself 'painted in varnish,' as Sir Joshua says of his 'Battle of the Amazons:' our author observes—'The employment of such a medium by Rubens was almost a necessary consequence of his adopting the original method of showing the ground through the deep colours; for, in proportion as the pigment is thin, the vehicle requires to be substantial. But the durability which the oleo-resinous medium insured, and the possibility of dispensing with a final varnish by its means, appear to have recommended it to Rubens in the execution of his work generally.'—P. 504.

Such a varnish, composed of some hard resin, admitted, of course, of being thinned and diluted with a rectified essential oil. 'But this adjunct, if used at all in the earlier ages of the Flemish school, was not intended, as it afterwards was, to do away altogether with the gloss of the vehicle; for, had this been the case,

'the work would have required a varnish at last; and one of 'the recorded peculiarities of the early Flemish pictures was, 'that the surface bore out without varnish.'—P. 510.

Rubens' works, when first executed, would not require varnish at all, but the gloss arising from the medium in which the colours were originally mixed, disappears after a time, and a superficial varnish, such as mastic varnish, may become requisite.

Vandyck's practice differed from that of Rubens; he employed a more liquid vehicle for his colours. We in England have to regret that our own great portrait painter tried all sorts of experiments with reference to this matter, and that so many of his finest works have accordingly faded or perished. At the latter end of the eighteenth century, an attempt was made to revive the ancient encaustic painting; this probably suggested the use of wax, which we find so often mentioned in Sir Joshua's notes of the materials which he employed. Sometimes it is wax dissolved in Venice turpentine, sometimes *megulp* (that is, drying oil and mastic varnish),* sometimes a balsam such as copaiba, sometimes white of egg and gum tragacanth, which holds the prominent place in his own account of what he used. The beautiful picture of the 'Strawberry Girl' appears to have been painted with a solution of wax.

Cracks are sure to occur when the under-layers of colour harden more slowly than the outer surface; and, on the other hand, when the softer colour is outside, the picture becomes wrinkled or shrivelled: as is the case with the 'Christ in the 'Garden' of Coreggio, belonging to the Duke of Wellington.

Before we pass on to other matters, we ought, perhaps, to say that we learn from Mr Eastlake the fact, that a painter's palette was not in use in the beginning of the fifteenth century. The practice of tying up oil colours in bladders is first mentioned in English treatises. Palomino speaks of it as new at the beginning of the eighteenth century.

We feel bound also to correct an error which occurs on page 150 of Mr Eastlake's book, where he assumes that the 'Etymo-'logicum Magnum' was the work of Caloergos, in the fifteenth century. Such a notion was once entertained; but there is no foundation for it. The lexicon in question is certainly older than the twelfth century, for it is quoted by Eustathius; little more is known of it, except that the author was a Christian.†

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* We learn from Mr Eastlake, that Wilkie's 'Blind Fiddler' was painted throughout with *megulp*.

† See Fabricii Bibliotb. gr. vi. p. 507.

We now turn to the other publication, the title of which stands at the head of this article.

Mr Eastlake, as keeper of the National Gallery, has been made the subject of a series of most abusive attacks, published in the daily papers, on the mode of cleaning used by him, in the case of one or more of the pictures which appeared to him to require cleaning. The tone of these letters was, for the most part, such as to suggest the notion that the writers had some private or personal object in view, or that they wished to produce an impression on the public mind that no *artist* was fit to hold the place now held by Mr Eastlake. The merits of the case itself are quite an independent question. No one will for a moment approve of the spirit in which the assault was made.

A certain Mr Morris Moore addressed a letter to the Earl of Ellesmere, in which he talked of the 'Bacchus and Ariadne' by Titian; the 'Peace and War' by Rubens; and 'the newly 'acquired Velasquez,' as 'mutilated to an alarming extent.' One would suppose, from the words used, that the keeper and Mr Seguier had deliberately cut a strip off each of the pictures in question, for the purpose of improving the composition. Mr Eastlake prepared a report to the Trustees, in which he states that the four pictures cleaned in 1846, were the 'Velazquez,' the 'Peace and War,' the 'Landscape' by Cuyp, and the 'Bacchus and Ariadne,' by Titian. He then goes on to say, 'The "Velazquez" and the "Cuyp" were freed from the dark-'ened varnish which obscured them. In cleansing the latter, 'it was hoped that two light spots in the sky, produced by 'restorations which had been made before the picture was in the 'present building, would cease to be apparent. The result has 'been quite satisfactory. The "Velazquez" speaks for itself. 'The "Rubens" may be said to have been long buried under 'repeated coats of yellowed and soiled varnish. It was found 'that these could be removed with perfect safety, as the surface 'of the picture had that extreme hardness which the works of 'this master, above all others, often possess. The doubt which 'I had expressed, whether the picture might have been restored 'at a former period, proved to be unfounded. Mr Seguier 'distinctly states, that it is extremely rare to find a large work 'of the age of this specimen in so pure a state of preservation.

'I have already remarked, that if some pictures are cleaned, 'while others hanging beside them are in a dirtier state, the 'cleansed pictures may for a time present a considerable con-'trast to the rest. The difference is more likely to be apparent 'when a Rubens, so placed, is freed from the accumulated 'effects of a London atmosphere.'—Minutes, p. 15.

This is the truth: all varnish has a tendency to grow yellow, especially in London; the discoloured varnish passes for an integral portion of the picture, and the tints are 'mellowed 'down' to something wholly different from what the artist intended. We fear, therefore, that Mr Morris Moore and his coadjutors will have the pleasure of seeing the 'glazing' restored in a certain number of years; and we can only rejoice that we have had an opportunity of seeing, for once, the 'Bacchus and 'Ariadne' in a condition which makes it look like the companion of its glorious *pendants* in the collection at Madrid, and in that of Signor Camuccini. With regard to the Velazquez, whatever injury has been done to it, was done before it was purchased by the National Gallery; and, if we do not mistake, affected the middle-ground and the landscape rather than the foreground.

The strength of Mr Eastlake's case, however, consists in the judgment given by our most eminent artists. What is to be said in answer to the opinions of Mr Mulready, Mr Etty, Mr Landseer, Mr Uwins, and Mr Stanfield? These gentlemen all agree in praising what has been done; and although artists are not always the best judges of a picture, and sometimes lay too much stress on technical excellence, yet it is obvious, that if any men are qualified to decide on what is dirt and what is glazing, or are competent to express an opinion on the colour and surface of painting, it must be such persons as those artists whom we have just mentioned. We do not know that we ever saw any production of Mr Morris Moore's pencil, which would induce us to put similar confidence in his judgment; and we think our readers will agree with us in the opinion, that the Trustees could not have done otherwise than resolve as they did, (Lord Ellesmere being present, and the Earl of Aberdeen in the chair): 'That 'in the opinion of the Trustees, the report, as made by Mr East-'lake, is entirely satisfactory, and justifies the confidence which 'they reposed in his judgment, in respect to the treatment of 'the pictures in the National Gallery.'—Minutes, p. 13.

There is one subject adverted to in the Minutes for 24th August 1846, which is such as we would willingly avoid; but as it has been thrust upon the public by the appeal made to the Trustees, and as the notions prevalent with respect to it are in many respects exaggerated, if not unfounded, and in our opinion mischievous, we are unwilling to pass it over in silence. An application was made 'on the part of clergymen of the Church 'of England and others, asking for admission to the Trustees of 'a deputation for the purpose of stating their objection to the 'representation of the "Eternal Father" in some of the pictures

'of this gallery.'—Minutes, p. 10. The Trustees declined to see the deputation; and stated that they did not agree in the objection raised to the picture of Murillo.

We think that an artist who in a Protestant country at the present day deliberately attempted this subject, would act most injudiciously; but while we do justice to the sincerity of those members of the Establishment who have felt this objection, and were anxious to urge it on the Trustees, we highly approve of the refusal to receive a deputation on such a matter. In the first place, the recognition of religious controversy as one of the subjects with which the Trustees of the National Gallery are to be occupied, would be most absurd, and liable to great abuse. In the next, we think they are quite right in saying that they do not agree in the objection. It may be assumed that such an objection does not rest on the prohibition of all images for whatever purpose, supposed by some to be contained in the second commandment; if so, they would equally object to the figure of Christ—they would doubt, in the words of Tertullian, 'an Deo placeat, qui omnem similitudinem vetat fieri, quanto 'magis imaginis suæ,' (De Spectaculis, c. 23.) We presume that there is supposed to be no irreverence in representing in a human shape that person of the Holy Trinity who was pleased to 'become flesh and dwell among us:' but has it not been held by many, that the three men who appeared to Abraham under the oak of Mamre, were more than Angels? St Augustine says, 'Visus est autem illi Deus ad quercum Mambræ: sed 'neque hîc expressum est utrum Pater an Filius—denique tres 'vidit, et non *dominos* sed *Dominum* appellat, quoniam Trinitas 'tres quidem personæ sunt sed unus Dominus Deus'.* (Contra Maximinum Arianum, ii. c. 5.) Must we not suppose also that the Eternal Father presented himself to the eyes of the prophet Daniel in human shape, when we are told that the Ancient of Days sat on a throne, and that one like the Son of Man came to him? (Daniel vii. 9—13.) We cannot, therefore, admit that, even on this ground, there is any thing necessarily irreverent in the representation of the Eternal Father in a human form: more especially when, without such instances, all believers in the Trinity must recognise the essential unity of the three persons, one of whom has borne the form of man and suffered for our sins in it.† But there is another point which always seems to us to

* We are aware that Augustine has himself elsewhere maintained a contrary opinion, although it is not very easy to understand him when he says—'Item Deus apparuit ad quercum Mumbræ in tribus viris, quos dubitandum non est Angelos fuisse.'—De Civitate, xvi. c. 29.

† The objection dates from before the Reformation. In the examination of Master William Thorpe, for heresy, by Archbishop Arundel, in the 8th

present the most serious difficulty. Those gentlemen who object to the figure personifying God the Father, say nothing of pourtraying the Holy Spirit in the form of a dove, in the same picture; nay, more, we continually see this image placed over the communion table, in such a manner as might expose our church to the reproach of what has been called 'Peristerolatry.' Yet there is not in truth so much reason for supposing that the third person of the Blessed Trinity assumed the bodily shape of a dove, as there is from the view already stated, with reference to the manifestation of the Father. The most sober commentators, we believe, maintain that the words in Luke iii. v. 22—*καταβῆναι τὸ πνεῦμα τὸ ἅγιον σωματικῷ εἴδει, ὡσεὶ περιστερὰν, ἐπ' αὐτόν*—only mean that there was a visible appearance of the spirit descending upon our Lord as a dove might descend. Whitby observes, that it is not said "*σωματικῷ εἴδει ὡσεὶ περιστερᾶς*," and he adopts this view. If, therefore, the representation of one person of the Holy Trinity, in a bodily shape, is impious, why not that of the other? Why do these clergymen of the Church of England, who must have known the probable meaning of the words of St Luke, say nothing of the dove in the very same picture in which they object to the figure of God the Father?

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year of Henry IV. (1407,) there is a long discussion on the question of images: Thorpe's objections, in a great measure, apply to all images of sacred objects. The Archbishop observes,—'Beyond the sea, are the best peynters that ever I saw; and, syrs, I tell you, this is their maner, and it is a goode maner. When an ymage maker shall kerve, caste in moulde, or peynte ony image, he shall go to a prieste and shryve him as clene as if he sholde than dye, and take penaunce, and make some certeyne vow of fastynge or of praiynge, or of pilgrimages doinge, praiyng the prieste specially to praye for him that he may have grace to make a faire devoute ymage.' To which Thorpe replied, among other things, that 'these peynters should be moved to shryve them to God wyth full inward sorowe of harte, takynge upon them to doo right sharpe penaunce for the synfull and vayne crafte of peyntinge, karvynge, or writinge that they had used, promising God faithfully never to do so after, knowledging openly before all men theyre reprovable conning.' This was the true Puritan spirit, in its first reaction against the corruptions of the Romish Church; but a little further on Thorpe urges an especial objection to the representation of the Father, to which we are bound to say the Archbishop does not make a very convincing answer, since he puts him down with the authority of the church, of which he terms him a 'rotten member.'—Howell's *State Trials*, vol. i. p. 195-197. The opposite charges against a recorder of Salisbury for breaking a painted window on account of its containing a representation of God the Father, and against Archbishop Laud for having restored a window at Lambeth, with a picture on it of God the Father in the form of a little old man, will be found in the first volume (230, *Note*) of a very interesting work just published, ***Hints on Glass Painting.***

We have said nothing of the view which may be taken, that all such attempts are irreverent because they are inadequate. This is no doubt true, but does not the same objection lie to any precise exposition of the Creator's attributes or essence by words? Human language cannot express them—the human mind cannot conceive them—and such an objection might be urged against Paradise Lost or the Athanasian Creed.

As we have said already, we do not wish to see these attempts to represent the Eternal Father imitated in our own day; it is a sufficient reason against them that they give pain to some sincere and pious Christians; but we do protest most strongly against any rejection of pictures, desirable as works of art, solely on account of the occurrence of such a figure. We feel the more strongly on this matter, because we cannot but fear that the apprehension of giving offence may have indisposed the Trustees to purchase one of Mr Warner Ottley's pictures—a picture historically interesting, since we learn from Vasari, that it was executed by the artist Pesello Peselli, for a church at Pistoia. The subject, unfortunately, is the three persons of the Holy Trinity; but the execution is masterly, and the picture very remarkable on account of its own merits, as well as the uninjured condition in which it has been preserved. Another picture of the 'Padre Eterno,' offered by Mr W. R. Hamilton, was declared by the Trustees as inadmissible to the gallery. What its merits were we know not. We remember being very much struck at the monastery of Monreale, and at the cathedral of Palermo, by the gigantic Saracen-looking heads of God the Father. The first, *Nostro Padre de Monreale*, had been the favourite oath of the old King of Naples. Among the pictures in the universities of Palermo was one of the Virgin, attributed to Tommaso Vigila. In the corner, the Holy Spirit was represented in a medallion as a dove, bearing to her in his mouth the embryo of Christ. We thought them very singular historical illustrations in the progress of arts and manners. Must our modern prudery have rejected them from a National Museum?

We sincerely wish that we could always concur with the Trustees as heartily as we do in their dismissal of the charges preferred against Mr Eastlake, and in their refusal to receive the deputation of clergymen complaining of representations of God the Father. We feel, however, and we believe the Public feel, that the purchases for the National Gallery have not been made in a sufficiently large and Catholic spirit. There are no symptoms of reluctance on the part of Parliament to sanction any reasonable expenditure in creating a gallery worthy of the nation. Why, then, have such works as the Alba Raphael, or the altar-piece of Maestro Rogel for Miraflores, been offered for sale in this

country, and then exported to Russia or to Holland? A great deal of abuse has been lavished on the Trustees and their advisers because they gave L.600 for a portrait which turned out not to be what it was purchased for—a Holbein. But such an error is, in our opinion, of little consequence, compared with the reluctance which exists to seize opportunities for securing works of real merit. The intercourse of one country with another is now too easy, and the demand for works of art of a high class is far too great, to allow of our indulging with impunity in the many scruples which seem to impede purchases on behalf of the nation. The case of the Holbein is valuable, as showing that even this caution cannot secure us against mistakes. The annals of all collections, however, are full of them; and they ought, in our opinion, to be readily pardoned. We cannot speak with the same toleration of the total refusal of Mr Ottley's pictures, which we see mentioned in more than one passage of the minutes of the Trustees.

A National Gallery ought to embrace several objects; it should secure for the enjoyment of the people pictures capable of affording pleasure to all, by their intrinsic excellence; as well as works likely to train the eye of the artist and the amateur to the imitation and appreciation of what is really good in art. But it has still another function, which more particularly belongs to a public institution—that of gathering together, and arranging in order, such productions as go to illustrate the history of the art itself. Private individuals buy a dozen pictures, and hang them up because they like to look at them: Artists try to secure a bit or two of a high style, or a good time, for the sake of keeping the mind and the eye in a proper frame and tone; but a National Gallery alone can, for the most part, accumulate with advantage those works which are not always attractive in themselves, though as a series they are highly instructive both to artists and amateurs. It is only as a series that such pictures acquire their full value, and therefore they are particularly fit for an institution which has a corporate existence, independent of the caprice of private will and the changes in private prosperity. This has been felt in other countries. What is it that makes the gallery at Berlin most interesting?—The pains which have been taken to purchase, and to classify the pictures when purchased, with especial reference to the History of art.

Now, in this country, the taste for early Italian works is, no doubt, scantily diffused; indeed, to be sensible of their merits, the eye must have educated itself in the churches and galleries of Tuscany, more than can be the case with the majority even of travellers. The late William Young Ottley, at the beginning of this century, or rather at the close of the last, collected a considerable number of the early productions of the Sienese and

Tuscan schools. The time was favourable; convents and churches had been plundered, and all was in confusion. Mr Ottley himself was peculiarly qualified to judge of this class of pictures, in which he took great delight. Many, if not most of the pictures so collected by him, were last spring in the hands of his brother, who is since dead. Mr Eastlake says in a note, that they 'are interesting even in a technical point of view, from the 'circumstance of their having never been retouched.'—(p. 255.)

He appeals to them as affording examples of the technical processes prevalent in Italy before the introduction of oil-painting: he cites the remains of the old red 'vernice liquida,' upon the surface of some. At page 103 he mentions more particularly, 'a specimen of Gentile da Fabriano in the collection of 'Mr Warner Ottley, remarkable for the fusion of the tints. It is 'also an example of the partial oil-painting in drapery described 'by Cennini; the patterns are painted with vermilion, and glazed 'with lake, mixed with oil: the ornaments below are also in oil. 'The surface of the portions so treated is, consequently, some-'what more raised than that of the rest of the work.'*—(p. 103.)

Among these pictures were several mentioned expressly by Vasari, such as that of Pesello Peselli referred to above, and the panels of the large altar-piece executed by Ugolino da Siena for Sta Croce, at Florence. We readily admit that such works would not have been attractive to the majority of persons visiting the National Gallery, and that some abuse would have been poured upon the Trustees for purchasing dry and stiff pictures, which no one cared to see. We will say nothing of their intrinsic merits; but we do maintain that, as illustrating the progress of painting before the time of Raphael and Michael Angelo, *they constitute the records* of one of the most important chapters in the history of European civilisation. In this point of view, they are peculiarly fitted for such an institution as a national gallery, where they should be stored up and arranged, so as to give them their full historical interest. Mr Warner Ottley is dead: some of the pictures in question have been bought by Prince Albert, and others have passed into the hands of private individuals: but, as single specimens, they lose the characteristic value which so eminently belongs to such works as a connected series.

If want of room be pleaded, the sooner this defect is remedied the better. Mr Eastlake has shown, and Sir Robert Peel has publicly admitted, the necessity which exists for providing some building better calculated to contain the National Gallery of England than that in which it is lodged at present. Unfortunately, the

* This picture was, we believe, one of those purchased by H.R.H. Prince Albert.

season of prosperity, when these things might easily have been accomplished, is for the time overcast; but we trust that when the cloud which now hangs over our finances shall have passed away, the whole subject will be reconsidered by Government and by Parliament, with the attention and the favour which it deserves.

The 'Materials for the History of Oil-Painting,' and the 'Minutes of the Trustees,' concur in convincing us that the National Gallery of England, on whatever site it may hereafter be established, can never have a more competent and accomplished keeper than Mr Eastlake.

ART. X.—1. *Convict Discipline—Van Diemen's Land.* Ordered by the House of Commons to be printed, 26th April 1838. —pp. 186.

2. *Report of Select Committee appointed to inquire into the System of Transportation, its efficacy as a Punishment, its influence on the moral state of society in the Penal Colonies, and how far it is susceptible of improvement.*—pp. 47.

3. *Papers relative to Transportation and Assignment of Convicts.* Ordered by the House of Commons to be printed, 27th August 1839.—pp. 18.

4. *Copies or Extracts of Correspondence between the Secretary of State and the Governor of Van Diemen's Land on the subject of Convict Discipline.* Presented to the House of Commons, 3d April 1843, and in continuation of the same, 1845.—Nos. 158, 159—pp. 30, 86, and 83.

5. *Secondary Punishment—New South Wales and Van Diemen's Land.* Ordered by the House of Commons to be printed 15th June 1841.—pp. 139.

6. *Copies or Extracts of Correspondence respecting the Convict System in Norfolk Island, &c.* Ordered to be printed 23d February 1846.—pp. 169.

7. *Copies or Extracts of any Correspondence between the Secretary for the Colonies and the Governor of Van Diemen's Land on the subject of Convict Discipline.* Ordered to be printed, 9th of February 1846.—pp. 69.

8. *Van Diemen's Land—Convict Discipline.* Ordered by the House of Commons to be printed, 17th June 1846.—pp. 79.

9. *Correspondence on the subject of Convict Discipline and Transportation.*—pp. 36, 200.—1847.

THIS is one of several questions, on the timely and satisfactory adjustment of which probably depends the destiny of England;—whether for ages yet to come she shall maintain

her eminence among the nations, or, oppressed by economic difficulties with which nothing but an increase of knowledge and virtue in her children can cope, and which therefore an increase of ignorance and crime would render certainly destructive, she shall afford another example of that supposed law which historians profess to have discovered, and which many plausible analogies support—that the permanent prosperity of nations is a moral impossibility; that they will reach their meridian of glory, but cannot pause there; and that communities, like the individuals who compose them, no sooner attain manhood than they hasten to decrepitude and decay.

But we will not accept the omen, except under the direst necessity. If we can succeed in giving to the neglected *masses* of England an effective education; including under that term such training as shall render their faculties prompt and active, and form them to habits of industry—such solid knowledge as shall enlarge to the utmost their means of subsistence, by enlarging their capacities of usefulness to their fellow-citizens; and such moral and religious instruction as shall inspire them with an early horror of crime, and associate the idea of happiness with that of honest independence;—if by a rationally severe and rigidly administered Penal code, we shall succeed in diffusing throughout the community the conviction that crime is all but certain of detection, and when detected, absolutely certain of punishment,—that punishment being such as assuredly to render crime a hard bargain for the criminal;—if by the continued prosecution of the true principles of trade and commerce we can develop adequately our vast national resources;—and if by a generous and impartial extension of these principles to the administration of our colonies, which, in the language of a great statesman of our day, 'it should be an object to make 'as much as possible an integral part of the empire,' we can secure between them and the mother country a full reciprocation of their respective advantages, and for both, an all but unlimited but open market within the bounds of our own dominions;—in other words, if we can succeed in fully developing our moral and intellectual energies, and with these the material resources on which the maintenance of their healthy activity depends, we doubt not, in spite of the sinister predictions of the speculative historian, in spite of our rapidly increasing population and the gigantic weight of our taxation, that England may yet for ages occupy the high position which she occupies at this moment. On the other hand, should these great objects be left unattained, we shall become, either from the inadequate development of our resources, or from a deficiency of virtue, capacity,

and enterprise to use them, or from both causes, one of the many nations of whom it is sadly said, 'They were a great people in 'their day.'

The question which we have here undertaken to discuss, is certainly not the least important among those which in this view may be held as involving the destinies of our country—nor is its difficulty less than its importance. None, we believe, who have ever investigated it, have felt otherwise; and for that reason we shall express ourselves in relation to novel or untried methods with becoming diffidence. Their results belong to the future. As to the efficacy or inefficacy of the experiments we *have* tried, these belong to the past; and we may speak with greater confidence respecting them.

There are some circumstances which render the question, 'How 'are criminals to be disposed of?' more difficult; and some which render it less difficult of treatment now, than in former times. Among the former, may be reckoned the renunciation of that more summary method of dealing with them, (and who would wish to revert to it?) which was very cordially approved of by our impatient ancestors. When the punishment of Death was awarded alike to murder and sheep-stealing, and to a great variety of crimes of intermediate atrocity, a very considerable part of the criminals who must now be disposed of in far other modes, ceased to trouble the community,—which also troubled itself little enough about *them*. The same difficulty in its degree, results from the abolition of other violent and cruel methods of punishment—reducing the legislator to a minimum of penal expedients, both as regards the severity and the variety of inflictions.

Another circumstance which renders legislation on this subject peculiarly difficult, is the lamentably perverted sentimentality which is extensively diffusing itself among the people, and which may soon render it problematical, whether any penal code really calculated to answer its object can be devised; a sentimentality which weeps over the criminal, and has no tears to spare for the miseries he has caused—which transforms the felon into an object of interest and sympathy, and forgets the innocent sufferers from his cruelty or perfidy. So far as pity for the criminal is consistent with a more comprehensive compassion for those he has wronged, and is limited by the necessity of obtaining them redress and providing for the safety of society—so far as it prompts to a desire to see the statute-book cleared of every needless severity, and that no punishment shall be inflicted for punishment's sake, it is laudable. But we must, with regret, profess our belief that it has often far transcended these limits; and has ex-

hibited itself in forms and modes which, if permitted to dictate the tone of our criminal legislation, would tend to the rapid increase of crime. The people in question belong to a class, always numerous, who are led by their imagination, and not by their reason—by emotion rather than reflection. They see the felon in chains, and they are dissolved in commiseration; they do not stop to realize all the *miseries* which have at last made *him* miserable—perhaps, in the present apathy of his conscience, much less miserable than many of those whom he has injured.

The intense desire which now actuates a portion of the community to get rid of capital punishment even for murder, may be taken as an indication of this excessive sensibility. The propriety of that punishment in the given case, would certainly *appear* to be distinctly sanctioned by that book to which its opponents professedly appeal; by reason; and by the all but the universal practice of nations. It is the only *certain* guarantee which society can have for the security of its members.—Supposing, indeed, these arguments only plausibly answered, it seems to us of little consequence whether capital punishment for this crime be abolished or not; for if murders were to become more frequent, it would assuredly be instantly re-enacted. It is quite certain that even the most fanatical benevolence would prefer the death of the murderer to that of the unoffending members of society. Life is very precious even to the most tender-hearted sentimentalist; and though he may think that some increase of less heinous offences might be compensated by the abolition of capital punishments, it is hard to suppose that he would deliberately prefer the death of many innocent to that of a few guilty.

It is very possible, however, that an impression of the inexpediency of inflicting the punishment in question may diffuse itself so widely as to render it necessary for the legislature to abolish it. We trust that time is yet distant; but should it come, the experiment must be tried. *Any thing* is better than an uncertainty of obtaining convictions. A milder punishment *certainly* inflicted, is better than one which would be more effectual, if it cannot be inflicted at all; to say nothing of the demoralising effect of the spectacle of juries deliberately violating one or other of two imagined obligations. In this point of view, any system of legislation must accommodate itself to the actual state of the people, nor presume to be in advance of those who administer it.

Another circumstance which, in our judgment, marks the prevalence of a morbid sensibility in relation to the present subject, is the exaggerated horror which is often expressed of almost all species and degrees of corporal punishment; and as a consequence, we fully anticipate that the demand for the abolition of

this whole class of chastisements—of every thing, in fact, beyond restraint and hard labour,—will follow the demand for the abolition of capital punishments. Indeed it has nearly gone that length already. 'Corporal punishment,' these worthy men exclaim, 'is so degrading to humanity, so insulting to the dignity of 'a rational nature!' Yes—but it is forgotten that there are things yet more degrading to it,—things which the parties are supposed to have already perpetrated, and which simply leave us to choose the most effectual methods of administering correction to them, and of deterring others from doing the like. We should, we confess, like to see a deeper sympathy with that *true* dignity of our nature which crime most effectually demolishes. The murderer, the burglar, the thief, even the liar and the slanderer, have already pretty well decided the question of the *dignity* of their nature, before the law has touched it, and have left in fact little for it to touch. It is ridiculous to suppose that the infliction of bodily pain can diminish the dignity of one who has reconciled himself to the degradation of putting his hand into his neighbour's pocket. Not that we would have corporal punishment often resorted to, nor at all, if any other can be found to answer the purpose. We are only anxious to enter our protest against that too sensitive sympathy with physical suffering, which is apt to overlook the moral degradation which renders the very talk of 'dignity' an absurdity; which asserts the 'sacredness of the body,' when the sacredness of the soul is gone.

There is a third circumstance which tends to a certain extent to complicate every attempt to devise a consistent scheme of penal discipline—by distracting the views of legislators from its proper object. Many now-a-days reverse the maxim which has hitherto been generally received, and declare their conviction that the *reformation* of the offender, and *not* the prevention of crime, ought to be regarded as the chief object of penal law. This is the avowed principle of Captain Maconochie. Without, of course, denying that the reformation of the offender and his restoration to society ought to be most important objects in all penal legislation, we yet must contend, that they are second, though only second, to that of deterring others from the commission of crime. We are far from supposing, indeed, that the two objects are in reality incompatible; and can as little doubt that that is the best system which most effectually combines them. We only affirm, that if in any point they are inconsistent, and so far as they are so, the prevention of crime, and not the reformation of the offender, ought to be the leading object of the legislator. And that this is susceptible of a brief and simple demonstration is, we think, evident, from a consideration of the

ultimate tendencies of either system, and from taking the hypothetical limits of their efficacy. Both aim at the extinction of crime. Now, let us test the efficacy of the principles in question, by the extreme supposition that they both *perfectly* attain their object. It is certain that neither will ever do so; but the value of a principle may be often tried by an extreme case, in which its tendencies are supposed to be all realized. What, then, would be the effect of the legislator's absolute success in his attempt to deter the community from crime? Plainly, that all crime would cease—that there would be no criminals to punish. But if he aimed only at reformation, what would be the recompense of complete success? This only—that every criminal would be completely reformed;—so that there would always be criminals to be punished, —only they would always be reformed. In the one case the disease would be effectually prevented—in the other it would be perpetually recurrent, but always infallibly cured;—that is, crime, or moral evil, and punishment, or physical evil, would still be reproduced without end. To employ Archbishop Whateley's illustration, 'as well might we attempt to drain a river by carrying away the 'water without cutting off the source whence its stream is re-'plenished, as to endeavour to suppress crime by banishing or 'reforming criminals, without attacking the fountain-head from 'which a new flood of offenders will continually pour in.'*

It is obvious, that the former success is so much more complete, that if it *could* be purchased, even by a penal code concise and sanguinary as that of Draco himself,—in which, every offence being punished with death, no regard of course could be paid to the reformation of the offender,—it would be wisdom to resort to it; for in the case supposed, the only effect would be, that no one would be punished by it—simply because no crime would be perpetrated.

We are, of course, far enough from supposing either that such a result can be realized by any system, or that excessive severity would be most likely to insure its approximate attainment; we have been anxious merely to illustrate the ultimate tendencies of the two systems, and to show, from those tendencies, which of them ought to be the great object of penal legislation, and which, where the demands of both are inconsistent, ought to be paramount with the lawgiver. If it be said, that, as it is admitted in the above hypothesis, that neither system can be perfectly successful, the simple question is, which is likely to secure the

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* "Secondary Punishments," pp. 140. See also some cogent remarks to this purpose, pp. 60, 61.

greater number of instances of success, the argument is indeed brought to a very brief issue. For reason and experience will alike assure us, that it is incomparably more easy to prevent the formation of bad habits, than to eradicate them when formed; not to learn a thing, than to unlearn it.

We reiterate our conviction, however, that in all the main provisions of a wisely constructed penal code, the two objects may be well enough combined, and that the principal means for securing both will coincide. And especially will this coincidence be seen where such a code attains its first and most important object—that of inducing a salutary terror of crime by a rationally severe system of punishment. The suffering, which, even contemplated, teaches the yet innocent the great lesson that crime is a synonyme for misery, is also the most likely means of re-impressing it on him who has forgotten it. This healthy conviction is the first and necessary step to all reformation. It is the course which the Divine Lawgiver himself employs with us all—and it is the only course left for the lawgiver who would imitate Him.

To the difficulties, already enumerated, must be added a disposition in many to understate the effect of all penal discipline, as exerting little or no influence in the *prevention* of crime. Never, indeed, would we forget, that by far the most effective preventives are those which a criminal code cannot supply, and which anticipate the motives supplied by its terrors. We refer, of course, more particularly to Education—taken in the large sense indicated at the commencement of this article. In this point we are most happy to coincide in opinion with Lord Brougham and the writer of the article on secondary punishments in the last number of the *Law Review*.—Still it appears to us, that in many quarters it has been fashionable of late years to under-estimate the effect of the fear of punishment. If, indeed, there be no grounds for such fear, or if it be feeble, either from the uncertainty or the inadequacy of punishment, that is another thing. But the difference in a large school, as ruled by a feeble or a resolute master—in an army, under relaxed or vigorous discipline—in the condition of any country, as the law is feebly and loosely, or promptly and vigorously administered, and the *uniformity* of the difference in all these cases, may serve to show that people calculate consequences more closely than is sometimes imagined. It is said, indeed, that the criminal acts from passion; that his reason sleeps. As far as this is true, it is principally true in crimes of violence, as distinguished from crimes of fraud. No doubt, when temptations come in their way, some men are so weak or passionate that they never calculate. But with the great majority, even of the most impetuous, experience shows that there

is generally some 'method in their madness,' and that if the cost be more than the gratification, and pretty certain to be exacted, they know how to pause, and to apply the rules of their moral arithmetic with tolerable accuracy.

Such are some of the circumstances which render penal legislation difficult; and at all events, limit the scope of the experiments which it is in the power of the legislator to make. And, on the whole, we infinitely prefer that all legislation for crime should be attempted under these limitations, than that it should have the unobstructed course of more summary times. The spirit which seeks to divest a penal code of every trace of superfluous severity, and to bring all its provisions into harmony with the maxims of humanity, is in itself right; and if there be some who would indulge their tenderness to excess, and forget, in their pity for the felon, the claims of the society he has injured; who, unconscious of wrong themselves, are incapable of conceiving the hardening effect of crime on others, and who would hope to shame a thief by the 'Oh, fie!' of an old nurse, or punish a murderer by putting him 'in the corner,' why—their very tenderness is amiable, and their very prejudices respectable;—only we must take care that they be not entrusted with the uncongenial task of penal legislation.

On the other hand, there are certain advantages, as well as disadvantages, with which we may now come to the discussion of this subject. Not only is there a general convergency of opinion on some important points, but the various experiments, which have been made of late years, as to the possibility of modifying and amending existing methods of punishment, have, sometimes by their partial success, and sometimes almost as much by their total failure, conveyed most valuable lessons.

But whether the task of devising adequate methods of dealing with criminals be more or less arduous than in former times, it is unhappily becoming every day more manifest that new methods of some sort must be devised. Penal settlements, it is clear, must be abandoned; and transportation, in the common acceptation of the term, along with them. We cannot for a moment bring ourselves to believe that the people of England, who a few years ago unrepiningly parted with twenty millions for the extinction of slavery in our West India Colonies, will sanction the horrors, only now fully disclosed, which are involved in the maintenance of penal settlements, and which reason and experience alike prove to be inseparable from them. If our country should do so, (in spite of the evidence lately received from Van Diemen's Land,) for the selfish purpose of relieving itself as promptly as possible of a certain inconvenient class of its own population, it deserves

to be cursed with a rapid increase of misery and crime, in requital of that comprehensive wrong which it is inflicting on humanity.

It is now many years since Archbishop Whately published his admirable writings on the subject of transportation. To him belongs the distinguished honour of being the first who treated the subject with due comprehensiveness, or who succeeded in exciting any considerable degree of attention to it. Other writers, as Bentham,* had proved the general inexpediency of this mode of punishment; but Archbishop Whately not only exhibited those arguments more fully and more forcibly, but supported his conclusions by an appeal to statistical and documentary evidence. Nearly all the arguments that can be urged against it, (except those, yet more cogent, which recent experience has supplied) will be found in one part or another of these writings, and are treated with all the author's characteristic perspicuity. He urged the *futility* of the punishment in relation to both the great ends of penal legislation—the prevention of crime, and the reformation of the criminal. Its futility in relation to the first, he argued, from such topics as the following:—Its *uncertainty*—the hulks *or* transportation being the uncertain issue of crime, and the gambler in that article being disposed, of course, to anticipate the lot which he dreaded *least*:—The little terror expatriation was calculated to inspire in the large majority of those likely to furnish the class of criminals, partly because they had slender ties with home, partly because they had little sensibility, partly because the immense distance of the scene of punishment left the imagination impressed only with vague fears, or even amused with vague hopes; and, above all, because criminals soon learnt that their threatened purgatory, in a majority of instances, turned out to be rather a paradise of physical enjoyment compared with their previous condition:†—The little *impres-*

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* See the admirable chapter on this subject in the *Théorie des Peines et des Récompenses*, entitled 'De la Déportation à Botany-Bay.' Tome premier, Liv. II. p 179; and in the collected English edition of Bentham's Works, I. 490. See also some early articles in the *Edinburgh Review*, especially the review of Collins' New South Wales, Vol. II.

† Dr Whately, indeed, was charged with having underrated the effect of *expatriation itself*, as 'a terror to evil-doers.' Admitting some force in this argument, it was affirmed then, as now, that 'still there are *numbers* to whom it is formidable.' It might, doubtless, be so; but it matters little to the Archbishop's argument. That there are many to whom it is *not* formidable, is quite sufficient to show its *uncertainty*, and, *therefore*, its inexpediency as a punishment. What can be said of

sion such punishment could be supposed to convey to the spectator at home, the crime being committed here, and the punishment (such as it was) inflicted at the antipodes:—The inequality and injustice of the punishment, the criminal, when he arrived at his destination, being, without any reference to his guilt, placed in a condition which ranged between the widest extremes of comfort and misery. The Archbishop argued the futility of the punishment in relation to the *second* object—the reform of the criminal—from such topics as these:—The grossly demoralising effect of the voyage itself, in which the criminal, stowed away for five or six months in a crowded transport, was liable to be made worse, but could hardly be made better; while, if a novice in crime, he was sure to meet with veteran instructors, and, if he had not completed his curriculum of vice, was likely to be fully qualified to take his degree by the time he reached the antipodes:—The before-mentioned *inequality* of treatment to which, without reference to guilt, he was subjected:—The all but utter absence of superintendence and of instruction, and, indeed, the impossibility, in those vast regions over which the assigned convicts were scattered, of maintaining the one or supplying the other.—In relation to the colonists, he showed, that however the convict system might benefit their material interests by supplying their scanty labour market, it could not but be deeply injurious to their ultimate wellbeing, unless the foundations of empire can be safely laid in crime.

In his second work he reiterated these and such like arguments, and exposed the gross inconsistencies to which the defenders of the system were compelled to resort. He proved that it was impossible to conciliate the two objects—that of rendering transportation an effective penal system for the mother country, which was what it *professedly* was, and what it *ought* to

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a punishment of which we do not exactly know whether it will be dreaded, or welcomed, or viewed with indifference? For our own parts, we believe that the whimsical instance mentioned by Dumont, pretty accurately represents the very different feelings which for a long series of years, in nearly equal proportions, actuated those sentenced to this punishment:—'Il y a quelques années que deux jeunes gens, 'l'un de 14 ans, l'autre de 16, étoient condamnés, pour vol, à etre 'transportés. A cette sentence imprévue, le plus jeune se mit à pleurer, '"Imbecille!" lui dit son compagnon d'un air de triomphe, "comment 'pleure-t-on d'avoir un grand voyage à faire?". Je tiens ce fait d'un 'temoin qui en fut vivement frappé.' Query. What is the value of a punishment of which the chances are even, or as three to one, or two to one, whether the criminal will weep or rejoice over it? It is said, indeed, and we believe with truth, that transportation is more dreaded now than it was in the glorious days of assignment, and with reason. Still, we believe its terrors cannot be reckoned upon.

have been—and a source of advantage to the colonies, into which it was sure to be tortured;—that the two objects required incompatible courses of policy; and that, in point of fact, the latter and not the former would naturally be the main object of the colonists. Hence, as he remarked, the vacillation of the advocates of the system. When the object was to prove that it was beneficial to the mother country,—then, as in some of the scenes of the Diorama, the landscape was a night-piece; all lay in sombre shadow, or the uncertain moonlight. The convict was consigned to dreadful horrors, and the only doubt was, whether we ought not to relent over the infliction of such severities. When the benefit of the colony was the theme, the scene suddenly shifted to bright sunshine, and, in the smiling light of day, everything wore another aspect. The convict was represented as living in a condition of high physical enjoyment—which the lower orders at home, who were fools enough to prefer hardships with innocence, to luxuries with crime, might well envy.

Such is a brief recapitulation (given, indeed, in our own terms and in our own order) of some of the arguments by which Archbishop Whately denounced the system twenty years ago. But whatever weight could then attach to those arguments has been increased a hundred-fold by those which time has since accumulated. It is only of late that the system has fully revealed its gigantic capacities of evil. It was then but a nursling of hell; it is now a full-grown demon. The only real difficulty in presenting these more novel arguments, is that of giving any tolerable expression to them; of knowing in what dialect of civilized man, by what periphrases of decency, to bring the atrocities which recent documentary evidence has disclosed, before the minds of our countrymen. It is impossible to read them, much less to write of them, without feeling the cheek alternately burn with shame or blanch with horror. *This* is the difficulty under which the assailant of the system now labours; if, indeed, that very silence, of speechless disgust and abhorrence, ought not to be considered more expressive than all the eloquence of words.

In yet another point of view, time has given additional force to the Archbishop's arguments. He was then met by the counter-statements of those interested in the maintenance of the system, who told him just the old story in all such cases,—that he was not *practically* acquainted with its singular advantages; that he was writing without *experience*. To this he very properly replied, that as to whether the penal system in question was an effective one for *us* in England, we were certainly the best judges of *that*, and need not go for experience to Australia in order to decide this matter;—that even as regarded the interest of the colony, taken in the most comprehensive sense, it might well be

denied that such a system could be permanently beneficial to it, or anything less than a curse. Now, to this doctrine *the colonies have themselves come;* and, therefore, the position of the controversy is so far changed, that whatever authorities formerly opposed the Archbishop's arguments, they are now transferred to his own scale. The colonies have found out that, though a system of convict slavery—of all species of slavery the worst—may promote their material wealth, or at all events be gainful to individuals;—that though the '*advantage* of having convicts assigned to them,' to use the quaint language of Col. Arthur, may, to an 'educated' emigrant or his 'delicate' wife, save some coarse work, and prevent some of that 'rusticity' which he says distinguishes 'American settlers in those new states where there are no slaves;'—yet that gentility may be bought too dear. They, therefore, have long since exclaimed against the reception of our criminals. They have found out that the annual inundation of that Nile of filth which we have directed through their lands may pollute as well as fertilize. To minds, indeed, not blinded by interest, it should scarcely have needed experience to justify these conclusions. The laws of the moral world are as immutable in their operation as those of the physical; and, in this case, the strongest deductions of reason had been confirmed by the scarcely less ample experience of all ages. We would just as soon believe that there is some spot in the world where all the laws of nature are reversed—where a stone thrown into the air remains there—as that a community of which these two things can be predicated,—that the population consists of criminals and free men in something like equal proportions, and of men and women in anything but equal proportions—can be any other than a prodigy of absurdity and guilt. For this in truth is saying no more than that those great social and moral laws, which the Creator himself has rendered essential to the constitution and conservation of all human society, cannot be violated with impunity. Their violation carries with it its own retribution. It may come, indeed, slowly; but it comes inevitably. As an old father said, 'The Divine vengeance is shod with wool, but 'it is armed with iron;' and however its hapless victim may turn, and wind, and adroitly dodge to the right or left through all the doublings of an interested expediency, it at last strikes him fair and full between the shoulders, and smites him to the dust.

It may be thought, perhaps, that after the admirable labours of Archbishop Whately on this subject, and still more, after the appearance of the Parliamentary Report of 1838, (a masterly document,) which affirmed all his principal conclusions, there was already sufficient light for an entire and immediate abandonment

of the whole system. We think there was; yet, it must not be imagined that the series of tentative efforts at amending it have been wholly destitute of advantage; nor, if they had been, should we be disposed to visit with rigour the errors (if they were such) of statesmen who hesitated, on a yet uncertain issue, to incur the responsibility of throwing aside at once a vast and expensive machinery—the immense *plant*, so to speak, of the transportation system—and imposing on the public the burden of an entirely new method, without at least an effort to amend the old. It is easy, of course, for those who are not in office to take upon themselves the responsibility of giving advice, for the adoption and consequences of which they are *not* responsible; it is easy, also, to prophesy after the fact; and to say, that the attempts in question must have issued as events have taught us they have. It is by no means clear to us, however, that if they had not been tried, and the system substituted had been attended with less than the most complete success, the public would not have declared that they *ought* to have been tried. These are the customary errors of those of us who are not in office, and who never had to sustain its responsibilities; but it becomes us not to forget our liability to such illusions, if we would form a fair and candid opinion of the acts of statesmen. We are not, therefore, disposed to wonder that Lord John Russell hesitated about the entire adoption of the changes recommended by the committee of 1838, who proposed not merely the abandonment of the 'assignment system,'* (which accordingly was immediately abolished), but the absolute abandonment of transportation at the earliest possible period.

'In answer to difficulties of a financial nature,' says his Lordship, 'a reply is always made, that where a great moral good 'is to be effected, financial considerations should not be allowed 'any weight whatever. This reply is good, *provided* the moral 'good is certain to follow from the change, and that no greater 'benefit of the same kind could be procured at the same cost.'†

One thing, at all events, is evident, that whatever delays have taken place in dealing with this vital question, from its extreme intrinsic difficulty, and the natural hesitation at incurring a heavy loss to the British Treasury on a precarious issue, it is impossible to read over the immense mass of parliamentary evidence and the official correspondence between our own government and those of our penal colonies,—a portion of which only we have placed at the head of this article,—without coming

* Report of the Select Committee, pp. 47, 8.

† Note on Transportation and Secondary Punishment. Commons' Papers, 27th August 1839, p. 5.

to the conclusion, that much thought and attention have been expended upon the subject, both by Government and the Legislature, during the last ten years; and that it has been the sincere desire of both to remedy those evils, which it was more easy to deplore than to correct.

Nor are the various experiments that have been made without their positive value. To know the wrong road, and to know that it is certainly wrong, is often a most important step towards finding the *right;* and, perhaps, nothing but the actual trial of various tracks for a limited space, would have effectually reconciled the community to an entire change of system, or convinced it that the solution of the problem, after all, did not lie in one or other of those directions. Nor is this all. These changes have not only been useful as showing us what is not the right road, but they have successively converged towards the right. Thus, though all the recommendations of the report of 1838 were not acted upon, the monstrous system of 'assignment' ceased almost from that period, and the stream of convicts was diverted from New South Wales. Of the experiment of Captain Maconochie, we shall have a word to say hereafter.

It is scarcely possible for the reader profitably to canvass the merits of the scheme recently propounded by Earl Grey, in many provisions of which we cordially agree, or the defects it exhibits, or the additions which, in our humble judgment, are necessary to complete it, without having a clear idea of the sadly eventful history of transportation during the last eight or ten years; and for this reason we proceed to state, with all possible brevity, the principal changes introduced into the system during that period.

We regret that it is necessary to begin with recalling the main features of the 'assignment system.' We must do so, because we observe that a *Select* Committee of the Legislative Council of New South Wales have just issued a report in favour of a resumption of transportation (abandoned since 1840); but they are avowedly desirous of it *only* in the above form; and are as avowedly thinking only of their wool and their sheep-walks. Indeed, it were absurd to suppose them so Quixotic as to be anxious primarily about the efficacy of *our* penal system. Happily they couple their proposal with impossible conditions.*

* There is in the *Australian* of so late a date as Oct. 13th, 1846 (published at Sydney), a long and amusing article in defence of the proposal of the 'Select Committee' for 'resumption of transportation.' We

The 'assignment' system was so monstrous a perversion of all common sense, that it is wonderful, not that a man like Archbishop Whately should have attacked it, but that it should have been reserved for his attack, or rather that it should ever have been adopted. In whatever light it is viewed, whether in relation to the criminal, or the ultimate destinies of the communities into which he was introduced, it was fraught with the most pernicious absurdities. As to the former, it may be truly asserted, that if its projectors had studied to render transportation an inefficient penal system,—not merely to neutralize, but to reverse its influence, as a deterrent from crime,—they could have hit upon no expedient more perversely ingenious, or more fatally successful.

The system, in brief, was this. As soon as a cargo of convicts arrived at the colony, a report was sent to the governor, and a day appointed for an officer to muster them; the males were sent to the convict barracks, and the females to the penitentia-

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are happy, however, to see in the *Sydney Herald* of a later date (October 20th, 1846), that this movement was strenuously opposed by the great bulk of the respectable inhabitants; and that resolutions at a public meeting had been unanimously carried condemnatory of the proposal. Those resolutions were enforced by a statistical statement, than which we doubt whether there ever was one more instructive or important. It appears that since the cessation of transportation in New South Wales (1840) the decrease in crime in Sydney, comparing 1841 with 1846, had been more than 50 per cent, while population had increased 40 per cent.; that in Melbourne, whither *expirees* from Van Diemen's Land began to be introduced about a year before (1845), the increase in crime had been 80 per cent., and cases of drunkenness had doubled. The statement is as follows:—

SYDNEY.		MELBOURNE.	
Persons apprehended	1841, 12,774	Convictions and fines first six months of	1845, 154
Ditto ditto	1845, 6946	Ditto ditto	1846, 277
Decrease 45½ per cent.		Increase nearly 80 per cent.	
Increase of population 40 per cent.			
Summarily convicted, or committed for trial in . .	1841, 10,544	Cases of drunkenness first six months of	1845, 68
Ditto ditto	1845, 3817	Ditto ditto	1846, 134
Decrease 63¾ per cent.		Increase nearly double.	

The editor of the *Australian*, while advocating the resumption of transportation, is evidently thinking, like the old defenders of the system, chiefly of the material advantages of the colony itself. The reasons he gives are tantamount to a frank acknowledgment of this. Thus,

ries. Of these, the great majority were 'assigned' (as it was called) among the free settlers by a 'commissioner,' who was guided in his distribution of them by certain government regulations.

These 'assigned servants' were comprehended, for the most part, under the classes of domestics, mechanics, and field labourers. The first were well fed and clothed, and received from L.10 to L.15 a-year in wages. The second were still better off. The last, though in a condition less enviable than that of the other two, were better fed than the agricultural labourers of our own country; and though not strictly entitled to receive wages, yet did, in fact, generally receive them, in the shape of tea, tobacco, sugar, spirits, and other such *reforming* luxuries. Of course, the principle which rules in any other market immediately came into operation here also, and at once obliterated every trace of equity in the administration of this singular species of penal retribution.

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after some Arcadian talk of the happy moral effects of 'country scenery 'and sounds,' he says, (Reason Fifth) 'Because that *wool* is not only 'the staple wealth of this colony, in the absence of manufactures and 'mines, and in the failure of our whale fishery, but it is our only wealth. 'Therefore to give all the benefit, such as it is, to the squatters, of *cheap* '*convict* labour, is to render the whole colony prosperous. For the seed 'of Sydney prosperity is annually sown among our sheep-walks.'

But even this writer, in common with his committee, is miserably conscious of one inseparable and gigantic evil which attends the convict system—the inequality of the sexes; and feeling that this is fatal, both he and they pleasantly couple the kind offer of again 'receiving 5000 cri-'minals a-year as soon as *we* like to send them,' with conditions which England is not likely to accept if she could, and could not if she would. One is, that we shall send out with every 5000 of such men 5000 *free women* 'between the ages of eighteen and forty,' to become in due time the happy wives of the convicts when emancipated, and the equally happy mothers of a race of hybrids. It will be hard to find that new race of Sabine women, who will submit to be carried off by this equally new-fashioned race of Romans.

One thing, however, this very proposal to resume transportation shows conclusively, and it is highly gratifying: we mean the urgent demand for labour in our colonies, and the facility with which they would be likely to receive (according to recent proposals) a considerable portion of our criminal population, *after* they have passed through a reformatory process and paid the penalty of their crime. If *without* this, our colonies would be glad of such servants, much more, surely, will they be willing to receive them after it. We have reason to believe that it is only on such a footing that Government will consent to listen to the suggestions of the committee. The colonists in general are decidedly opposed to the resumption of transportation.

'What sort of a commodity do I want? What sort of thews, 'sinews, and dexterity will be profitable to *me?*' was the question which every master naturally put to himself; and therefore, as befitted an infant colony, skilled-labour artisans and mechanics were at a premium.* The rustic lout, fit only for field drudgery, and the gentleman thief, as he is paradoxically called, whose delicate fingers had learnt no other craft than that of picking pockets, were at a discount.

Without discrimination, therefore, of guilt or offences, the one class obtained easy and profitable situations, and in several instances, rose after a few years even to opulence.† The other were subjected to the least profitable and most laborious drudgery; and remained, in fact, serfs of a very low order. Thus, a felon of the very worst description, merely by the accident of his greater skill, would at once be placed not merely in a better position than at home, but might even vault from his present degradation to station and affluence in a few years; while a man who had been convicted of some comparatively trifling offence, and had been anything but hardened in crime, might be doomed to a life of rigorous servitude. It was a whimsical perversion of the declaration, 'Many of the first shall be last, and many of 'the last shall be first.' This inequality was rendered still more glaring by the fact, that though the worst might be the best off, and the best the worst off; even a large portion of the

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* Report of Select Committee, 1838, p. 6.

† Report of Select Committee, 1838, p. 18. We observe in the *Australian Journal* of October 13, 1847, in the article written to advocate the resumption of transportation, to which we have already referred, the following sentences:—'We were last week walking abroad, and see-'ing a carriage coming towards us, we were struck by the magnitude of 'the horses, and came to a full stop to notice them, pointing out their 'beauty to a lady we were walking with at the time. The carriage 'passed on, and, as it passed, we took our eyes off the horses, and raised 'them into the carriage, just to see if we knew the owners. A lady sat 'in it whom we knew well. She was a prisoner on board the ship in which 'we came to the colony. Her husband once worked for us when he held 'a ticket of exemption.' The writer should have had acuteness enough to suppress instead of blazoning such glorious vicissitudes. To publish such pleasant retributions of crime is not very likely to reconcile *us* to a penal system which promises them. But the worthy editor is, of course, thinking, like all those who take that side, of the interests of the colony and its material wealth, not of the repression of crime in England. His logic reminds one of the man in Hogarth's "Canvassing for Votes," who lays his whole weight on the beam he is sawing off.

worst off were, in the hands of indulgent masters, better off than if they had maintained their innocence in a corresponding situation at home.* They had plenty of wholesome food and warm clothing. Being, for the most part, 'fruges consumere nati,' they had plenty of the said 'fruges' to consume; and, when they became ticket-of leave men, they received higher wages than they could have procured in the land of their nativity,—that is, their punishment was promotion in the world; they were condemned to —improved circumstances! 'The wages of sin,' in their case, so far from being 'death,' was physical well-being. 'They that 'had humbled themselves were exalted' in a sense never intended in the sacred text; and they might have said with Satan, 'Evil, be thou my good.'

But this was only one source of extreme inequality in the lot of these men, though of itself it was sufficient to render the system, as a penal one, an outrage on common sense. The chances of failure in the allotment of punishment to crime were doubled by another circumstance.

The system was essentially one of slavery, and, therefore, the happiness of the slave depended on the character of the master. There were to be all sorts of uncertainties and contingencies to complicate the result of this inimitable lottery. As the master was of a good temper or a bad, patient or irascible, equable or capricious, the condition of his assigned convicts was comparatively happy or miserable. In the latter case, the law gave the slave-owner great, and all but irresponsible, power over the serf.

The consequence was, that in virtue of the combination of these two sources of extreme inequality, an artisan felon of the very worst description might, in the hands of a kind master, be absolutely worthy of the envy of half our artisans at home; while a country clown, who had never, perhaps, in his life, done anything worse than poach for a half-starving family, and never done that but twice or thrice, might, by falling into the hands of a revengeful or capricious master, be doomed to a condition, which even a negro slave would be entitled to regard with compassion. No wonder that, under such circumstances transportation was regarded as a mere lottery, in which a man might be a great gainer by his having been a criminal, or incur a loss far more severe than he had merited. Hence, the different accounts the convicts themselves gave of it; some asserting,

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* Report of the Select Committee, 1838, p. 6.

† Ibid.

and asserting with truth, that their conviction was a happy epoch in their lives; others complaining that the punishment was severe, without reason, and beyond desert. But the greatest incongruity of all, as already intimated, was this:—not the relative superiority or inferiority of some criminals to their fellows without respect to guilt, but the relative superiority of a large portion even of those who did not carry off the prizes in this wheel of fortune, to the majority of the innocent fools at home, who had never put into it. Hence, authentic cases of convicts having recommended their friends at home to commit the *minimum* of crime which might entitle them to the rare privilege of transportation, and of those friends having eagerly inquired what was the *quantum* of crime, which would qualify them for so much happiness! * If we look at the free part of the community in which such odd scenes were taking place, it does not require the gift of divination to see, that the effects could not but be most disastrous.† Not merely was the system, as the Parliamentary Report truly remarked, essentially a system of slavery, and therefore necessarily producing all the evils which attend that social anomaly, both on the master and the slave; but all those evils in an aggravated form,—from the fact, that the slaves were not merely slaves but criminals; many of them of that worst of all possible types of degraded humanity—educated and intelligent villains. Nor, putting out of sight the condition of slavery, does it require any great sagacity to see that such a state of things

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* Potter Macqueen, Esq., gave some curious evidence on this subject before a Committee of the House of Commons in 1831. After citing from a letter, in which the signal prosperity of some too happy convicts was set forth, he says, 'This letter was read among the agricultural labourers of Bedfordshire; the effect of it was only this—*they were anxious to know what they could commit to entitle them to be transported.*' It was not without reason, therefore, that the Irish convict said, 'Many a Mac in your town, if he only knew what the situation of a convict was, would not be long in following my example! Thank God for the same, I was never better off in my life.' This expression of devout gratitude is almost as edifying as that of the cicerone mentioned in one of Horace Walpole's letters, who had been so accustomed to speak of his relics as the 'blessed this,' or the 'blessed that,' that he at last showed his visitors 'a part of the blessed fig-tree that Christ had cursed.'

Cases of persons who have committed crime to secure transportation have been notoriously frequent. Some instances will be found recorded in the Appendix to Archbishop Whately's Work on Transportation, No. II. p. 145.

† Report of the Select Committee, 1838, p. 9.

must be attended with the most fearful consequences. Can a country, in which the larger part of all menial duties, and many that are not menial, are discharged by criminals,—by men guilty of theft, forgery, or murder, and marked by all the related vices which have usually led to crime, and which inevitably accompany it,—can a country in which profligates of all descriptions, and in each description the worst, form a third or even half the population, be any other than on the frontiers of hell?

In order to aid the imagination of the reader, let him suppose that in some town and parish of his own country the inhabitants, by some dreadful fatality, were compelled to take their servants, and many other species of dependents, from criminals just convicted; and that, naturally acting on the principle of seeking persons capable of performing the duties assigned, and having, in fact, little other ground of selection, they made their selection with reference to their capacity alone. For example, let a convicted forger be the cashier of the provincial bank; let a profligate and seditious miscreant be the editor of the provincial newspaper; let a spendthrift debauchee, who has ended his career of vice by crime, become the instructor of the daughters of some of the first inhabitants in French and music; suppose that the nursery-maids are harlots in the same category; that the worthy mayor's butler is a drunken scoundrel, whose drunkenness has led on to peculations; that the domestic servants in every household* are swindlers, pilferers, burglars, licentious in their lives, and uncontrollable in their passions: that the very police are themselves often thieves, and the guardians of the law its violators! Is it possible to conceive a state of society more hideous than this, or one which must be more surely summed up at last in general demoralisation? Yet these anomalies are not greater than what actually characterised for many years the society of New South Wales, where, in a thousand cases, functions similar to those we have just mentioned, and many others, were performed by people neither better nor worse than the individuals whom we have imagined to be discharging them in our doomed parish.† But the most terrible feature in the picture is yet to be disclosed.

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* In 1836 the number of assigned convicts in Van Diemen's Land was 6475; in New South Wales, in 1835, the number was 20,207.—Report of Select Committee, p. 5.

† 'At one time even the clerk of the Attorney-General was a convict, and performed all the legal business of his master.'—Report of Select Committee, p. 10. 'It can be easily imagined what a pernicious effect must be produced upon the rising generation of the Australian colonies,

Let us, then, further suppose the society to have become so familiar with these grotesquely hideous anomalies—this moral masquerade—that when it is proposed to abolish the system of 'assignment,' it is found that a universal outcry is raised against its abolition as a cruelty and a wrong; that a vested interest in crime is pleaded; that it is asserted that the diversion of this supply of perfectly unique servants will be attended with the most remediless evils. Let us further suppose, that loud protestations are made of the virtue and good order of a society which consists half of convicts and half of their employers. The reader would probably imagine that in this circumstance he will have received the strongest of all possible proofs of the dreadful effects of such a system—a system which, it appears, could induce a community to put the means of material wealth and physical enjoyment in competition with the continuance of such horrors. And he would conceive rightly. Yet was this the very outcry made both at Sydney and in Van Diemen's Land, when it was first proposed to cut off the 'waters of bitterness,' and relieve these colonies of the further curse—or, as they were pleased to think, to deny them the special boon—of a yearly importation of some thousands of ruffians and miscreants. It was 'Rachel 'weeping for her children, and she refused to be comforted.'*

It is true, that though Van Diemen's Land then joined in that cry, she has uttered, and justly uttered, a very different language since; and has found out that there may be a superabundant supply even of so profitable a commodity as criminals. The

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in consequence of the children of settlers being too frequently in their tenderest years under the charge of such persons'—[profligate female convicts —p. 9. 'The employment of convicts as clerks in the various departments of Government, where they have had means of acquiring knowledge, of which the most corrupt and dangerous use has been made; the employment of convicts as clerks to attorneys, with free access to the jails, which has given rise in the colony to an unparalleled system of bribery and connivance at crime; the entrusting to convicts the education of youth in the various public seminaries; the connexion of convicts with the press,—these and other abuses, of which mention is to to found in every page of the evidence, appear in a greater or less degree inherent in the system of assignment.'—P. 10.

* At Sydney a memorial was instantly addressed to the governor, Sir George Gipps, signed by '67 *magistrates* and 500 persons of great respectability;' July 18, 1838. In Van Diemen's Land a public meeting was called to summon the Governor to vindicate the colony from the aspersions of the Committee, and when the abolition of assignment was found to be probable, a memorial was addressed to the Crown, earnestly praying for its continuance.—Oct. 6, 1838.

fact is—and we would make every allowance for the circumstance—that the colonists were but men; and as long as the colonial labour-market was scantily supplied and wages high, it was a great advantage to have the muscle and brawn of agricultural labourers, and the skill and ingenuity of artisans and mechanics, provided for them at a low rate, or almost no rate at all, even though the convenient serfs were the refuse of the jails of England. Like most men intent for the moment upon the acquisition of material wealth, and feeling not only every faculty absorbed in the pursuit of it, but much capital also embarked in it, they forgot that it is possible to buy wealth at the cost of happiness: at all events, at the expense of that of their children or their children's children, who might dearly rue their fathers' passion for leaving them an ampler heritage of wealth than of virtue.

We make these remarks in no unfriendly spirit to the colonists, nor with any desire to exempt our countrymen at home from any censure they may involve. The settlers in Australia are descended from ourselves, or rather they are ourselves. Without being intensely selfish, our countrymen, whether at home or abroad, as well as their sons or brethren of America, have the spirit of enterprise so strong in them, that they are but too apt to forget the claims of humanity and justice,—nay, even the true welfare of their offspring,—in the prosecution of it. This love of enterprise is at once a virtue and a vice of the Saxon race—the source of many of their most glorious achievements, and of their worst crimes. There are but too many Englishmen who, like Lot, 'seeing that the land is good,' would be content to be settlers in Sodom and Gomorrah, provided that their capital would but return cent per cent; and thousands more, who, in the present ecstasy of a profitable gain, are much of Vespasian's opinion, expressed in the words of the Satirist, 'Lucri bonus est odor ex re quâlibet.' It cannot be disguised that the indignation which at first petitioned and protested, both in New South Wales and in Van Diemen's Land, against the discontinuance of transportation, and which afterwards protested and petitioned against its continuance, was in both cases too obviously inspired by the consideration of profit and loss. As long as the former was the consequence of the system, transportation was not only tolerated but lauded; its abuses were denied, its advantages to all parties insisted upon. But as soon as the balance in the ledger turned the other way in Van Diemen's Land, from that moment our worthy countrymen received new ethical lights; and they exclaimed (justly exclaimed, we admit) against the ruinous effects of a yearly influx of 5000 crimi-

nals into that devoted island. Yet was there nothing in the real and ultimate tendencies of the system, which ought not to have led them to the same conclusion, and to prefer the same prayer, in 1838 as in 1843. It was merely the greater demand for labour in the former case—the fact that the criminals imported were as yet a fertilising manure—which concealed from them the inevitable results. As to the protestations so loudly made in 1838—39, of the consistency of the system with the moral safety of the community, and the challenge to compare the results, 'after making some allowances for circumstances,' with the moral condition of the mother country,—the statistics of crime at the epoch in question will soon settle *that* point. As stated in the Parliamentary Report so often referred to, the ratio of offenders to the population, in New South Wales, taken in the years 1829 and 1835 respectively, was in the former year as 1 to 157, in the latter as 1 to 104⅔; in Van Diemen's Land in the former year, as 1 to 105, in the latter as 1 to 156; in England the ratio was as 1 to 850. The ratio of crimes committed with violence to those without, in New South Wales, was in the former year as 1 to 2; in the latter as 1 to 1⅗; in Van Diemen's Land in the former year as 1 to 3; in the latter as 1 to 4; in England the ratio was as 1 to 8½.

Now, we affirm that no community can exist long in a state of integrity in which the ratio of those who infringe the laws to those who observe them, approaches what it was in these colonies at the period in question. Such a community carries within it, as population increases, the seeds of its own dissolution. But this must necessarily and *ab initio* be the case with any penal settlement, whether consisting of none but criminals, or of convicts and honest men in any thing approaching to equal proportions. Hence the intrinsic absurdity of all such establishments. They are a solecism alike in ethics and legislation. It is vain to look for permanent political prosperity in a society in which vice and profligacy exist in any other than comparatively vanishing quantities. To render this ratio as small as possible, to dispose of the mass of criminals (reformed if possible, but always after their penal sentence is concluded,) in such minute portions, and in such various directions, as to insure their being an innoxious element in the constitution of the society into which they are admitted,—easily absorbed or easily controlled—is in truth the great problem of penal legislation; and to suppose that the congregation of criminals in any one locality can be aught but ruin, is to expect 'grapes of thorns, and figs of thistles.' To this subject we shall return after we have briefly sketched the history of those modifications of the penal

system to which the Report of 1838, and the cessation of transportation to New South Wales, immediately gave rise.

No sooner was the tide of pollution diverted from New South Wales, than it flowed, in a deeper and blacker flood, into Van Diemen's Land, at the rate of about 5000 criminals a-year; deducting such as were destined to Norfolk Island to supply materials for the experiment of Captain Maconochie. In Van Diemen's Land, efforts were immediately made, under the government of Sir John Franklin, and with the aid of Mr Forster (afterwards comptroller-general of convicts), to re-organise the convict system,—a step rendered doubly necessary by the abandonment of the practice of assignment. But before proceeding with this part of the subject, we must devote a few pages to the experiment of Captain Maconochie, at Norfolk Island, in 1840-1843. We shall do so, not merely or principally because the experiment forms an important episode in the history of transportation; but because the theory on which it was founded, erroneous as we deem it in principle, presents in its details much that is capable of being turned to excellent account. In both points of view, it is deserving of careful attention in a discussion like the present.

Its author deserves so well of humanity for the purity and benevolence of his motives, and for the untiring zeal with which he has endeavoured to give effect to them, that it grieves us to speak, as in honesty we must, of the grave defects in his system, and of its comparative failure. Of its fundamental principle, —which represents the reformation of the criminal, and not the prevention of crime, to be the great object of every proper penal code — we need say nothing here, because we have already given our reasons for condemning it. The same kindly disposition, which led to the adoption of that principle, we believe to have been the fruitful source of the other defects of the system. The benevolence of its projector, conjoined with an unusually sanguine temperament, prompted the belief that criminals might be much more easily reclaimed to virtue than any experience justifies us in concluding can possibly be the case: and they also suggested, as the most likely means of attaining that object, a system far too lenient and indulgent. The author expressly condemns all punishments which have not for their *direct* end the moral improvement of the criminal; and therefore all punishments which shall simply tend either to impress society at large with the evil consequences of crime, or to make the criminal himself feel them. It is true that he pleads for a first stage of punitive discipline before introducing the criminal to the full privileges of his 'social system.' But it is evident that his notions of

punishment are very moderate,* and equally evident that at Norfolk Island he dispensed with the preliminary stage altogether. We admit that he assigns some plausible reasons for deeming the contrary course impracticable there. Yet we agree with Sir George Gipps, that those reasons did not justify an entire omission of so essential a feature of any sound plan of penal discipline; and we cannot but think that it was omitted, less because it was impracticable, than because the kind-hearted captain recoiled from the infliction of sufferings, which we verily believe he would have felt almost as much as the criminals themselves; and because he was in haste to lay out his new garden of Eden, or, rather like Prometheus, to commence his fabrication of a new man.

Now, while we would despair of no criminal, and try every means of reformation as if we were certain of success, we believe that the radical reform of such men is comparatively rare; and that the words of scripture only express in strong figurative language a profound truth, when they tell us—not indeed as declaring the impossibility, but the extreme difficulty of the change—that 'if the Ethiopian can change his skin, and the leopard 'his spots, then may those who have been accustomed to do evil, 'learn to do well.'

The benevolent feelings and sanguine temperament of this amiable enthusiast seem, however, to have led him to different conclusions. He appears to have thought that *criminal* human nature,—even with its still unchastised selfishness,—was nearly amenable to the same motives and that *in the same degree* as human nature untainted by crime; whence hope, gratitude, affection, and indulgence are almost the exclusive instruments by which he would seek to operate upon it, and win back the soul to virtue. It is true, indeed, that these are the springs of human nature so long as it remains within the limits of moral law; hope lures virtue forward, and pleasure is her inseparable companion. But when man transgresses that law, fear takes the place of hope, and pain of pleasure. This is the law of the moral universe. We are far from saying, indeed, that other and happier impulses are to be

* It appears from his report (24th July 1840,) after a residence at Norfolk Island of five months, that his notions of punishment had become lenient enough. He thinks that punishments for past offences should consist strictly of a 'fine' (of marks); that 'imprisonment' should never be 'solitary,' but 'social,' and that those subjected to it 'should be grouped together in a reasonably comfortable apartment,' and collectively 'employed in an intellectual task.'—Correspondence respecting the Convict System in Norfolk Island, Lords' Papers, 1846, No. 40, pp. 2, 3.

neglected, even in the treatment of the worst criminals; but we maintain that during all the first stages, and in a measure throughout his whole discipline, they must be coupled with a still more stringent appeal to those opposite motives which the intense selfishness, indicated and produced by crime, have apparently made, for the present, the law of his nature. They are the only powerful motives which as yet can be absolutely reckoned upon. As for the others—that all-absorbing selfishness, which has led on to crime, has already set them at defiance. Few must have been the convicts, who have not already broken through far stronger restraints of kindness and forbearance than those to which Captain Maconochie's system, or any other system of *penitentiary discipline*, can afford to resort; while many—but too many—have deliberately advanced along their career of crime in one perpetual outrage on all the best and holiest impulses of humanity—in contempt of that passionate domestic love which outlives the worth of its object and the dictates of reason itself; in spite of infinite sacrifices and acts of forbearance and never-wearied forgiveness; in spite of the spectacle of comprehensive and all unutterable misery caused by their perseverance in evil. To suppose that such natures as these are to be subdued by leniency, before they have learned by severe and prolonged suffering the unprofitableness of selfishness, is to hope that rocks will melt in the sun.

Hence, if we mistake not, an unreasonable estimate, on the part of Captain Maconochie, of the effects of what he calls his 'social system.' He declares his object to be, to imitate in his community of criminals the laws of ordinary society; to rule it by the same motives and impulses, and even to provide it with the same temptations. But the conclusive answer is, that if we would *really* imitate the constitution of Nature, we shall make distinctions marked enough between those who have and those who have not violated the great conditions of their well-being.

The motives which most powerfully address themselves to either class are not only, for the most part, different from those addressed to the other; but when they are the same, they are appealed to in an inverse ratio. Let our *criminal* community, then, be so constituted; and we shall immediately see that the system will be one in which hope and pleasure, the influence of kindness and indulgence, (though not excluded,) are no longer the *predominant* impulses, but fear, and pain, and sorrow. Take a single example of the way in which that Supreme and unerring wisdom, which we call Nature, actually deals with the two classes. As long as a man complies with the maxims of temperance, he is *encouraged* to the continued practice of its lessons by health of body, peace of mind, the respect of others and his

own; when he trespasses on them, (and in proportion as he does so,) sickness, pain, loss of character, contempt, are sent to reclaim him by suffering: and the longer he perseveres, the more firmly does this iron grasp close upon him; the intervals of health and ease become more transient, till at last (we speak of the general tendency) he is the victim of physical sufferings, to which all the ordinary inflictions of modern penal discipline are a *bagatelle*. The man having already defied the proper impulses which ought to govern him, has necessarily brought himself under those which, in his present state, are the strongest with him, and, therefore, best adapted to reclaim him; and he does so in precise proportion as he continues in wrong-doing. The same divinely-instituted system, too, instead of presenting him with all the ordinary temptations undiminished, mercifully commissions his very vices to curtail them, by wasting that substance which can alone purchase, and that bodily and mental vigour which can alone relish, vicious gratifications. A penitentiary system, constructed on *such* a natural principle, assuredly will not err on the side of leniency; nor attempt the impossible task of finding 'a way' of transgressing 'that is *not* hard.'

Whether it may be possible, with a due regard to these limitations, and the recollection that a prison should not be made a happy place, to apply the 'social or co-operative system' of managing criminals to anything like the extent hoped for by Captain Maconochie, is a problem of vast importance; and on which we have as yet but little experience. It is also one of stupendous difficulty. To bind together the good is easy; for all goodness is attractive, and gravitates towards unity. But vice and crime are in their very nature centrifugal and explosive forces. But at all events Captain Maconochie, should not have forgotten that the human nature with which *he* had to deal was disorganised human nature; and that the treatment should be such as the physician prescribes for the sick, and not for the healthy.

We are by no means fond of that utilitarian hypothesis which represents all virtue as but the philosophy which best calculates profit and loss; and are quite sure that *he* will never be truly virtuous who acts from no higher or more generous impulses: But we are convinced, at the same time, that, as applied to the first steps of any reformatory process, it may be very safely relied on. The criminal must be led back by the same road by which he has been led astray; and be convinced, by the sufferings of an exorbitant selfishness, that they far overbalance its gratifications; and till he has effectually learned this one lesson, we have not even laid the foundation-stone of his future reformation.

Now, if any one will be at the trouble to read the worthy

Captain's writings, and especially the official documents which he, from time to time, transmitted to Sir George Gipps, on his appointment,* and during the course of his experiment at Norfolk Island, he will not fail to see that the system was of far too lenient and indulgent a character. In these documents, the writer lays down his principles, and reasons upon them with a minuteness and prolixity which look oddly enough in official statements, but which, at least, put us in entire possession of his views,—views which, we are bound to say, are often developed with no small degree of plausibility and ingenuity. The main impression left by them on the mind is, however, unavoidable. He is far too confident in his reliance on influences which criminals are but little disposed to appreciate. The whole system presupposes the present activity, of motives which it has been the business of their lives to suppress; while it dispenses far too summarily with appeals to those by which we know that they may still be actuated. The same conviction of the over-refinement of the system, and that its basis is one of false leniency, is confirmed by the grave and disproportionate stress which is laid on minor instruments of improvement, and by the excessive solicitude displayed in it that they should allure by giving *pleasure*. From some passages, one would almost imagine that the worthy Captain was thinking rather how he should best provide employment for virtuous leisure, than what would be the most efficient instruments of penal discipline. He argues not only for the necessity of a well-selected library of moral, religious, and didactic works, but an assortment of the best 'novels,' and a goodly portion of the 'drama.'† After remarking on the 'humanizing' powers of music,‡ he prays that there may be 'seraphines at least, if

* See particularly Commons' Papers, No. 412, pp. 18-28.

† Commons' Papers, 15th June 1841; Secondary Punishment, New South Wales, No. 412, p. 22.

‡ Ibid. p. 23.—Plato and Aristotle, like Captain Maconochie, attached great importance to music, and the moral καθαρσις—the 'purgation' of the passions—which it was supposed capable of effecting. But while insisting on it as an important branch of education, they do not seem to have thought of making it an instrument for the reclamation of criminals, or an element of prison discipline. We are afraid that even its ancient miracles are not likely to be renewed in our degenerate days; and must lament with Cornelius, in Martinus Scriblerus, that we have lost the 'melody of the pipe;' though whether, if we could recover it, we could, as he supposes, turn 'Newgate into a college of Dorian musicians, who should teach moral virtues to our criminals,' may well be doubted. We fear that the experiment would only end like his own 'The mob laughed, sang, danced, jumped, and used many odd gestures, all which he judged to be caused by the various strains and modulations.'

'not organs,' in the convict churches, 'with an assortment of the 'usual band instruments;' he even expresses a hope of being able to set on foot a well-regulated Theatre, and is anxious to provide plenty of occupations and diversions of a 'cheering' and 'enlivening' character.

Amid these 'solatia,' and such as these, we fear that the criminal would be but too apt to forget his degradation and guilt altogether; if not to imagine that he was sent to prison rather as to a finishing school of accomplishments, than to an hospital for his moral cure. We would not, indeed, neglect any means of effecting substantial and solid improvement in the mind of the criminal, nor such sources of recreation as should promote and maintain physical health; but we cannot say that we should be much concerned to provide him with any great variety, whether of intellectual luxuries or physical enjoyments; not to mention that, with regard to some of the above sources of amusement, we should fear that their tendency, under the circumstances, would be rather 'relaxing' than 'humanizing;' and that they might promote a degree of 'cheerfulness,' not to say 'jollity,' a little inconsistent with the state of feeling which best becomes a criminal working out a penal sentence. We apprehend that the 'repentance' of many such would be like that of Falstaff's princely scapegrace—'Marry, the 'young lion repents; not in ashes and sackcloth, but in new silk 'and old sack.' And especially should we fear this in conjunction with some other parts of the philanthropist's system; who, in his questionable mimicry of the ordinary forms of society, and his solicitude that all his criminals should have the opportunity of coping with abundance of 'temptations,' was anxious that they should be allowed* to spend a part of their earnings in various

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"Mark, (quoth he,) in this, the power of the Ionian; in that, you see the effect of the Æolian." But in a little time, they began to grow riotous, and threw stones.' Sure we are, at all events, that the 'humanising' effect of any, or of all the fine arts, will never produce, on minds sunk in crime, any other than an inappreciable effect, till a moral change is otherwise wrought. They are the ornaments, and, to some extent, the auxiliaries of virtue—not the medicine of vice. 'Leviathan is not so 'tamed.'

* Of his proposal, 'that marks of approbation should be made commutable into present indulgences,' he says—'Nothing will train to command so effectually, or more complete the assimilation of *penal* to *real* life, which I think so important; and I particularly wish to be enabled *thus to sell spirits.* If the principle be right at all, it should be *carried out.* If any form of temptation is withheld, against that temptation our prisoners will go forth unprepared.'—*Commons' Papers*, No. 412, 15th June 1841, p. 26.

personal indulgences, and among other things, if they pleased, 'in spirits.' This last, indeed, was forbidden him; but some other of his 'imitations' of ordinary society seem to us little less dangerous: among them, we should place the permission to the convicts to wear knives. Captain Maconochie says, he never knew any evils arise from this last indulgence; but we cannot think it prudent to intrust weapons of offence to men so liable to the influence of lawless and irascible passions. The practice threatened ill consequences enough at a subsequent period in the history of Norfolk Island.

On the actual result of the experiment at Norfolk Island, the evidence is somewhat conflicting. We would not, indeed, lay too great stress on particular acts of the Captain's administration —as, for example, his regaling the convicts on the Queen's birthday, with 'fresh pork, weak punch, and a play in the evening'—nor upon his extraordinary acts of lenity in some individual cases.* We can easily conceive, with Sir George Gipps, that acts of unexpected lenity 'may have been in many cases very 'successful.' Still, there is but too much reason to apprehend, that a *system* administered on such relaxed principles, must in the end issue in the most pernicious consequences; less so, we sincerely believe, in the hands of Captain Maconochie than of almost any one else—but still pernicious. His zeal, energy, and benevolence, no doubt, counteracted much of its evil; in hands which had not the same motives to diligence, or the same interest in success, we are much mistaken if it would not bear bitter fruits. Now, every system—penal or otherwise—must exact no more than the average capacity, industry, and virtue, which may be calculated upon for its ordinary administration.

Even in Captain Maconochie's hands, however, the results are anything but satisfactory. The evidence of Mr I. W. Smith, of the commissariat department, would go to prove not only the 'expensive and wasteful character' of the experiment, 'but that 'indolence and insubordination extensively prevailed among the 'convicts.' He says, 16th June 1842, 'A most radical change is 'wanted here immediately. The place bears no more resemblance 'to what a penal settlement should be, than a playhouse does to 'a church. . . . Idleness and insubordination prevail to a shame-'ful extent amongst the prisoners; or they employ themselves for

* As, for example, in the cases detailed by himself.—*Lords' Papers*, No. 40, 1846, pp. 18, 19.

[illegible] Papers, 1818, No. 40, p. 59—Correspondence on the Con-
[illegible] Norfolk Island.

[illegible] Papers, No. 40, 1818, pp. 137-150.

general characteristic; the task-work being light in itself, and carelessly performed.

It has been also asserted, we know not with what truth, that the relaxation of discipline under Captain Maconochie paved the way for that fearful state of insubordination and demoralisation which subsequently appeared in Norfolk Island, and which, in 1846, necessitated the immediate breaking up of the whole establishment.* It appears to us, however, to have been much more owing to the utter imbecility of the then commandant, Major Childs, than to any other cause. We should be glad to believe, too, that Captain Maconochie's system had as little to do with the increase of those detestable vices, which certainly seem to have been earlier rife at Norfolk Island than at any other spot in Australia, and to have been peculiarly propagated from it as a centre. Even to men disposed to the ordinary forms of sensuality, nothing is so dangerous as listlessness and indolence; and to those of depraved appetites, relaxation of discipline and comparative leisure must be most ruinous. We have seen the evidence of Sir George Gipps as to the state of the island in this respect.

It is but just to Captain Maconochie to bear in mind three things which appear in the report of Sir George Gipps. 1*st*, That even Captain M., in the course of his experiment, seems to have come to the conclusion that it was projected on too indulgent and liberal a scale, and that criminals were not quite so malleable as he had imagined. He acknowledges that he had been latterly compelled to resort much more frequently to the 'lash and the chain.'

2*dly*, That he constantly affirmed that he had not had a fair opportunity of trying his experiment; and more particularly, from the presence of two distinct classes of criminals, the 'old' and the 'new hands.' At the same time, the bold act with which he commenced his administration—that of abolishing the distinction between these classes, which he had been expressly ordered to keep separate—leaves us somewhat in doubt whether it was possible to place Captain Maconochie in any situation, short of one in which he should exercise a despotic authority, where he could have tried his experiment to his own entire satisfaction.

3*dly*, That while Sir George Gipps evidently concurred in the general impression of the dangerous laxity of the system,

* Parliamentary Papers—Convict Discipline and Transportation, No. 36, 1847.—Report of Mr Stewart, p. 91.

and thought that as a whole it was not feasible, he yet admits that it had been in many points productive of beneficial consequences, and embodied some regulations worthy of being introduced into any system of penal discipline.

Now, it is much more important to ascertain how far the theory in question is sound or unsound, and what parts of it are useful and practicable, than to ascertain the exact results of the actual experiment in Norfolk Island; and it is principally to enable the reader to form a judgment of the former, that we have entered into so much detail respecting the latter.

In the first place, then, it is a most important principle of this system that restoration to society should not only be gradual, but marked at every stage by a relaxation of the convict's bonds —itself the reward of continued good conduct; by a participation of privileges which should again fit him in some degree to feel his own responsibility and ultimately to act as a freeman; and, (so far as it is merely the result of such relaxation of rigour,) by letting him meet with circumstances which will require him to cope with temptation. We agree with the Captain entirely, that to pass, at one bound, from a system of severe discipline and coercion, to one of unrestrained freedom, would alone be sufficient to peril the fairest prospect of reformation. But agreeing with him in the principle, we greatly differ as to the limits within which it is to be applied. We should plead for a much more stringent system throughout, than the worthy philanthropist, whose plans we are now discussing, would perhaps approve. For example, we would not permit criminals to wear knives, or any other weapons which might tempt to the sudden indulgence of irascible passions; nor would we allow them to spend any portion of those earnings, which are ultimately to issue in their freedom, in any merely sensual gratification, in 'tea, coffee, tobacco,' and much less 'in spirits.' The plainer their prison fare, the better; and, certainly, we have no right to put temptations unnecessarily in the way of such men, for the purpose of trying and testing an incipient virtue.

Another point in Captain Maconochie's system capable of being turned to excellent account, is the plan of 'marks.' It would require, indeed, to be applied with many cautions: nor can we think that, if adopted according to his method, it would be productive of other than very questionable benefits. The captain rightly contends that the chief part of the criminal's punishment should consist of severe labour, measured by amount, and not by time; and that for it he should be allowed a certain number of 'marks,' or, as we should prefer to call it, for reasons we are about to

assign, a certain amount of 'wages;' the rapid or slow accumulation of which, and the consequent duration of his bondage, would thus depend on his own industry and energy. This would involve the unspeakable advantage of appealing to his hopes and fears, and not leave him in listlessness and vacuity of mind to wait for what he can neither expedite nor retard—the lapse of a certain period of time. Indeed, whenever it can be effected, we should, for these reasons, deem the substitution of task-work for a term of years, of the highest advantage in all respects.* We have just said we prefer the name of 'wages' to that of 'marks,' and the accumulation of a certain 'sum' to that of a definite 'number of marks.' We should wish it for the purpose of facilitating a more intimate association in the mind of the criminal between crime and its cost,—of impressing him and the spectator with a palpable image of the fact, that he has paid at a very dear rate for his gratification of lawless passion. For this reason, we would have the wages allowed him fixed at a rate considerably below that at which free labour is rewarded in the same locality; and the 'sum' to be accumulated, proportioned as far as possible to the injury that his crime has inflicted;—not forgetting something over and above, in part payment, as it were, of the cost his country has been put to by him in his conviction and punishment. As the greater part of the offences in a country like England, are offences against property, the conviction would have a chance of being established in the popular mind, that the advantages contemplated by crime may be obtained at a cheaper rate. It would be a useful fact, for every criminal, to learn, through his own experience, in the plain form of pounds, shillings, and pence, that 'honesty is the best policy.'

But then Captain Maconochie proposes that the wages thus accumulated, should in part be at the control of the prisoner, while working out his own redemption; that his marks should be a species of currency, and spent, if he pleases, in treating himself to extra indulgences and luxuries. All this seems to us wrong. As the criminal is strictly a debtor, his wages should be considered in the light of a just debt, which no conscientious debtor

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* Paley had previously suggested two characteristic features of Captain M.'s system; first, the system of task-work with wages; secondly, the trusting prisoners with the proceeds of their labour, for the purpose of providing their own food and clothing. But he does not say that he would allow them an unlimited market, or indulge them with luxuries by way of providing them with temptations.—See 'Moral Philosophy,' Book VI. chap. ix.

would wish to withhold from his creditor—a fund sacred to the claims of his country, and to his own ultimate benefit on his restoration to society. Numberless evils would at once spring from placing the 'wages,' or 'marks,' in the hands of criminals, as exchangeable commodities. It is certain that men—many of them so deeply depraved—few of them more than partially reformed—all craving for unnatural excitement under the necessary restrictions and monotony of a prison, even with the solace of novels, a theatre, and 'seraphines,'—would begin to gamble with these funds; and we find, accordingly, that Sir G. Gipps expressly mentions this as one of the prevailing abuses of the mark system, in the report of his visit of inspection to Norfolk Island. Gambling is not one of the least pregnant sources of crime in the first instance; and certainly no inducement should be left to the practice of it within the walls of a penitentiary. But it is argued, that we should endeavour to mimic in a prison the incidents of ordinary life: and we are reminded, that the prisoner, on his restoration to it, must cope with such temptations. To any such argument we at once reply; First, that it becomes us always to remember, that at best there is and can be but a very imperfect analogy between a penitentiary, and life outside its walls. Secondly, that the temptations with which a man, who is still a prisoner, should be called to cope, ought to be only such as are the inevitable effect of the gradual softening of the rigours of his discipline, and his approach to a state of freedom—never artificially provided by our love of experimenting on his power of resistance. Thirdly, that least of all ought we to play the deliberate tempter, and supply provocatives to minds at best recovering slowly their self-control, and, in the necessary absence of many of the innocent sources of excitement which real life presents, still craving after stimulants of a questionable nature; and, lastly, that the permanent security of the criminal against temptation will be better attained by placing him ultimately in a new situation, and dislocating thereby all his old associations, than by any preliminary course of temptation, for the probation and confirmation of a yet rickety virtue.

Captain Maconochie also proposes that a convict should have the liberty of exchanging a portion of his 'wages' for '*personal indulgences*:' to be paid for by a voluntary prolongation of imprisonment. We wonder beyond measure that one who reasons so ingeniously, and often so justly, on the theory of prison discipline, did not see at once an objection to this plan as obvious as it is fatal. What! shall we leave the association to be formed in the criminal's mind, that it is perfectly indifferent, provided he at last acquires the sum which the law demands, whether he

remain under convict discipline, and wear a convict's dress, for ten years, or two, or one?—that the preference of a present indulgence to the speedy restoration to society and honest employment, is a matter of little or no consequence?—that if he prefers his ounce of tobacco, his half ounce of tea, or his gill of spirits, to the hopes of freedom, independence, and character, he has made a choice—not the very wisest perhaps, but one which he is at perfect liberty to make, without either being or appearing to be the worse for it? But it is not so;—As long as a man is content to wear a convict's jacket, dwell in a prison, and herd with criminals, a day more than he is obliged to do so, and to barter his liberty, his independence, and the good opinion of society, for a momentary gratification of his senses; as long as he can permit himself to think he may blamelessly put the enjoyments of a brute in competition with the duties of a man—so long the work of reformation is, in his case, not yet even begun. Every thing ought to be done that can be done, directly and indirectly, to connect indissolubly the sense of degradation with the condition of a convict; to make it felt that it is a condition not endurable for a day beyond the period which the law itself assigns. We are astonished that these considerations, which are not surely great refinements, should have wholly escaped our practical philanthropist, and that he should have contended for a moment in favour of a plan so thoroughly irrational, and utterly opposed to every sound principle of moral training.*

In 1843 Captain Maconochie ceased to command at Norfolk Island; and the *caput mortuum* of his experiment was added to the mass of putrefaction already loading Van Diemen's Land. We now proceed, therefore, to the last phase which the old

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* There is one part of Captain Maconochie's plan, to which he attaches great importance; which, nevertheless, appears to us to be totally incapable of being profitably ingrafted into any penal system. We refer to what he calls the principle of mutual responsibility, by which he would link together a certain number of the prisoners in the working out of their penal sentence; each deriving advantage from the good conduct of the rest, and the misconduct of any one entailing a loss of 'marks' on all. He acknowledges that he entirely failed in his attempt to work this principle in Norfolk Island, and that it was universally distasteful to the convicts. The reason is obvious; '*facilis descensus Averni;*' but to struggle 'up the steep ascent' to the light of day, is hard enough for him who is burdened only with his own hundred-weight or so of evil habits. To lay upon him those of others seems intolerable. The Captain has here again been misled by a desire to imitate too closely the analogies of ordinary life; and, in this case, one of the most unpopular he could have found.

convict system assumed in that country. Under a combination of peculiar circumstances it has there revealed its uttermost capacities of evil; and has, we believe, made it impossible to attempt to form a penal settlement for the future; that is—for to that point it comes—has made it impossible to repeat the egregious solecism of founding infant empires in crime.*

We have already said, that as soon as the 'assignment system' had been abandoned, and transportation to New South Wales suspended, the flood of filth rolled in a spring-tide into Van Diemen's Land. Van Diemen's Land was then, however, in so prosperous a condition, that it encouraged Sir J. Franklin, who, from the day he assumed office, had been intent on the study of the convict system, and was diligent in his efforts at re-organising it, to hope that he might dispose even of this large increase of the once acceptable manure. But, alas! the political 'Muck Manual' is yet to be written which will enable the moral agriculturist to deal with such an amount of ordure. It no longer served to fertilise, but to breed a pestilence.

For several years previous to 1842, a most active speculation in land had been going on; capital seemed abundant, and the demand for labour not merely plentiful, but urgent. The proceeds of the fund arising from the sale of public lands, which in 1839 had been L.7754, rose in 1840 to L.52,905, and in 1841, to L.64,070.; while the revenue of the colony in all those years was above the expenditure; in 1839 the surplus was L.16,043; in 1840, L.44,713; and in 1841, L 69,543.

Lord Stanley's instructions for the management of the convicts were dated the 25th of November 1842, and arrived in May 1843. It is but justice to his lordship to state, whatever may be the merits or the faults of his system, that it was founded in great measure on the previous recommendations of persons who might be supposed well qualified by their position to form an opinion. The suggestions of Sir John Franklin, sent home as early as October 1838, (before, therefore, he could have heard of the results of the investigations of the Commons' Committee printed in that year,) not only coincide in several important

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* We need not trouble ourselves about the fabulous origin of Rome. An English soldier is said to have exclaimed during the war of North American Independence, 'Yet the Adam and Eve of this people came out of Newgate!' It was not so. Jefferson puts the whole number of malefactors sent out, at under 2000; and does not suppose that themselves and their descendants were above 4000 in 1785, or about a thousandth part of the population.

points with the conclusions of that committee, but with Lord Stanley's subsequent instructions. The same may be said of subsequent recommendations in 1839.*

Lord Stanley's despatches must have passed, in the voyage, one from Sir J. Franklin, dated November 1842. From the latter it is plain, that the decline in the prosperity of the colony had already commenced; and that the Governor began to feel doubtful whether he should be able to deal satisfactorily with those hordes of worse than barbarians, by which he was about to be invaded. He also clearly indicates his doubts on the moral efficacy of any of the means employed for the reformation of the convicts. He says† of those about to emerge from the probation gangs, 'that they were far from indicating, by their conduct, 'the moral improvement which he had anticipated; and that it 'was not without extreme concern that he had discovered that 'they not only had not acquired habits of labour, order, or subordination, but that they had actually shown a disposition to 'mutiny.'

The principal provisions in Lord Stanley's code of regulations are as follow. The criminals sentenced for life or for fifteen years, in the case of aggravated offences, were to be detained at Norfolk Island for a period not exceeding four, nor less than two years; they were then to proceed to Van Diemen's Land—to which favoured spot also repaired the remainder of the unblessed cargoes, to the amount of from four to five thousand men annually. In Van Diemen's Land they were all to be divided into probation gangs consisting of from 250 to 300 men each. Their punishment was to consist in hard labour in the unsettled districts, and in the service of the government. Each gang was to be subdivided into classes, distinguished, according to character, by mitigations of discipline. To every two gangs was to be attached a religious instructor, and to every five a visiting magistrate. The period of detention in these gangs—good conduct presumed—was not to exceed two years.

On emerging from the gangs they took the rank of 'probation 'pass-holders.' These again were divided into three classes; distinguished as before by different privileges. The first class were not to engage in private service except by the express permission of government. They were also to receive only half their wages; the rest to be paid into the Saving's Bank. The second class might engage in service, provided they immediately notified

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* Commons' Papers.—No. 309, 1838; and No. 412, 1841, pp. 1-80.
† Despatch of November 1842.

the engagement to the authorities; these were to receive two-thirds of their wages. The third class received the whole. The 'probation pass-holders' who might be unable to obtain employment, were to re-enter the service of government, and were to be employed in road making, or in jobbing-parties hired out to individuals; these, however, only received the ordinary rations of food and clothing.

The next stage was that of 'ticket-of-leave holders,' and the obtaining of such tickets was to be matter of favour, but never of right. One condition was that the convict must have passed a definite proportion of his original sentence—varying, of course, with the sentence—as a 'pass-holder.' This 'ticket-of-leave' amounted, in fact, to a revocable pardon, valid in the colony where it was given. The last step was the obtaining a pardon, either conditional or absolute, with which the criminal's ordeal terminated.*

On the face of this scheme, it appears that its basis was that of a series of *punishments*, gradually diminishing in severity and intensity as the criminal approached freedom, each stage being so contrived as to prepare for the next succeeding. On the whole, it appears that, including detention in Norfolk Island as the first, and pardon as the last, there were five steps necessary between the sentence of transportation and complete freedom.

The graduated scale of punishment is, of course, an idea common to this and every other system of penal discipline, which contemplates the return of the criminal to society at all. The difficulty is to work it in a *penal colony*; or in *any* community in which any considerable portion of the community are or have been criminals. It can only be tolerably successful under the fairest external circumstances, where there is as yet a very scanty and scattered population, and an unusual demand for labour. In the end, indeed, as we have so often said, such a colony carries within its own bosom the seeds of its ruin; but at all events, the time is sure to come, which will test the tendencies of any such system. That crisis in Van Diemen's Land came quickly enough.

We have seen that when the instructions of Lord Stanley were sent out, a despatch was already on its way to England, in which the Governor states his doubts whether the system he had organised had been attended with any beneficial effects. In this, as well as in his previous despatch of July 22d, 1842,

* For these instructions see Commons' Papers, 3d April 1843. No. 159, pp. 3-13.

he not obscurely indicates his conviction of the mercantile embarrassments which threatened the colony, and of the consequent difficulty there would be in dealing with the flood of convicts which were annually pouring in. The prophecy was soon fulfilled. In 1842 the course of re-action began; the prosperity of the colony was seen to have been in a great measure delusive; capital became scarce, loans were rapidly called in, land and stock fell, and the colony groaned under all the usual calamities attendant upon over-speculation. In 1842 the land fund diminished to L.21,984, and the revenue fell short of the expenditure by no less than L.41,359. What, meantime, became of the convicts? Of course, when there was not employment even for free emigrants, and many were leaving the island on that account, it was not possible to obtain employment for the convicts, who were, at the same time, more numerous than they had ever been, and were still increasing. In 1841 the convict population of Van Diemen's Land was 16,391; in 1842 it was 20,332, of whom 7000 were in the probation gangs; in 1843 it was 24,926, of whom rather more than *half*, or 12,742, had *to be employed and supported by government.* At the end of the very first quarter, the impracticability of the new government scheme was apparent. It was in vain that the commissary applied for the money in return for convict labour employed in colonial purposes—the Exchequer was empty. Fresh instructions were sent for from home. The reply was, that the superfluous hands among the pass-holders must be employed in raising their own food, in the erection of gaols and schools and hospitals, in cultivating waste lands for future sale, and in other purposes which might diminish the charge on the British Treasury or ultimately repay it.

Still the new governor, Sir Eardley Wilmot, who sailed for the colony in April 1843, writes in May 1844, that the number of 'ticket-of-leave-men' and 'probation pass-holders' unemployed continued very large, and that there was no prospect of their diminution; 'that unless some means were adopted 'to employ the ticket-of-leave men and conditional-pardon men, 'who, as they received their indulgences, were thrown on their 'own resources, there was reason to fear there would be not only 'a pauper population, but a thieving population, thrown upon the 'colony.' * This class of candidates for service, let us recollect, was flowing out of the gangs at the rate of about 2,500 a year. They repaired to the 'hiring-depôts' to seek employment; and as,

* Commons' Paper in continuation of 158 and 159, p. 86.

so far from being in request there, the 'hiring-depôts' were crowded with those whose term of service had expired, and who were similarly waiting for engagements, we may easily conceive what pleasant effects must have attended these huge aggregations of unemployed, listless, depraved, and miserable wretches. In such a state of things, we need not wonder that the seeds of crime shot up with tenfold luxuriance, and brought forth that full harvest of iniquities of which recent accounts inform us. With some slight fluctuations in the numbers of the convicts, and of the proportions of the unemployed, much the same state of things continued till the very last reports in 1846; which give the enormous convict population of 29,949—of whom 5159 were totally supported by the government—out of a gross population of about 65,000. Sir E. Wilmot might well say that, in such a state of things, there was reason to fear "lest the population should become 'not only a pauper, but a thieving population;' and he might have said much more. He knew, or *ought* to have known—and in either case is culpable for not telling, that there were infinitely worse things than 'pilfering' going on; that the most revolting and detestable vices, which we cannot even pollute our pages by specifying, were becoming notoriously common in every part of this devoted colony; not, indeed, then known for the first time, for they have been, and ever will be, the infamous consequence of all attempts at 'founding penal colonies,' of which an inevitable condition is the congregation of a large number of depraved men, and an appalling disproportion of the sexes. But these horrid vices were at this juncture more rapidly diffused, more widely practised, and pursued with more bestial shamelessness than at any other period, and in consequence were at last more fully disclosed.

It is to the discredit of Sir E. Wilmot's administration, that, contented with endeavouring to mitigate some of the more obvious evils—to diminish the mere numbers dependent upon government—he either did not know, or, if he knew, concealed the horrible immoralities, which were going on at most of the convict stations. The same blame attaches to the controller-general, Mr Forster. It is almost impossible that facts, such as have since come to light—a state of things which could lead to the energetic remonstrance of Mr Pitcairn, supported by information transmitted through many private channels, and amply confirmed by the joint testimony of both the Protestant and Roman Catholic bishops, as well as by that of the provisional governor, Mr Latrobe—could have existed without their becoming known to the controller-general and governor, and calling forth the most alarming representations on the subject. Yet—so far from this—the reader of the elaborate reports of the state of the several convict stations, in

which the statistics of crime are given with ostentatious minuteness, will find, to his great surprise, a remarkable paucity of *moral* offences—fewer, in fact, than are known in ordinary society. One would imagine that the days of Eden were about to be restored; that the golden age was commencing again; and certainly, where one would least have looked for it, among convict gangs in a penal settlement! These returns, therefore, prove far too much; and indicate either a desire to conceal the true condition of affairs, or a most culpable ignorance of it. The parties were the more to blame, as, to do justice to the government at home, Lord Stanley, and Mr Gladstone after him, were most urgent for information on these topics. The former, in his projected dispatch of September 1844, (forwarded by Mr Gladstone,) and the latter, in his dispatch of February 28, 1845, express their surprise that, in the communications received from Sir Eardley Wilmot, as well as in the reports of Mr Forster, amid plentiful details concerning all other matters, a strange and ominous silence was observed respecting those points on which the government was most solicitous to be informed—that is, respecting the moral condition of the convict population, and the effects of the new arrangements on their reformation.

In consequence of the disastrous state of things in Van Diemen's Land, transportation thither has very properly been suspended. And we hope that this devoted colony, on which England has been so long making these terrible experiments, will, after a time, not merely recover its commercial prosperity, (of which we do not doubt—indeed the most recent accounts inspire strong hope of it,) but—what is more important—outgrow the moral effects of the system; that those detestable and shameful vices which have rooted themselves there, will be obliterated; that the impure waters, no longer periodically swollen and stirred up by the foul stream of convicts, will ooze into the soil, or deposit their pernicious sediment, and be known only historically as part of the visitations of former days. Let us hope that this will be the case, both in New South Wales and Van Diemen's Land. If not—if the vices which have sprung up in those regions should be propagated through future generations, and continue when the Australian colonists have become, what they *will* become, vast nations, perhaps extensive empires—it requires no vivid fancy to hear from out of the depths of the unseen future, what Dante heard through the darkness which shrouded the horrors of hell,—curses, groans, wailings, and the smiting of hands. In order to avert the fulfilment of any such horrible anticipation, it should be the earnest effort of England to supply every corrective in its power; to encourage by every available means

the emigration of healthy materials into these colonies; to transfuse into them as much as possible of blood untainted by crime; and, above all, to abate that appalling inequality of the sexes, which, so long as it exists, must produce a prolongation of many of the worst evils which now oppress them.

But though the recent accounts from Van Diemen's Land have disclosed more fully and distinctly the evils inherent in the system of penal settlements, the thing to be constantly kept in view is, that those evils *are* inherent; and, that whether developed more slowly or more rapidly, they are sure to appear at last. It cannot be repeated too often, that all communities which consist either wholly of criminals, or of a population in which they form a considerable element, or more than a comparatively inappreciable one, involve an absurdity; and to found them, is 'to build a house upon the sand.'

The tendency of crime, when concentrated, to propagate itself with increasing rapidity, is unspeakably aggravated in penal settlements, by that necessary condition of all such communities—the inequality of the sexes. A natural consequence of this condition is the loss of those domestic influences, to which ultimately all the charities of life and all the virtues of society are more indebted, than to all other causes put together; while, in their place, we have the certainty of vices which—as they are the most hideous which can curse humanity—are not only connected, by the affinities of vice in general, with every form of abandoned profligacy, but—as constituting the *ne plus ultra* of depravity and corruption—find or make all who are infected with them, ready for every crime.

We shall therefore take it for granted—until the people of England, with whom the affair really rests, shall show us that we are wrong in so doing—that all attempts to found or perpetuate penal settlements will henceforth be abandoned. Indeed it is, in our judgment, impossible to read the recent evidence from our Australian colonies (which in truth is hardly fit for public perusal, and is happily sunk in books in which few trouble themselves to look for it,) without coming to this conclusion. The details of that evidence we cannot, and will not enter into. Those who wish for them must seek them in the Parliamentary papers. We have no hesitation in saying that the warmest thanks of the country are due to the present government for coming to an instant resolution to abandon 'transportation;' though the system which, in a most laudable solicitude to arrest such gigantic evils, they have devised in its place, may require some important supplements and corrections to render it fully effectual. Our views on these points we shall now proceed to lay before the reader: stating at the same time, that—however govern-

ment may be justified by the powers which the legislature had already conferred, in making the experiments they propose—there cannot be a doubt that the sooner an appeal is made to Parliament, and an entire change of system effected with its deliberate sanction, the better.

Many 'learned in the law' have, it appears, declared that the government have *not* the power of making the alterations proposed by Earl Grey, even by way of experiment, without the sanction of Parliament, expressly and directly given. This is a question of law, of which we admit that the said persons ought to be the best judges. It is, however, with us a question of very inferior importance, compared with that of the actual discontinuance of transportation; and we shall not enter into it further than to say, 1*st*, That if the present government erred, it was very natural; for they only proposed doing on a larger scale, precisely what had been done by all successive governments for many years past; and which *appeared*, at all events, to be sanctioned by powers already conferred by Parliament. 2*dly*, That being in possession of the evidence from Van Diemen's Land, which reached them during the last year, government would, in the estimation of the people of England, have been inexcusable, if they had not taken every means, which seemed open to them, to stay the moral plague in that stricken land, by instantly suspending the transportation of convicts thither;—And they deserve the gratitude of the community for the attempt, even though it should be frustrated.

But it appears that the Judges intimate, that they deem it necessary for our own interests to persevere in the system; that, unless they can pronounce sentence of transportation and raise a belief that it will be actually carried into execution, they will have no means of exciting in criminals, or in those who are meditating crime, the amount of terror necessary for its prevention. Now, this being no longer a question of law but of policy, we by no means feel disposed to defer with the same humility to their Lordships' decisions respecting it, as we should do in the former case. Whether a more effective system of punishment can be devised or not, is a question of fact, on which any man who examines the history of transportation is entitled to form and express his opinion. The enormous number of our transported convicts—five thousand annually for many years past—accompanied at the same time with a large increase of crime in general, would seem, *primâ facie*, to be no very conclusive argument in *favour* of the efficiency of the present system,—even at home. But this too is with us an inferior question. The real question is, Whether, if penal settlements from their very nature, from the conjunct

influence of those two social monstrosities,—the immensely high ratio of criminals to the rest of the population, and the frightful inequality of the sexes,—are necessarily fraught with the evils which their whole history, but especially the most recent, has disclosed, the English nation have any moral right, for their own supposed safety or convenience, to entail such a curse on their colonies and posterity? Their Lordships have either read the recent evidence or they have not; if they have not, we have, of course, nothing to say to them; and they can have little to the purpose to say to us; if they have, and still hold that penal settlements ought to be continued, it must be either because they deny the trustworthiness of that evidence, or, admitting it, contend that England still has a right to consult *her* convenience at the expense of the dearest interests of humanity. This last we cannot, and will not, believe, of any English judge. If it were possible to imagine that any one of them, while knowing and believing the all but unanimous testimony from Australia, were capable of affirming any such conclusion, it would really be difficult to characterise him except in the language of Scripture, 'There was in a certain city a judge who feared not God, neither 'regarded man; Hear what the unjust judge saith.'

Earl Grey, in his able speech in the House of Peers, March 5th, gave a perspicuous statement of the proposed changes.* We shall first mention the points in which we agree with his Lordship, before coming to those in which we think that some modifications of his plan, or certain supplements to it, are demanded.

And, first, we cordially agree with his Lordship in thinking not only that all penal settlements should be abandoned, but also that at least the first parts of penal discipline, and in the majority of cases the whole of it, should be at home. As he justly observes, 'Transportation,' since the plan of 'an assign-'ment' has been abandoned, has, in fact, become a 'penitentiary and compulsory-labour system,' *professedly* performed —though, alas, not really—under the control of Government. Every reason, therefore, pleads for its being administered at home, and none against it. In the distant colonies of Australia, especially, immeasurable difficulties arise, merely from their distance. A governor dies; it is a twelvemonth before his successor reaches his destination. In the mean time you have a

* The substance of it has been since repeated with some modifications, in the able speech of Sir George Grey, in the Commons, June 3. His letter to Earl Grey, of 20th January 1847, is also well entitled to attention.—Commons' Papers, No. 36, 1847—pp. 194-200.

twelvemonth's interregnum. Instructions are sent out which cannot be acted upon, or, which is all one, it is declared cannot be acted upon; and the same interval is required to obtain their alteration or correction. Instructions are framed by persons necessarily much in the dark as to local circumstances,* and much discretionary power is as necessarily left to the local authorities. Nor is this all. It is all but impossible to get a sufficient number of really well qualified men to expatriate themselves with the convicts they are to manage, though such might be readily found for their management at home. Officials must therefore be sought in the very scanty class at all tolerably qualified which the colonies may supply. It is morally impossible, had the convict system been administered at home, that it should not have been more effective, if only from the employment of a superior class of agents, and from being more closely watched; it is equally impossible that the dreadful abuses which have recently come to light, should not have been sooner detected and remedied.

In the second place, we heartily approve of the first stage of punishment for all offences formerly punished by transportation, being an interval of solitary imprisonment—an interval, Earl Grey thinks, varying from six to eighteen months. It might, perhaps, be a question whether the extreme limit, for any crimes not at present capital, ought to be more than a twelvemonth. We greatly doubt whether, as man is physically and mentally constituted, he can ordinarily bear entire seclusion and solitude, even under the limitations adopted at Pentonville Prison, without some *risk* of serious and permanent injury to those very faculties of body and mind, which it should be one object of the legislator to preserve for a wiser use than vice has made of them.†

* A curious example of the difficulties under which the Home Government acts has been given in a previous page. Lord Stanley's instructions, in part framed, as already said, on the previous plans of Sir J. Franklin, were sent out in 1842, and crossed in their passage those very dispatches which would probably, if earlier received, have greatly modified these instructions.

† We do not think it possible to read the account of the Eastern Penitentiary of Philadelphia, as given in the pages of De Tocqueville and other travellers, or the statements of Dr J. S. Hampton, surgeon-superintendent of the 'Sir George Seymour' convict ship, without feeling that even the moral improvement effected in the prisoners is indicated and expressed by a sensibility at once morbid and unnatural. The constant tendency to shed tears on the most trivial occasions—to say nothing of the more serious symptoms in the cases referred to by Dr Hampton—affords a clear proof of the serious depression of the nervous system. Nor is this to be wondered at; variety is the law of man's present exis-

But, without pretending to deliver a very confident opinion on this point, it can hardly be doubted that some such interval of solitary imprisonment is the very best *first* step that should be taken; and infinitely more likely than any other to be attended with beneficial moral effects. We do not believe that the wit of man has ever devised, or is ever likely to devise, any method of punishment better calculated to answer its purpose.

1. It involves the severest suffering, as the unanimous voice of those who have been subjected to it testifies. The tedium and monotony of such solitude, the gloom and dejection it inspires, the mere anguish of a mind absolutely without an object to divert attention from itself, and the misery of centring there, are intolerable; and, as a general rule, the prisoners soon become clamorous for employment, and accept the coarsest drudgery as a favour. 2. Thus, that very indolence, which, in so many cases, has been the original cause of crime, is felt to be its own punishment—a punishment so heavy that the severest labour is light to it. 3. The suffering inflicted descends directly on the mind, excluding that counter-irritation which mere physical suffering always produces, and delivering the criminal over to the dread avengers of all guilt—those invisible and spiritual tormentors which his own faculties supply. 4. If there be any sensibility and imagination at all in the criminal, they are likely to become only too active, and to conjure up a procession of funereal and spectral images, which may well drive the wretch to the brink of desperation. But it is then, if ever, that the criminal may be best brought to see somewhat of his true position. In that dread isolation—in that all but sepulchral silence, where, even in the brief intervals in which he leaves his cell to repair to an unsocial devotion, he is muffled in a hood that he may neither know others, nor be known; and, shod with felt, moves along the corridors with unechoing footsteps, as if already a disembodied spirit—it is hardly possible for him to decline what he has so long forgotten, the task of introspection and reflection; if not silenced for ever, the voice of conscience will then be heard. 5. For a certain interval, not only have all temptations and incentives to crime been removed, because the very possibility of gratifying guilty desires has disappeared; but

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tence—the essential condition of his mental and physical health; and these will be endangered in proportion as change of mood and occupation is restricted. The mind, like the eye which so powerfully expresses it, can be maintained in health only by perpetual motion; or, like the body, can be kept poised and erect only by a continual, though it may be, insensible oscillation.

all those objects, by which imagination and association have been wont to recall depraved pleasures, are also gone;—thus suspending for a while the continuity of evil habits, and affording the only chance of vanquishing them. And, 6. (what is by no means the least recommendation of this mode of punishment,) the prisoner is made to feel at once his impotence in the hands of that society which he has defied and outraged, and his absolute dependence upon it for his happiness. There can be no more favourable occasion for his learning, that every criminal has not only done wrong, but is a fool for having done it.

We believe that all who have had an opportunity of watching the working of this system—and especially the religious instructors, who have had the very best—have testified that in a majority of cases the criminal emerges out of this stage of punishment, visibly subdued and softened. He returns, like the visitor from the cave of Trophonius, 'pale, dejected,' and sobered.

In our judgment, this part of the penal discipline should, at all events in the majority of cases, be administered at home.

We are also happy to agree with the Government, that the next step should be one of hard labour; to the performance of which, however, wages should be annexed, under the modifications already stated. This labour should be reduced to task-work, wherever it is practicable, for the purpose of inspiring hope and energy in the criminal; but the work itself should be so severe, and its amount, as measured by the required accumulation of wages, so large, as to leave an indelible impression on the mind of the criminal, and on that of society, that crime is folly as well as guilt. We should also approve of a part of the wages being reserved to prevent the criminal from being utterly destitute when he leaves prison, or to convey him to some spot where he may obtain employment.

We do not think the country should spare either money or pains to render this part of the plan effective. While, on the one side, every stimulus should be given to the criminal who is willing to work and to be steady; on the other, there ought to be nothing less than the promptitude and severity of military law for the sullen and insubordinate. With a view to their reformation and general treatment, a most careful classification of the prisoners ought to be attempted, so that those not wholly lost may not be corrupted by the less reclaimable. Superintendents ought to be not only carefully selected, but trained in the science of prison discipline. Supposing these points duly attained, and that there is the power of appealing to the principle of free labour, *or* to that of slave labour,—with rewards to those who will work and force for those who will not,—we might hope that prison labour,

especially with its diminished rate of remuneration, should contribute largely towards defraying its own expenses, and even in some places something more.*

But ought this part of the process also to be uniformly carried on at home? or, while principally carried on at home, ought it to be in some degree carried on in other parts of our wide dominions? This question, we conceive, will be best answered when we have discussed the other question, What is to be the ultimate disposal of the prisoners, when their sentence has finally expired? And here we approach the most difficult and important branch of the subject. If, indeed, after building their own penitentiaries and preparing their cells for their temporary solitude, criminals could, like the worm that buries itself in its dusky web, emerge, as by a species of resurrection, to a new and happier existence, the task of penal legislation were easy. But this is far from being the case. The sentence of labour expired, we have as yet only got to the threshold of the main difficulty. The question returns, What is to be done with these men? Are they all to be turned loose on the society which they have offended?

Whichever of the two objects of penal legislation be regarded as the main one,—the prevention of crime, or the reform of the criminal,—and one or other is so regarded by all, this would seem to be a fatal error. If we reflect upon what we have so often adverted to, the intensity and virulence which characterise vice and crime, and the rapidity with which they propagate themselves, when they are swept into a putrefying heap on the same spot, we cannot think without horror of the consequences of turning loose, even on our own well-protected home society, 5000 criminals a-year. We should have some fear lest we should ourselves become a penal settlement. Under the corrupting influence of so many teachers of evil, we might justly tremble lest the ratio of criminals to the rest of the population should pass those very moderate limits within which alone the safety of the community can be reckoned upon.† And we should more espe-

* We rejoice to find, in relation to this department of our penal system, from the recent speech of Sir George Grey, that Government is resolved to pay the most sedulous attention to the improvement of the hulks.

† This virulence of crime, in proportion to the concentration of criminals, is strikingly evinced in the recent experience of France, which has had no outlet for this class of her population. But it is still more horribly illustrated in the history of New South Wales and Van Diemen's Land. Even in our own country, while population advanced between 1831 and 1841 at the rate of only about 14 per cent., committals had

cially dread this, when we further consider that the second great object of all penal discipline would be exposed to immense hazard, and the criminal's reformation rendered in the highest degree problematical. There would be the greatest possible uncertainty of his obtaining honest employment, and an absolute certainty of his falling in the way of his old temptations; and therefore, in the majority of cases, the same certainty of his yielding to them. Where honest labour is cheap and abundant, and the competition in the labour market always too severe, it is obvious that few are likely to take a forger for a book-keeper, or a thief for a domestic. On this point to say more would be needless.

What, then, is to become of the man—newly released from an irksome prison—probably still hankering after his once familiar vices—certainly seeking for excitement of some kind—debarred from all hope of employment, and thrown with a desperate and vacant mind among old haunts, companions, and associations? His fall is all but a moral certainty. Take but the case of a common drunkard, who yet, we will suppose, to make the argument stronger, shall have every conceivable inducement to refrain from his vice. If he pass a certain door at a certain hour, scent there the fume of his pleasant poison, hear the shouts of the old accustomed revelry; no prophet is needed to predict how it will end. So deeply rooted in man's nature is the principle of association—so readily does his mind extend itself over all that has coexisted with it—that it is bound to the most trivial objects, once familiar, by invisible but most potent ties; and localities, which have been identified with his moral history, however casually, have power to recall the very condition of thought and feeling of which they have been the scene. The very sight of certain objects, shall at once, and as if by magic, reinstate the mind in all its former feelings, until, from being a mere symbol of the past, they become creative of the future: and they will thus prove, according to the condition of the mind, incentives to vice or auxiliaries of virtue. So notorious is this fact, that the presence of precisely *similar* objects in other localities will have less power to move, or, in some cases, none at all. The man shall actually not be tempted *in general* to do that, to which in

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increased, in the seven years from 1836 to 1842, nearly 50 per cent. After making all due allowance for the greater vigilance of the police, and the increased promptitude with which crime is prosecuted, in consequence ofthe mitigation of the criminal code—admitting, too, that there is a diminution of the very worst offences, points which we have fully weighed,—it is a state of things which demands the gravest consideration from every lover of his country.

a particular hour, a particular street, with particular companions, he is so strongly tempted, that his only resistance is in flight. A melancholy picture, it may be thought, of man's moral condition! Yet it has its bright side too. This power of association is one of the main sources of his strength, as well as of his weakness; it is in itself indifferent; and is, at least, as willing to enlist the material and the local in the service of virtue as in that of vice.

What, then, in relation to the amendment of the criminal, is the course which such reflections dictate? Plainly, to do that which in other cases is found to be the only available step towards a breach of habit—to give the soul a sudden wrench—to dislocate all its ancient associations, and thus disable them as far as possible; in other words, to place the criminal in novel scenes and circumstances, and, if possible, employments; to transfer him to a thinly peopled country, if he has lived in crowded cities; and, in brief, to fix his abode wherever he will be the least likely to fall under the old tyranny of the thoughts and feelings, from which he is only partly weaned.

Thus all circumstances—the necessity of avoiding a pestilential accumulation of vice and crime on the same spot—the certainty that the criminal will not readily obtain employment at home, and the equal certainty that without it he will relapse,—point to the necessity of providing an escape for at least a large portion of this class of the population. In this necessity, Earl Grey concurs.

These men, then, must go, if we consult either our own safety or their well-being. But where, and under what conditions? This is the main difficulty. And as this difficulty has been felt by all who have considered the subject, so the direction, at all events, in which the solution may be found, has been indicated by more than one writer. Archbishop Whately, for instance, after unanswerably demonstrating the enormous evils of transportation as a system of punishment, and perhaps even underrating its influence as a source of terror, seems, notwithstanding, to have come to the conclusion, that though the removal of the convict as a punishment might not tend to deter others from crime, yet his *presence*, after his sentence had expired, might tend to stimulate them to it,—to say nothing of his own relapse. He therefore threw out, many years ago, a valuable suggestion, which was expressly recommended to the attention of the legislature in the admirable report of 1838, to which we have so frequently adverted. 'Under a reformed system of secondary 'punishment,' says his Grace, 'supposing transportation abo-'lished, it strikes me as desirable, with a view to the preservation

'from a return to evil courses of persons released from penitentiaries, &c., that such as may have evinced a disposition to reform, should be, at their own desire, furnished with means of emigrating to various colonies, British and foreign.'

But the best mode of giving effect to this general suggestion—of reducing it to system and rule—of enabling us to derive from it certain benefit to ourselves, without injury, and, if possible, with advantage to our colonies; above all, without risk of accidentally entailing any of the evils of the old system of penal settlements, still remains a most difficult problem. But, something must be hazarded. We proceed, therefore, to mention the thoughts which have occurred to us. We do not think it sufficient that the men should be *encouraged* to go when they desire it; nor *suffered* to go to what places they please; nor in proportions determined by accident. Lord Grey says they are to be 'exiles;' they are not to go as criminals—their sentence is expired—but they are to be 'exiled.' To this view we must honestly confess that many objections (some of which were powerfully stated by Lords Brougham and Stanley) at once suggest themselves. 1. Since every nation ought in justice to bear its own burden of vice and crime, it may well be questioned whether it has any moral right to cast the refuse of its gaols on distant shores, without the consent of those who dwell there. It is certain, at all events, that *we* should not like to receive the newly-released criminals of other nations. 2. Such a course, if the choice of place be left wholly with the exile, might, by accident, occasion in some of our colonies the very evils we most deplore, or an approximation to them; we mean such an accumulation of criminals as would be inconsistent with its safety. The 'exiles,' it is clear, could not go to any of our continental neighbours; they would be probably soon detected, and, we apprehend, as soon sent back; or perhaps an 'exchange of prisoners' effected, in a novel sense of those words. They would be sure, therefore, to repair to a land where our language is spoken; and the bulk of them would doubtless go to one or other of our nearest colonies. In this way our present evil might return upon our hands, almost in its present character. 3. If these 'exiles' were to go to any of our colonies in the disguised form proposed in his lordship's speech, it would produce a very unfavourable and unjust prejudice against the free emigrant; who would be apt to be looked upon as one of the emancipated felons in the mask of an honest man. 4. We confess we cannot approve of the anomalous condition in which this part of the penal process is left. The banishment is a part of the punishment, and yet no part of it; it is so in re-

ality; it is not so in name; the man must go, and yet it is not part of his sentence; he is free to go, but he is not free to stay. Now, we should much prefer seeing this banishment made part of his punishment,—and the concluding act of it, wherever the criminal has passed through his course of penal discipline at home; just as it would be an earlier act of it, if it were thought in some cases advisable that the penal discipline should be undergone elsewhere. At all events, it does not seem advisable to leave the matter indeterminate.*

And as expatriation should be compulsory in such cases—not exile in the form of emigration—so the occasions of enforcing it should be adopted, not only with the knowledge of the community to which the criminal is going, but with their complete consent, founded upon a view of all contingent advantages and disadvantages. If they will not consent, all we have to say is, 'Fiat justitia, ruat cœlum!' an honest man will bear his own burden, not seek to impose it on others; and an honest nation will do so too. But for the reasons, and under the conditions, to be now stated, we doubt whether there would be any difficulty in obtaining the requisite consent.

The following plan appears to us to offer a reasonable prospect of success. After retaining at home a considerable part of the criminals, of whom we are now speaking, we would divide the rest into comparatively small portions, and distribute them in as many different localities; in such proportions, in fact, that they should never form more than a very insignificant part of the whole community, neither sensibly disturbing the ratio of criminals to the rest of the population, nor the proportion of the sexes to one another. In other words, instead of penal settlements, our effort should be to induce all our colonies, in which European labour is possible and in demand, to take from time to time minute fractions of this class of the population. The question is, whether we can hold out sufficient motives to induce them to do so.

We annually transport, in round numbers, about five thousand criminals. Now, after retaining a considerable portion in our own country, say two fifths, let us suppose the rest to be distributed (whether after undergoing their legal sentence here, or with a view to undergoing it abroad) throughout the vast circle of our colonial possessions. It is highly improbable that the element thus introduced in so small a proportion into any

* Since these pages were in type, we are glad to gather from the recent debates that the Government is evidently aware of the importance of meeting the difficulties we have stated.

one society, — and never introduced, be it recollected, till the penalty of the law had been paid, with good hope, therefore, of the criminal's entire or partial reformation — could be at all dangerous, or prove of any disadvantage which would not be more than compensated by the benefit afforded to the labour-market; the ordinary condition of which, in all newly settled countries, is that of scanty supply, at enormously high wages.* But this last consideration would have far more weight if that labour were in many instances *first* employed (in the very accomplishment of the penal sentence,) on public works absolutely necessary or obviously useful to the development of the resources of the colonies themselves. And this brings us to the question which we postponed a page or two back.

While we might employ a considerable body of our criminals on public works at home,—in our dockyards, arsenals, and for other purposes,—it might be well to consider whether it would not be wise to allow a portion of them, from time to time, to perform their task of penal labour in the construction of works of public utility in our colonies,—such as roads, bridges, docks,—works absolutely essential to the full development of colonial resources, but which the scanty population, and the high rate of free-labour, will not permit an infant community to construct for themselves. In one or other, nay, in all our colonies, such works are demanded,—especially in the present day, when, under an enlightened commercial policy, a rapidly increasing and mutually profitable trade is springing up between them and the mother country.

Our proposition offers no slight inducement to the colonies to co-operate with us in this important matter. It would enable them from time to time to construct important works at the diminished rate at which penal labour always should be paid; and which would be far below the high price which skilled labour can command in every newly-settled country. The colonists would, in fact, be at little more expense than that of supplying the working parties with lodging, rations, and clothing;—the superintendence of the criminals, as long as they remain such, being invariably under the eye of the government and their carefully selected agents.

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* We have already seen in the desperate desire of certain parties in New South Wales to renew transportation thither, how urgent must be the necessities of young colonies, and that there is little possibility of their being as fastidious as the hirers of labour in our own over-stocked labour-market.

Nor would the advantages of such an arrangement be less important on the side of the mother country. The least of these would be the lightening of the immediate charge to the British treasury. The indirect advantages, we conceive, would be much greater. In the first place, we should immediately diminish the number of criminals at home, from the very moment of their conviction,—thus rendering it more easy to deal with the remainder, and to find them appropriate public labour. If the whole were to be employed at home, at diminished wages, in works of *absolute* necessity, they would, as was truly said in the recent debates, press upon the labour-market, and exclude from honest subsistence many of those whose innocence gives them prior claims to it. It may be observed, however, in reply, that the works constructed by this class of labourers will be such as, though useful, would never have been undertaken, had there not been a necessity for finding employment for the criminal, and that therefore such men will no more press upon the *natural* demand for labour, than if the government had undertaken, by their help, to build structures in imitation of the pyramids of Egypt. To this it may be rejoined, that though some such works, not absolutely devoid of public utility, may be found, it is not desirable that they should be often or very extensively embarked in: And though it is true that, rather than that criminals should be *idle*, it would be wisdom to let them pile up stones and take them down again; yet the human mind is not easily reconciled, even in bondage, to the idea of unprofitable labour—drudgery for drudgery's sake—and much less is the nation likely to be satisfied with such employment of its labourers, even though they be criminals, so long as it has to pay them. Now, by employing a certain portion of these men in works of public utility in one or other of our colonies, not only would the mother country have to pay less, by their being supported by the colony, and not at home, but the colony would also be benefited by having to pay less than it would otherwise pay for an equal amount of labour. Not only would there be no pressure, or alleged pressure, on the labour-market here, but the labour would be transferred to the place where it was needed, and could not be otherwise supplied; and, lastly, the works would never be of disputable benefit, but all of the most direct and obvious value. Nor would the indirect advantages of such works be of little consequence to the mother country. In that widely extended trade which has been established between herself and her colonies, and which is still probably only in its infancy, the advantages of a road in Canada, or Newfoundland, or New South Wales—or of a new bridge there, a dock, or a canal—are as certainly, though less immediately, felt

in the Thames or the Mersey, as at the localities where they are constructed. And this advantage, indirect as it is, would be far greater than any which the colonial payment of the convict labourer, while employed for colonial purposes, could confer on the British treasury.

Such, then, are the monuments which we would uniformly compel crime to rear, as the memorials of its own folly, and the penalty of its wrong-doing;—not works of useless grandeur, like the pyramids of Egypt, but of substantial utility, like the public roads and the aqueducts of ancient Rome. So urgent, we believe, is the demand for public works, of greater or less extent, in various parts of our colonial empire—such the inability of the colonists to provide the labour necessary to construct them—and such the demands of our rapidly increasing commerce,—that we should not be at all surprised, if in a very short time the colonists were not only to give their consent to the plan proposed, but be even eager for that comparatively limited portion of labour which we could thus supply.

If it be said that the promise of such works sounds very magnificent, but that little could be done by so moderate an amount of labour as could be allotted to any one locality,—we reply, that this is no reason why the labour, be the amount what it will, should not be employed wherever it can be employed to most advantage. It must be expended; and the question is, how shall it be expended best? But more than this: let the labour of 20,000 men (for such, on an average, is the number of criminals working out their sentence) for the next fifty years, be employed in works of public utility at home and abroad; and there can be no question but that they might leave memorials behind them, which would not easily have been raised in any other manner. If it be said, that that most essential principle of *distributing criminals in small fractions*, will prevent a sufficient concentration of labourers in any one spot to accomplish any work of considerable extent, we reply, that we do not, of course, expect the construction by such means of such gigantic works as the North Western Railway, or the Grand Junction Canal; but a sufficient number might be sent to any locality, and detained there for a sufficient length of time, to effect works of no inconsiderable extent and utility. The spots are not rare in our colonies in which the want of a road alone prevents immense tracts from being profitably occupied; or where, if they are cultivated, the transit is so imperfect, that the produce comes slowly, with difficulty, and with enormous cost, to market.

Nor must it be forgotten, that in urging, for the all-important reasons so often insisted upon, the necessity of having, not one

or two, but many localities, in which to dispose of this portion of our population, we do not, as a consequence, plead for sending them annually, or in precisely definite proportions, to our several colonies, according to the extent of population or of territory in each—or in any other ratio determinable by any *single* consideration. The circumstances just named, indeed, are not to be left out of the calculation; but they are not the only elements; others would be found, in the urgency or value of the works to be constructed—the scarcity or comparative sufficiency of labour, the rate of recent emigration to particular places, the state of crime, or the economical condition of the colony. By having several different outlets for this unhappy class of men, the disastrous results which have flowed from directing the whole stream of convicts into Van Diemen's Land, would be certainly avoided; there would be no risk of a dangerous excess of crime, a glut of labour, or a disproportion of the sexes. Moderate even at the worst, these importations would cease altogether the moment it was seen that it were better that they should do so. The stream would flow where it was not injurious, and be cut off in a moment where it was.

We are the more encouraged to hope that some such plan may be methodically attempted, because it seems but an extension of one which has evidently occupied the attention of Government. Alive to the manifest inexpediency of retaining all this class of men in England, even during their term of punishment, it has been intimated by Earl Grey, that it is the intention to increase the number at Bermuda and at Gibraltar. Instead of *increasing* them at these places (or, if increasing them there, only for a very limited time,) we would, upon the important principle of *dividing* them, distribute portions of them to other colonies, on the conditions, and for the purposes, already mentioned.

The principal object in pleading for this distribution of criminals in diminutive portions, is to avoid an accumulation on any one spot, and to prevent their bearing any considerable ratio to the amount of social virtue and innocence. It may be said, that it is not very easy to fix any exact limit beyond which the ratio of criminals to the rest of the population cannot pass without extreme danger; in reality, it is impossible. It is a question of degree; but, as in other questions of degree, we may ascertain certain points at which there is no fear of very injurious results to society from the presence of crime; and others at which there certainly is such danger—though we are not able to tell exactly what is the point at which a community is only just safe. If one out of ten thousand in a given community were a thief, we should not think there was any danger of the people becoming a people of thieves—although we should certainly think there was

one too many among them. On the other hand, if half, or any thing like that number, were criminals, we should have great reason to tremble for the condition of such a community, and might expect at any moment that it would go to wreck. We may safely say, in the present case, that as a colony—not, of course, a penal settlement—is likely to exhibit a lower average of crime than the mother country, the actual proportion of criminals to the rest of the population in the latter might be safely taken as a standard, to which it might be allowed to rise, but within which it would be expedient to keep, in introducing individuals who *have* been criminals, into any of its dependencies.

The average of crime is likely to be lower in a colony, partly because in a newly settled country the population is thin, and the contagious influence of bad example is not so easily propagated as in crowded cities; but principally because the necessaries of life are cheap and wages high. Poverty, as we all know, is one of the chief causes of crime. For the same reasons which prevent so high an average of crime in such communities, the discharged criminal (as has been so often said) is more likely to be restored and reformed, and to form an innoxious element in its population. If, therefore, there were never sent to any colony such a number of 'exiles' (reckoning them all as if they were still criminals, though it may well be hoped that under a wise penal discipline many of them would be reformed,) as to bring the criminal population of such a colony even up to the proportion of an equal population in the mother country, there could be no fear of its going beyond it.

Though it is not very easy to obtain accurate information respecting the statistics of crime in our colonies, yet the conclusions to which we are *a priori* conducted, are corroborated by such returns as have been obtained. We admit, indeed, that those returns exhibit in some cases a somewhat too favourable picture of colonial virtue; but they are, without doubt, approximately true, and even making large allowances, are well worthy of attention in the present argument. In Canada, the circumstances of which, both from the extent and quality of the emigration there, are peculiar, and at Bermuda, where we have imported criminals, the average of offences to the population is nearly the same as in England; but in Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island, and Newfoundland, the average, from the most authentic documents which are accessible to us, is greatly, and in some cases almost incredibly, lower. In Newfoundland, in 1845, there appear to have been only four convictions in a population of 96,506; in New Brunswick (1840) only sixty-two in a population of 156,162; and in Prince Edward Island (1841) thirty-eight in a population of 47,034.

If some such a plan could be adopted—if, instead of pouring a flood of guilt and impurity into one devoted country, we were to suffer it (after being filtered, however,) imperceptibly to ooze through many channels, it seems to us that the most difficult parts of this intricate problem would be effectually solved. The ratio of the criminal to the other classes of the population would not be perceptibly increased; that slight increase would be more than counterbalanced by the positive advantages of a certain portion of labour, profitable to the colony, though superfluous to us; we should avoid all the fearful results attendant on an accumulation of criminals on the same spot, and, 'by dividing, conquer;' we should furnish this unhappy class of people with the best chances of obtaining employment, and, by secluding them from their old haunts and companions, of completing their reformation.

But whether any of our suggestions be deemed practicable or not, we sincerely trust that the people of England will resolve, that whatever comes of it, the enormity of penal settlements shall no longer be endured. Religion, humanity, justice, and we believe, expediency, plead for their extinction. The people of this country must remember, that the very dearest interests of their immediate descendants and connexions are involved in the course they may pursue. There are comparatively few families at this day in Great Britain who have not some relation—brother, sister, son, daughter, nephew—in those colonies. Let them abhor the thought of dooming their relations and their children to be citizens in communities founded, as if in studied contempt and subversion of the great social laws which God has so clearly rendered essential to the prosperity, nay, existence, of society: communities of which the horribly ludicrous characteristics are—let it never be forgotten—that those who are *not* criminals often do not very much outnumber those who are or have been such; and that the equality of the sexes, which God preserves, as by perpetual miracle, in every part of the world with which His laws have to do, is there set aside by the freaks of man's perverse legislation.

Since the preceding article was printed, we have received the 'Second Report from the Select Committee of the House of 'Lords, on the Execution of the Criminal Law,' ordered to be printed 14th June 1847. On perusing it, we find nothing in it to affect the conclusions to which we have given expression.

THE

EDINBURGH REVIEW,

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No. CLXXIV.

ART. I.—1. *First, Second, Third, Fourth, and Fifth Reports from the Select Committee on Navigation Laws; together with the Minutes of Evidence taken before them.* Session 1847.

2. *A Glance at the proposed Abolition of the Navigation Laws, and the Principles of Free Trade.* By a DISCIPLE of Dr FRIEDRICH LIST. 1847.

3. *A Letter to George Frederick Young, Esq., from D. C. Aylwin, Esq.; in reply to certain questions regarding the operation of the Navigation Laws on the Trade of Calcutta.* 1847.

IT is not our intention at this time to narrate the history of our Navigation Laws, or to investigate the effects which, in former times, have been attributed to them. It might be conceded to those who still uphold the restrictive system, of which they form a part, that our Navigation Laws were conceived in wisdom, and have hitherto been productive of benefit to the country—positions, however, which it would be by no means difficult to overturn;—and at the same time, we might proceed with the most perfect consistency to show, that in the present circumstances of the commercial world, nothing but good would follow from their total repeal—nothing but evil from a pertinacious adherence to them.

It may, however, be desirable for the information of those of our readers who have not hitherto been led to investigate the subject, that we should very briefly state the nature of our law of

Navigation, as originally passed by the republican Parliament in 1651, and its operation at the present time; thus showing the extent of the modifications which from time to time it has undergone, and the nature of the restraints by means of which it did and still does affect the shipping of other countries, as well as that under the British flag.

By the act of 1651, no goods the growth, production, or manufacture of Africa, Asia, or America, could be imported into the United Kingdom or its dependencies, except from the places of their production, and in ships 'of which British subjects should 'be the proprietors and right owners, and whereof the master and 'three-fourths at least of the mariners should be English subjects.' No goods the growth, production, or manufacture of Europe, could be brought to Great Britain except in British ships, or in such ships as belonged to the country where the goods were produced, or from which they could only be, or usually had been, imported. By the act 12th Charles II., c. 18, among minor modifications, the restriction, in so far as it applied to goods of all descriptions, was geographically limited to those of Russia and Turkey; while in other places it affected only certain articles since well known under the name of 'the enumerated articles;' so that other goods the produce of Europe, might be brought in under any flags. But these enumerated articles comprehended every thing then deemed important in our commerce, and the modification was thus of little or no value or effect.

After the recognition of the independence of the United States of America, the clause which prevented the importation of the produce of Africa, Asia, or America, in any other than British ships, was necessarily so far relaxed as to allow of the produce of the United States being brought in ships belonging to American citizens.

By the law as it now stands, and has stood since Mr Huskisson's amendment of it in 1825, the produce of Africa, Asia, or America, may be imported from places out of Europe into the United Kingdom, if to be used therein, in foreign as well as British ships; provided such foreign ships be ships of the country of which the goods are the produce, and from which they are imported. And as regards the produce of Europe, the enumerated articles may now be brought 'in British ships, or in ships of the 'country of which the goods are the produce, or in ships of the 'country from which the goods are imported.' Goods not enumerated in the act, which are the produce of Europe, may be brought thence in the ships of any country.

All intercourse between the United Kingdom and its possessions in all quarters of the globe, including the Channel Islands,

is confined to British ships; and the like restriction applies to our inter-colonial trade. No goods may be carried from any British possession in Asia, Africa, or America, to any other of such possessions, nor from one part of such possessions to another part of the same, except in British ships.

No goods can be imported into any British possession in Asia, Africa, or America, in any foreign ships, unless they be ships of the country of which the goods are the produce, and from which the goods are imported.

No ship is admitted to be a ship of any particular country unless she be of the build of such country, or have been made prize of war to such country, or forfeited under any law made for the prevention of the slave trade, or be British built; nor unless navigated by a master who is a subject of such foreign country, and by a crew of whom three-fourths at least are subjects of such country, nor unless wholly owned by subjects of such country.

No goods, or passengers, shall be carried coastwise from one part of the United Kingdom to another, or from the United Kingdom to the Isle of Man, or from the Isle of Man to the United Kingdom, except in British ships. This restriction, so far as passengers are concerned, was first imposed in 1845.

The first and greatest obstacle that presents itself to the abandonment of a system which has enlisted in its favour not only the fears and jealousy, but also the patriotic feelings of the country, is the sanction afforded to it by the Master of Economic Science:—

'The Act of Navigation,' says Adam Smith (*Wealth of Nations*, Book iv. Chap. ii.) 'is not favourable to foreign commerce, or to the growth of that opulence which can arise from it. The interest of a nation, in its commercial relations to foreign nations, is like that of a merchant with regard to the different people with whom he deals—to buy as cheap, and to sell as dear, as possible. But it will be most likely to buy cheap, when, by the most perfect freedom of trade, it encourages all nations to bring to it the goods which it has occasion to purchase; and for the same reason, it will be most likely to sell dear, when its markets are thus filled with the greatest number of buyers. The Act of Navigation, it is true, lays no burthen upon foreign ships that come to export the produce of British industry. Even the ancient aliens' duty which used to be paid upon all goods exported as well as imported, has, by several subsequent acts, been taken off from the greater part of the articles of exportation; but if foreigners, either by prohibitions or high duties, are hindered from coming to sell,

'they cannot always afford to come to buy, because, coming 'without a cargo, they must lose the freight from their own 'country to Great Britain. By diminishing the number of 'sellers, therefore, we necessarily diminish that of buyers, and 'are thus likely not only to buy foreign goods dearer, but to 'sell our own cheaper, than if there was a more perfect freedom 'of trade. As defence, however, is of much more importance 'than opulence, the Act of Navigation is, perhaps, the wisest 'of all the commercial regulations of England.'

An authority so unlooked for is naturally made the most of by Navigation Law Protectionists: Yet, even they, we think, must admit, that the reasoning of this celebrated passage is altogether at variance with its conclusions; and that so improbable a proposition, as that restrictions on national commerce can be of use in promoting national defence, ought not to have been taken for granted without some attempt at proof. Had Adam Smith adhered on this point to his all but uniform practice of supporting his premises by reasoning, he must have seen how little ground there was for his conclusion; and his disciples would have been spared the disadvantage of having to parry a weapon snatched by their opponents from his friendly hand.

The protectionists of native shipping have another advantage, and no inconsiderable one—so much are we the slaves of words—in the reiteration of some of those high-sounding phrases, which, when they have once caught the public ear, are often much more successful than any reasoning. Our Navigation Laws have been called the *Charta Maritima* of England. What more need be said? and how is the impression of words so solemn to be removed? Again, 'Nursery for Seamen' is an expression which has gone at once to the hearts of thousands, who have never asked themselves whether any one character of a 'nursery' can possibly belong to a system, the certain tendency of which must be to restrict the commerce out of which ships and seamen grow. The question of national defence presupposes war. In former wars, great part of our national marine has been manned by means of impressment—a tyranny, we trust, now far too hateful to be renewed, on any renewal of hostilities. But in whatever way our national marine may in such an event have to be recruited—by fair means or by foul, by contract or by violence—before those sailors are either hired or seized, they must at least exist; and, according as they are more or less numerous, will the wants of the Royal Navy be more or less easily supplied. Until our merchant vessels shall be in danger of being driven by commercial rivals from the seas, we can have no fear that our men-of-war will not be supplied with seamen. And if that day should

come, we shall assuredly find that our mercantile greatness cannot be recovered by legislative interference; and that there is no such alternative in reserve for us as would seem to be implied in Adam Smith's antithesis between commerce and defence.

We are indignant that the maritime supremacy of England, represented by what are so aptly called its wooden walls, should be thought to want protection, or be capable of being protected, by exclusive Laws. There is something even more pitiful in our jealousy of foreign shipping, than in our dread of foreign corn. As long as our commerce flourishes, we need be in no fear about our commercial navy. But, even on the monstrous supposition that our foreign trade had passed over to the foreigner, and that all that was left to our own vessels was the coasting trade, it might be fairly argued, that the realm would be placed, not in a worse, but in a better condition, for the single purpose of defence. To lessen the number of trading vessels, is to lessen the demand for seamen, and would so far relieve Government from a costly competition. But, thank God, the power of recruiting our national marine to an indefinite extent, really depends only on our means of paying for it. Once abolish impressment, and the supply of sailors for the two navies—the public and the private—will always be equal to the demand. The supply has been kept below its proper amount, only by the consequences of impressment.

The number of British seamen on the register, on the 31st December 1846, was 230,892, or 1 in every 35 of the adult male population, according to the census of 1841. This is, we think, a very moderate proportion, considering the geographical condition of the kingdom, the spirit of adventure which is so natural to man at the period of life when choice is made of a profession, and the ardour, almost amounting to a passion, with which that spirit has in this country taken the direction of the sea. In our opinion, it is a dread lest our merchant service should prove 'a nursery' for impressment, and a detestation of the injustice and the hardships with which the system has been associated, which has driven men from both services. Englishmen, worthy of the name, must abhor the thought of subjecting themselves to this grievous evil. Change, then, your system. Let the Royal Navy hold out inducements to those whose disposition leads them to become seamen, as great as those which are offered in the merchant service, and we are confident that the popularity of the two services would be at once reversed. The natural inclination of our island population would flow freely towards the sea; and the public service, afloat, would be as greatly preferred to any other, as the service of the Crown is preferred on shore.

The consequences of an imaginary supposition are hardly worth discussing, when the supposition is so extravagant, as that of the destruction of so much of our merchant navy as is now employed in our foreign trade. Be just; bring back your crews from out of American vessels—not by press-gangs, but by proper wages and encouragement, and you need not fear for national defence. The real question for decision, under any rational discussion of the Navigation Laws, stops short of the consideration of what consequences might follow from the destruction of our merchant navy, through the rivalry of foreign shipping. We join issue on the prior question: On the fact, whether the competition of foreign shipping, sanctioned, legislatively, to the fullest possible extent, would be injurious to our own. We unhesitatingly affirm, that it would not; and we confidently appeal to facts developed in our past history, for proof of the justice of that opinion. On the other hand, we as unhesitatingly express our belief, grounded upon facts which we shall present to our readers, that, by pertinaciously adhering to the protective system, we shall bring about a falling off in our foreign trade, and, as its unavoidable consequence, an equal falling off in the number and tonnage of our shipping; for no truth can be more evident, than that the amount of our shipping must expand and contract in direct proportion with the expansion and contraction of the trade for the prosecution of which vessels are constructed.

The advocates of commercial protection have always shown themselves unwilling to meet their opponents in the field of argument;—they prefer denouncing them as theorists. Yet surely there is much more of theory in systems of protection than in leaving men and nations to their natural liberty of action. Of all men, those would appear to be the most 'practical,' who are for leaving things as far as possible to the influence of natural causes; among which Acts of Parliament certainly cannot be reckoned. We are not afraid, however, to meet them on their own ground; and we undertake to show, both from the actual results of the system of protection, where rigidly adhered to, on the one hand, and from the consequences that have followed its partial relaxation on the other, how signally it fails to promote the objects which its advocates profess to have at heart.

It would be useless to encumber the question by travelling further back in history than the year 1815. During the war which then terminated, the commercial relations of all countries were controlled by the iron necessities of the times, and our naval power then gave us all but the monopoly of the trade of Europe. We may safely begin, therefore, with the return of peace.

In 1814, the merchant vessels belonging to the United King-

dom and its dependencies, were in number 23,542, measuring 2,376,061 tons, exclusive of 876 ships, measuring 240,904 tons, then hired by the Government as transports. In 1815, the practical inconvenience of our Navigation Laws was brought home to our merchants, through the working of a similar system on the part of the United States of America. Those States had adopted a law, resembling our own in most respects, soon after the acknowledgment of their independence. At that period they were no wiser than ourselves. But in the interval, both parties had better learned the interests of their new position; and when the general peace afforded an opportunity of opening again the natural channels of trade, both countries practically acknowledged the folly of restrictions that operated equally against the trade of both. By the treaty of that year (1815), the ships of England and America were placed reciprocally upon the same footing in the ports of the United Kingdom and the United States; and all discriminating duties, chargeable upon the goods which they conveyed, were mutually repealed. This mutual concession was no experiment brought forward by a disciple of free trade, upon general principles. It was a mere submission to the consequences of the system itself, when carried to its full extent, wrung from a government strenuously resolved not to depart an inch from its ancient policy, except under the pressure of necessity. The advantages of this mutual concession were so palpable, that, although since 1815 our ship-owners have made incessant complaints of the abandonment of their interests by Government, we are not aware that any commercial body has attempted to call in question the wisdom of this American treaty, or to request that it may be annulled.

It must excite surprise, that, when a measure of reciprocity had been forced upon us in this manner by one country, others should be so slow in adopting the like means for coercing us into the like concession. It was not, however, until 1823, eight years afterwards, that the Prussian government notified to us, that unless our navigation system were relaxed in favour of their ships, heavy retaliating duties would be placed upon British ships entering Prussian ports, and discriminating duties would be levied upon the goods which they conveyed. In the same year, the States-General of the United Netherlands had recourse to similar measures of self-defence; and the Swedish government gave plain indications that the movement was becoming general. The Board of Trade was thereupon besieged by the Society of Ship-owners, and by merchants trading with those countries, all clamorous for the interference of Government to avert the evils with which they were threatened. To endeavour to dissuade

other governments from adopting a system to which we ourselves continued to adhere on the ground of its being profitable to us, would have been exposing ourselves for the mere pleasure of exposure. The only course open to us, was evidently that which was adopted. We repealed our differential duties in behalf of all such foreign countries as entitled themselves to the privilege, by receiving our ships on equal terms. Thus arose what are known by the name of 'the Reciprocity Treaties,' against which, forgetful of their origin, the ship-owners of this country have since at various times been so loud in their complaints.

There is something ludicrous in the idea of England fearing the competition of foreigners, upon that element, of which it has always been our boast that it is eminently our own. But nothing is so unreasoning as fear. We must not wonder, therefore, that our timorous ship-owners are giving little heed to the growing strength of our Anglo-Saxon rivals on the western side of the Atlantic, while they suffer themselves to be scared out of their senses by the pigmies of the North Sea and the Baltic. The dread in which they live of the rivalry of Prussians, Swedes, Pappenburghers, Mecklenburghers, Oldenburghers, and the like, would be unbecoming, were the objects of it maritime powers of the highest order. Our commercial marine, at the end of 1846, consisted of 32,499 ships, measuring 3,817,112 tons, with crews numbering 229,276 men. At the same date, our redoubtable rival Prussia had 793 ships, measuring 148,136 tons (British measurement); less than one twenty-fifth part of our shipping. Hamburg had 223 ships, 33,907 tons; about the 112th part of our own. Norway and Sweden together, had shipping measuring 273,168 tons (British); of ours the 14th part. Mecklenburg had 283 ships of 48,910 tons, British measurement; being the 79th part of ours. Lubeck had 71 ships, 11,908 tons, of the like measurement, or one ton for every 320 tons of British shipping. The commercial marine of Holland, of which our ancestors stood in such dread, is more considerable than any yet mentioned. It even now consists of 1936 vessels, measuring 338,882 British register tons; which yet is not the eleventh part of our tonnage. These numbers in their aggregate, form little more than one-fifth of the mercantile tonnage sailing under the British flag (22·39 per cent). Of the shipping of France, our timoursome shipowners have made no complaint—none at least that we have heard of; and yet, if the leading members of this interest have been successful in any thing, it has been in causing their grievances, whether real or imaginary, to be heard all over the country, from one end to the other. Nevertheless, the trading vessels France number 13,679, and measure 604,637 tons, being as

great as the measurement of the ships of all the foreign countries above enumerated, with the exception of Norway and Sweden. In like manner, the competition of the United States is passed over almost unnoticed; although the registered tonnage of these States amounts to no less than 1,095,172 tons, independent of their licensed and enrolled tonnage (1,321,830 tons), the employment of which is confined to the coasting trade and river navigation. Why is this? It is difficult to find a reason, unless it be, that France and America have been guilty of the folly of copying our bad laws, and, by giving a fancied security to their ship-owners, have rendered them less enterprising than they might otherwise have been. In the case of America, whose registered mercantile tonnage, employed in foreign trade, has increased from 619,896 tons in 1821, to 1,068,764 tons in 1844, or 448,868 tons—(the increase in British tonnage between these years amounted to 1,077,028 tons)—it is surprising that her progress has not been more rapid. When we consider the energy with which all commercial pursuits are taken up by her merchants, and the wonderful success that has accompanied their undertakings, we cannot but look with some surprise, as well as pride, at the far greater progress that we have ourselves been making during the same period.

The experience of France, which has also adopted a stringent Navigation Law in imitation of England, is not encouraging to other countries to follow her example. In 1836, the earliest year of any official statement on this subject by the French government, the commercial marine of France consisted of 15,599 ships, measuring 680,631 tons; while, in 1844, the amount was actually diminished to 13,679 ships, measuring 604,637 tons. It was against England that the French Navigation Law was chiefly aimed; and it is instructive to observe how signally it has failed in answering the end it had in view. In 1836, 1391 vessels entered the ports of France from England, under the national flag, measuring 80,381 tons; while those under the English flag were 2768, of 273,802 tons. In 1844, the French shipping so employed amounted to 1329 only, of 93,686 tons; while the English shipping had increased to 5093 vessels, of 525,614 tons. So that, while French shipping engaged in trade with England had increased only 13,305 tons, the English shipping trading with France had increased 251,812 tons.

It may be said, that the comparatively small extent of shipping possessed by other countries is referable to the system of exclusiveness pursued by England, whereby so large a share of the world's traffic has been secured to our ship-owners; and there might have been a *primâ facie* case for this position, so

long as that system was retained in all its strictness. It is clear that this was the belief of those foreign governments upon whose remonstrances, followed by the clamour of our ship-owners, the Reciprocity Acts were passed. But it is equally clear, from the subsequent experience of now three-and-twenty years, that the expectations of those governments have been signally disappointed; and that we must look to other causes than the interference of governments to account for the increase or decrease of the shipping of a country. The most influential of the causes which limit its extent is doubtless to be found in the want of capital applicable to mercantile pursuits, and in the comparatively high rate of profit to be derived from its employment, but which rate cannot be obtained in open competition with the shipping of another country, where capital is more abundant, and where the ordinary rate of profit is consequently lower. To counterbalance this disadvantage, it is recommended to give *protection* to native shipping. The remedy may begin well, but is sure to end fatally. A stimulus is given to the building and equipment of ships, and capital is withdrawn for that purpose from other branches of commerce. Under these circumstances, the general rate of profit necessarily rises, and the general trading power of the community is lessened. The next step is as certain as any other in the sequence of causes and effects. Diminished employment for shipping follows, bringing ruin to those whose capital has been inveigled into its construction.

The stationary condition of the shipping of many Continental nations, is, of course, attributable in part to other causes. In some cases, the difficulty arises from their geographical position. Sea-ports, and the sea, are necessary for producing sailors. In other cases, there are political disadvantages. Colonies are, in the first instance, great encouragements to the shipping of the dominant state. With the exception of Spain, whose once magnificent empire in the West is now confined to Cuba and Porto Rico; of Holland, which has retained its important possessions in the Indian Seas, with its settlement of Surinam; and of France and Denmark, each of which possesses two not very considerable islands in the Carribean Sea; none of the European nations have any colonies with which to maintain commercial intercourse, and with which such intercourse would be most naturally carried on under the national flag. From these causes, in their combination, it might have been confidently inferred, in the absence of all actual knowledge of the fact, that no great or rapid increase would naturally take place in the shipping which they possess; while it may be as confidently affirmed, that under no stimulus, artificially applied by means of Navigation Laws, could any tem-

porary increase be successfully maintained. The mischief of such laws is, unfortunately, not confined to the country which enacts them. Ships, when built and equipped, will, while they last, certainly be employed; though not always with much profit to their owners—and whether the opportunity for such employment is furnished by the trade of the country to which they may belong, or by competition with shipping under other flags, their undue multiplication is injurious to the general commercial marine of Europe, and especially to that of England, as possessor of the greatest proportion.

There are various reasons for believing, that, were we to repeal all the restrictive laws by which we have sought to create a preference for our shipping, an increase to the shipping of other countries would not follow. Such a measure would in no way come in aid of the natural capabilities for trade of any people, nor would it add to their commercial resources. It would give them neither capital, nor ports, nor colonies. If the uniform tendency of freedom be to encourage trade, we should expect that the greater part of the capital applicable to commerce would be required for the extension of the trade itself, and that at most the additional tonnage brought into existence would only bear its due proportion to the additional uses whereto it would have to be applied. On the other hand, we cannot help thinking, that our measures of restriction may in this, as in other cases, have been sometimes productive of effects the very reverse of those for which they were enacted, and that they may have even assisted towards the formation and employment of foreign shipping in the very quarters of which we are most jealous, and where we have most to fear. Let us take the case of France. Our Navigation Law prohibits the importation thence, for use within this kingdom, of all goods, except in the ships of France or of England. The large proportion of the trade which, under the existing system, is conveyed in English bottoms, affords sufficient proof of the inability of the ship-owners of France to compete with us successfully: and we may assume that the share which we have in the trade, is as great as we profitably can carry on. If, then, France might use the ships of other nations in the trade between the two countries, it seems highly probable that some part of the goods now coming to us in French vessels might be brought by the vessels of some other states, more favourably circumstanced for the construction and employment of shipping, and less formidable to us in other respects, than our powerful neighbour.

Having seen how little cause our ship-owners can have for dreading the rivalry of foreigners, whose powers for competition

are so feeble, we may do something towards giving them the confidence they ought to feel, by inquiring whether, in point of fact, that rivalry has been such as in any degree to afford a colour of reasonableness to the fears that are entertained. This we are enabled to do, by ascertaining the effects that have resulted from our partial abandonment of the Navigation Laws, under the treaties of reciprocity. These treaties were entered into in divers years, beginning with 1824; up to, and including which year, our Navigation Laws had been maintained in their full rigour against all foreign countries, with the exception of the United States of America. If, then, it can be shown that in the trade we have carried on with foreign countries, the ships of which are placed upon the same footing in our ports as those under the British flag, the employment of our shipping has increased, subsequently to such relaxation, to a far greater extent than it has increased in those branches of our trade in which the restriction has been hitherto preserved, we may fairly assume that the relaxation already made has at least not operated disadvantageously to the shipping interest; and we may thence infer, that benefit and not danger to that interest would follow from carrying out the principle of freedom to its natural conclusion, and abolishing all remaining distinctions between British and Foreign vessels.

Various 'Returns relating to Tonnage and Shipping' were presented to the House of Commons, on the 30th June of the present year, and have since been printed; from one of which it appears, that, while in the protected trades—those in which no relaxation has been allowed—the tonnage employed has increased from 893,097 tons in 1824, to 1,735,924 tons in 1846—on the other hand, the increase on the unprotected trades —those in which our ship-owners are exposed to the free competition of the shipping of foreign countries—has reached from 904,223 tons in 1824 to 2,558,809 tons in 1846. The increase in the twenty-two years has thus been 94.37 per cent—or, on the average, 4.29 per cent, in each year, of British shipping trading with parts and places where restriction is still maintained; while it has been 182.98 per cent—or on the average 8.31 per cent in each year—of our shipping trading with parts and places where our ship-owners have no exclusive privilege.

We might rest the whole case in favour of freedom upon these figures; but they by no means exhibit, without further explanation, the whole strength of the argument which they supply. Of the increase realised between 1824 and 1846, in the protected part of our trade, and which amounted to 842,827 tons in the whole, the part resulting from the intercourse with

our North American colonies amounted to 648,330 tons. If, then, we withdraw from the comparison this branch of our commerce, it results, that the increase in the remaining branches of our protected trades has amounted to no more than 194,497 tons upon 465,265 tons, or 41.80 per cent; being on the average 1.90 per cent yearly, or less than one-fourth of the proportionate increase realised on the unprotected trades. It will naturally be asked, why should the trade with our North American possessions be excluded from the calculation? The reply, while it is simple and conclusive as regards the question now before us, affords also a triumphant instance of the benefits resulting from late changes in our commercial policy—changes so confidently declared to be pregnant with ruin to that very branch of protected trade which we find to have flourished so greatly beyond the rest. On the 10th October 1842, when the first of a series of reductions in the duty on foreign timber came into operation, the duty upon colonial timber was reduced to the merely nominal rate of one shilling per load of fifty cubic feet. This reduction being made so late in the year, could have no effect upon the importations of 1842, in which year the tonnage that entered our ports from the North American colonies amounted to 541,451 tons, showing an increase in eighteen years of 113,619 tons, or 26.55 per cent, equal to a yearly average increase of no more than 1.47 per cent. In the following years since the change in the duty upon timber, the tonnage that arrived from these colonies has amounted to—In 1843, 771,905 tons; in 1844, 789,410 tons; in 1845, 1,090,224 tons; in 1846, 1,076,162 tons.

In the same series of accounts, we find a statement of the tonnage of ships, distinguishing British from foreign, that entered and cleared from the ports of the United Kingdom in each of the following years—1814, the last of the war; 1824, the first of the reciprocity treaties; and 1846. This statement, in conjunction with that already noticed, enables us to judge what degree of credit is due to the complaints by which the reciprocity treaties are incessantly charged with injuring the British ship-owner, to the advantage of his foreign rivals. During the ten years from 1814 to 1824, the increase of British tonnage employed in the import and export trades of the United Kingdom, amounted to 892,653 tons, or 89,265 tons per annum; while the increase of foreign tonnage was 303,920 tons, or, on the average, 30,392 tons per annum. During the twenty-two years that have followed the reciprocity treaties, viz. from 1824 to 1846, the increase in British shipping has been 5,233,295 tons, or 237,877 tons per annum; while foreign shipping has increased 2,221,290 tons, or

only 100,968 tons per annum. We have already shewn the proportions in which this increased employment for British shipping has been shared by the protected and unprotected branches of trade.

There are the most conclusive grounds, as we shall hereafter show, for believing, that, had the English Government resisted the demands of the ship-owners, and adhered in all their integrity to the restrictions contained in our Navigation system, not only would this marvellous increase never have existed, but that our trade must have undergone a serious diminution. Let us even assume that, adhering to our protective system, we had succeeded (and it would have tasked our energies to the uttermost) in increasing our commerce at the same rate as the increase which took place between 1814 and 1824—what at this time would have been the condition of our shipping interest? We have seen, that in those ten years a yearly addition of 89,265 tons was made to the employment of British tonnage, and of 30,392 tons to that of foreign tonnage. At this rate of increase, there would, in the twenty-two years immediately preceding 1846, have been added to the British shipping employment for 1,963,830 tons, and to foreign shipping for 668,624 tons. In other words, by the partial relaxation of our law, it now appears that we have secured employment, by the year 1846, for 4,822,131 tons (of which 3,269,465 are British, and 1,552,666 are foreign), beyond the increase which we have assumed might have been attained under a system of continued restriction.

An argument much relied on, in support of protective laws for our shipping, is drawn from the alleged greater cheapness with which vessels can be built in foreign countries than in England. This, we have no hesitation in saying, is an assumption without any solid foundation. If it be simply meant, that ships are built for less money per ton in Norway than in the Thames, this may no doubt be true; but it is true only in the letter, and not in the spirit. The ship so built in Norway for L.8 or L.10 per ton, is no more to be compared in value to the ship built in the Thames, than an omnibus hack is to be compared to a hunter. The Thames-built ship is, in real serviceable value, as much worth the L.20 per ton which she has cost, as the Norwegian ship is worth the smaller sum expended on her construction. But even if this were not the case, our ship-owners have the means of protection in their own hands. Let them build their ships in New Brunswick, or in other of our North American colonies. In point of fact, a very large amount of tonnage is yearly built there. They will build there at as low a rate of cost per ton as it is possible to build at in the North of Europe; and these colonial-built vessels will have all the pri-

vileges of vessels built at home. Were it really true that colonial-built vessels were not only less costly, but actually cheaper when their quality was considered, ship-building in the mother country must long since have been at an end. This, however, is any thing but the case; since these Parliamentary documents inform us, that during the last twenty-six years—that is, from 1821 to 1846—there have been built and registered 4,567,018 tons of British shipping, of which 1,693,384 tons were built in the colonies, and 2,873,634 tons in ports of the United Kingdom, being in the proportion of 37 tons built in the colonies to 63 tons built at home. That this proportion is not greater in favour of the colonies—or rather, that the whole ship-building trade is not monopolised by them, seeing that the cost of construction is not greater than one-half of the cost in England—can only arise from the inferior character of their vessels. This much we might have inferred, without much probability of mistake; but we are not left to inference. An earnest protectionist, Mr Liddel, moved in Parliament for certain papers. We do not know what inference he expected them to establish. For our part, we want no more conclusive evidence in support of our opinions. According to the return, the total number of ships registered in the United Kingdom, on 1st January 1847, was:—

24,002	vessels, measuring	3,148,323	tons,	of which
217	vessels, measuring	26,244	tons,	were built in foreign countries —*i. e.* prizes.
1,727	„ „	548,327	„	were built in our North American Colonies.
99	„ „	52,964	„	were built in British India.
11	„ „	1,344	„	were built in Brit. W. Indies.
1	vessel „	379	„	was built in the Mauritius.
1	„ „	143	„	was built in New S. Wales.

Excluding foreign-built vessels, it thus appears that out of 23,785 ships, measuring 3,122,079 tons, there were 1839, measuring 603,157 tons, built in our colonies and possessions, while 21,946 ships, measuring 2,518,922 tons, were built within the United Kingdom. Now it appears, from other documents presented to Parliament, that the colonial-built tonnage registered in the seven years from 1840 to 1846, both inclusive, amounted to 654,397 tons, or 51,240 tons beyond the quantity that continued in existence in 1847—from which it may be inferred that the average duration of such ships upon the register does not exceed seven years; while the tonnage built within the United Kingdom, and in existence at the beginning of 1847, exceeded, by 37,339, tons, the whole measurement of shipping so built and

registered during the twenty-one years from 1826 to 1846, both inclusive. The average duration of a home-built ship would thus seem to be more than three times that of a colonial one. This fully explains the reason why our merchants have not availed themselves of the opportunity for constructing low-priced vessels in the colonies, but have preferred paying the higher, yet not really dearer, prices required at home. The fact here stated is strongly corroborative of the propriety of the practice adopted by the Committee of Ship-owners, Merchants, and Underwriters, who direct the surveying and classifying of shipping in connexion with the establishment of Lloyd's; and whose ordinary practice it is, to assign the period of twelve years, during which English-built ships of the first quality remain in the first class, while a period of only four years is allowed for colonial-built vessels of the same description.

Some light may be thrown on the effect which total repeal of our Navigation Laws would produce on the employment of foreign shipping, by an examination of the consequences which have followed their recent partial suspension in favour of the importation of articles of food. From a return to an order of the House of Commons of 1st July 1847, explanatory of the working of that suspension, it appears that, while Dutch vessels have been employed in bringing cargoes from Belgium, Belgian ships have been employed in bringing cargoes from the ports of Holland; Danish vessels have brought supplies from Sweden, and Swedish vessels from Denmark; Norwegian ships have come from Prussia, and Prussian ships from Norway—and so on. When the greatness of the emergency is considered, there is little or no ground for inferring, from these facts, that more foreign ships have been engaged in bringing in these supplies, than would otherwise have been employed. If our law had not permitted this exchange of ports, the Belgian ship, which brought us wheat from Holland, would probably have brought us the oats that came in a Dutch vessel from Antwerp; while the Dutch vessel, in that case, would have brought us the wheat from Rotterdam—and so of the rest. But the circumstance of this exchange of ports affords us the most reasonable ground for another, and a most important inference. The supplies in question must have reached us at less charge than would have been incurred, if, instead of the ships taking their loading in the ports where the course of trade had previously carried them, each had been obliged to make a profitless intermediate voyage, in compliance with our restrictions.

Of 304 ships which, according to the return, availed themselves of the suspension of our law, and brought in cargoes of

grain from ports whence, but for that suspension, they could not have thus reached us, there were 122 under the flag of Hanover, 41 under that of Denmark, 34 of Holland, 26 of Norway, 19 of Sweden, 13 of Russia, 12 of the Hanse Towns, 9 of France, 8 of Prussia, 7 of Oldenburgh, 5 of the United States, 2 of Austria, 1 of Belgium, 1 of Genoa, 1 of Venezuela, 1 of Naples, 1 of the Papal States, and 1 of Mecklenburgh.

Of which of these states can our ship-owners entertain any serious apprehension? Is it of Hanover or Denmark, the ships of which countries formed more than one-half of the whole number in the list? Is it of Oldenburgh, or Mecklenburgh, or Sardinia, or Austria, or Belgium, or the Papal States? Or is it of Russia, nearly the whole of whose foreign trade is carried on in English bottoms? The very idea of being jealous of the naval rivalry of these countries is so ridiculous, that we are almost ashamed of referring to the facts by which its unreasonableness is exposed. Can any alarmist really conceive that there would be any danger, in these instances, from turning the partial suspension into permanent repeal?

If, however, there be no danger in allowing our merchants to import, for use within this kingdom, all such goods as they may require, without reference to their origin, and under any flag that may conveniently offer itself, there is, assuredly, much of inconvenience and of loss, first to our merchants, and ultimately to the consumers—that is, to the country at large—in the restriction which is still placed in the way of such a course. One or two recent cases which have come to our knowledge will exemplify this. A ship under the Venezuelan flag lately arrived at Liverpool from Bremen, bound to Angostura, having on board a partial cargo of German goods suited to the South American market. The object of her visit to England was to complete her lading with British manufactures; and, for the more advantageous accomplishment of their object, the freighters had, in ignorance of our Navigation Law, put on board at Bremen a further quantity of German produce suited for consumption in England. Finding, however, that this part of her lading could not be admitted to entry, except for exportation, the interdicted produce was carried forward to Angostura, for which market it was not suited, and our manufacturers lost the sale of an equivalent value of British goods. Had the vessel sailed under the Bremen flag, there would have been no obstacle to prevent the admission of the German produce to consumption here. In this case, at least, our existing law created unmixed evil. The next case exhibits, if possible, a greater absurdity. During the late blockade of the River Plate, a great scarcity arose of salted hides, usually imported

from Buenos Ayres. A London tanner, hearing that there was a large parcel of such hides to be bought at Antwerp, sent orders to that effect; and found out, only when it was too late, that he could not legally bring them to England, as they were the produce of America. The hides were of little use to the Belgian tanner, who has not learned, as our English tanners have, sufficiently to discharge the salt that has been used for their preservation. The English buyer, therefore, was unable to re-sell them at Antwerp, and had to send the whole on intermediate voyages—part to Oran in Africa, and the rest to New York, whence they were at last legally brought for use to London. The double shipping charges, the insurance and risk of damage—added to the multiplied freights from Antwerp to Oran and New York, and thence to London—turned a commercial speculation, which might have been highly profitable to the importer, into a heavy loss.

Instances of the kind must occur again and again: and it is no answer to the complaints which they provoke, to be told, that the importer would have saved himself from a loss which he has actually sustained, if he had only known the law. Now, how stands the law? If the hides had been tanned in Belgium, they might have been legally imported from Antwerp to London, without payment of any duty; and, as the Belgian tanner would have purchased the hides in question at a lower price than the English tanner could have obtained them for, the manufactured article would have come injuriously into competition with our English leather. Further than this, leather not being one of the 'enumerated articles,' they might have been brought from Antwerp under any flag. Can there be any decency in saying that an English manufacturer is bound to know a law like this?

Another instance of the mischief of the Navigation Laws was stated in evidence before the Committee of last session, by Mr R. V. Swaine, a British subject settled as a merchant at Hamburg. He says—'I think it was towards the end of the year '1844, that a large parcel of Alpaca wool, which had arrived 'direct from Peru, was exposed for sale at Hamburg. I pur-'chased it, and being at that time unacquainted with the opera-'tion of the Navigation Laws, I shipped it in a British ship to 'Hull; but it was seized on its arrival there, as being in contra-'vention of the Navigation Laws. I happened to be in London 'immediately afterwards, and I memorialised the Lords of the 'Treasury upon the subject, and the Lords of the Treasury 'ordered the wool to be delivered over to me for re-exportation; 'but I could not obtain their Lordships' permission to send that 'wool for home use into Yorkshire. That parcel of wool was 'subsequently shipped from Hull to New York, landed there,

'and re-exported from New York to Liverpool, and it was 'eventually transmitted from Liverpool into the manufacturing 'districts—where, however, it arrived at a season a great deal 'too late for the purposes for which it had been intended. 'Since that period no person has been disposed to compete for 'that description of wool at Hamburg for the British market; 'the German manufacturers, therefore, had a considerable ad-'vantage, in consequence of the absence of competition for it.' Mr Swaine might have added, that the German manufacturers, after having thus obtained the raw material cheaper than its price in England, might have sent their finished cloths to our market free of duty. Thus, one class of British subjects would have been made the victims of a law passed with the intention of favouring another class; but which intention it is not possible by such means to secure.

It may perhaps be said, that instances such as these are not of very frequent occurrence, and that the hardship is consequently of comparative unimportance. The fact may be conceded, but the inference will not therefore be true. The instances are rare, only because, as was stated by another witness examined before the Committee, 'Our merchants have been 'accustomed to carry on all their transactions under a certain 'code of laws, and have shaped their course accordingly, and 'have never thought of doing anything which they knew was il-'legal; they are, therefore, quite unaware of the advantages that 'would follow from doing away with restrictions which have 'confined them in their operations.' The hardship is not confined to the cases, comparatively few in number, in which, through ignorance or inadvertence, the law is brought actively into operation. That is the misfortune of individuals. The national evil of the law is in its preventive or obstructive action; on this account, the evil is in fact, as was stated by the same witness, 'much 'more real than apparent.'

There is a remarkable distinction between the laws which regulate our import and our export trades. In the former (with some few exceptions in favour of trade from the East through ports on the Mediterranean), no goods the produce of Asia, Africa, or America, are admissible from Europe, whether brought in English or foreign ships; and the greater part of the produce of Europe is admissible only, if brought 'in British ships, or in ships 'of the country of which the goods are the produce, or in ships 'of the country from which the goods are imported.' In the export trade, no such restrictions are imposed. Excepting that we have reserved to our own ships all trade between the mother country and our colonies, no regulations are interposed to prevent

the export of goods of all descriptions. Considering that our export trade approaches in value to one-half of the entire commerce of the country, the difference between the course pursued with the two branches of trade appears at first sight grossly inconsistent. But it can hardly have been the result of oversight on the part of our protectionist ancestors. The difference probably represents the conviction, so long dominant in the minds of our merchants and legislators, that the nation was enriched by all that went forth from it, and not by that which might be brought into it. The present generation has come at last to an opposite conclusion; and we now acknowledge that a country is made richer by what comes in, rather than by what goes out. To be consistent, therefore, we should put our policy, in regard to shipping, into conformity with the change in our views of political economy; while, for the benefit of all classes, we encouraged the *importation* of goods from foreign countries in all vessels whatever, we might reserve to our national shipping its protection—if it must be protected—in the form of a monopoly of that half of our commerce which consists in *exports*.

In one instance, our Navigation Laws press so cruelly on an unfortunate community, that we cannot forbear singling it out for especial notice. There cannot be imagined a more interesting experiment, than that which is now going on at Hayti; nor one more entitled to the sympathy of every friend of humanity and freedom. But for our protective system, its trade, at present so trifling, might receive indefinite extension, and the surest of all its civilisers would be commerce. The republic of Hayti is so circumstanced, owing to its want of naval power, and to the hostility of the government of the Spanish portion of the island of Saint Domingo, that any Haytian vessel that might put to sea, would be exposed to almost certain capture. In consequence of this difficulty, nearly all the trade of the republic is carried on under the flag of France. But no foreign ships other than those of Hayti are allowed to carry on trade with our colonies; and English vessels, every time that they enter the ports of Hayti, are, doubtless to the equal injury of Hayti, subjected to the payment of six dollars per ton, according to their measurement—a rate prohibitory of all trade in English vessels between the republic and our neighbouring island of Jamaica. But for this restriction, Jamaica might enjoy a large and valuable export trade with Hayti in general merchandise and British manufactures; and would procure returns in excellent and cheap provisions, the want of which it often severely feels. In this case, as in many others, our law would appear to consider the ship as being of more consequence than the trade; which is about as reasonable

as it would be for the shopkeeper to take more account of the paper and packthread in which his wares must be packed, than of the wares themselves. It is no justification to the older, and what ought to be in commercial policy, as well as in every thing else, the wiser nation, that Haytian legislation is as absurd and intolerant as our own.

Our ship-owners complain of certain disadvantages under which they are placed, as compared with their foreign competitors; and make these a plea for the continuance of the modified monopoly which they still possess. It must be conceded to them, that while they were forced to provision their crews with food of home growth, rendered artificially dear through the operation of another and a more grievous monopoly, and so long as many of the materials imported for the construction and fitting out of shipping were loaded with heavy duties, there was some justice in their complaint. They were, it is true, wrong in their choice of a remedy. The country at large was already injured by the greater monopoly which pressed heavily upon ship-owners, but the true source of relief to the latter was to be found in altogether removing that grievance, and not in shifting to the shoulders of others, the share of it which weighed upon their own. English ships may now obtain provisions and stores at prices as low as are paid by others; while the heavy import duties upon materials used in their construction and equipment have been either taken away entirely, or have been so far reduced as not to overbalance the advantages over foreigners which we otherwise enjoy. Another hardship of which complaint is made, is, that provision of the Navigation Law which is supposed to oblige every British ship to be provided with five seamen for every one hundred tons of burthen; a proportion which is not very correctly affirmed to be beyond that in use among foreigners. If there were any such law, or any such differences, as are alleged, it is, however, against the Navigation Law itself that their complaints should be directed, and relief should be sought in its repeal. The assumed provision of the law could not have been dictated by any conviction of the necessity for employing the proportion of seamen for which it stipulates, but has evidently grown out of the 'nursery-for-seamen' notion. A whimsical result of this assumed provision is afforded in the operation of the law passed in 1835, which altered the rule previously in use for determining the measurement of shipping. A ship which under the old system of measurement was registered as of the burthen of 867 tons, and which was therefore held to require a crew of forty-three persons to navigate her, was, to answer some purpose of the owners, surveyed and re-measured under the new

system; and being found of 1185 tons burthen, the necessity was assumed, in consequence, to attach to her of manning her with a crew of fifty-nine persons at least. It is a curious fact, however, that the clause of the Act of Navigation which is believed to make the number of five seamen to every one hundred tons of burthen compulsory, will not bear any such construction. A ship may be sent to sea with any number of men, however small—one seaman, or even less, for each one hundred tons, if the owners should be so minded—provided three-fourths of the crew are British. But although the law declares that no British ship shall be entitled to privileges as such, unless the master and three-fourths at least of the crew are British seamen, any greater number of foreign seamen than will constitute one-fourth, may be employed, provided the number of British seamen on board amount to one for each twenty tons of burthen. For example, a ship of 500 tons would be navigated according to law by twenty persons, of whom fifteen, or three-fourths, should be English; the whole crew being thus only four to each one hundred tons. If six foreigners were employed, there must be eighteen British seamen; but, whatever may be the greater number of foreigners, the law is satisfied, provided the proportion of one British seaman for every twenty tons shall be preserved. It must be evident, that a grievance conjured up by means of a false construction put upon a clause in an Act of Parliament, cannot have proved very seriously injurious; for if it had been so, the true meaning of the law would have been long since discovered, through the desire of escaping from its assumed hardship.

The assertion has been made, and repeated so often and so confidently, that British ship-owners cannot compete with the ship-owners of foreign countries, where it is groundlessly alleged the cost of building and charges of sailing ships are less than in this country, that this passes with multitudes of persons for the truth; yet nothing is more unfounded, and nothing can be more easily and perfectly disproved. We have already looked at this proposition from one point of view—let us now look at it from another. If we cannot profitably compete with others, how does it happen that, year after year, in every trade worth carrying on, where it is free to the ship-owners of all countries to enter into competition, English ships are found to be employed, and in fact are carrying off 'the lion's share' of the traffic? The Austrian port of Trieste in the Adriatic is free to ships of all nations: the Prussian, the American, the Hamburgher, all are equally welcome. In that port, British ships of large burthen arrive in all months of the year, with cargoes from all quarters of the globe. In Hamburg, where trade is free to all nations in the widest

signification of the word, we find the ships of England, year after year, so far outnumbering even Hamburg vessels as to be more than double, and that although a great part of the trade in which they are engaged is a purely carrying-trade from other foreign ports. There is, indeed, no port in the known world, offering the same facilities to our shipping, in which that shipping is not seen carrying off a large proportion of the trade, in direct competition with the ships of other countries, asserted to be so much cheaper built and cheaper navigated. What more perfect answer, to the assertion that we are unable to compete with foreigners, need be desired than the fact, that we actually do so compete with them, and do so, not accidentally, but habitually; and that this competition is carried on in branches of trade between two foreign countries, under circumstances where there can be no earthly reason for supposing that any preference or favour is shown to the British ship-owner?

Considerable fears appear to be entertained, lest, in the event of the repeal of our Navigation Laws, our merchants might be led to purchase ships built in foreign countries; and that thus a large and otherwise important class of men in England may be thrown out of employment. We cannot be of opinion that any such result would follow; nor do we believe that the capital, skill, and industry of England, would fail when brought into competition with foreign ship-builders, any more than they are seen to fail when they are matched against the cotton-spinners and weavers of other countries. It was a frequent saying of the late Mr Deacon Hume (whose authority upon all such subjects will not now be disputed), that when any case was brought forward in which it was alleged, that the removal of restrictions must be followed by injury to protected interests, he always found a perfect answer to the allegation, by calling to mind the conditions under which the cotton manufacture is carried on by us. We bring the raw material from a great distance; having (in his day) to pay a duty upon its importation. The manufacture is carried on in buildings constructed with dear timber and taxed bricks. The artisans employed in it receive wages, on which they can live with more than the average degree of comfort in this highly taxed country; and yet, notwithstanding all these disadvantages—at least equal to those which are so industriously paraded on all occasions by Protectionist partisans—we export to almost every country in the world the produce of our spinning-mills and looms. If our high rate of taxation does not disable us from contending with the foreigner in the case of cotton, why should it paralyse our powers in any other branch of industry? We may depend upon it, that were full

permission given us to purchase and to employ foreign-built ships, where ships of home construction can now alone be used, our ship-wrights, anchor-smiths, sail-makers, and the whole array of mechanics, whose ruin in that event is so confidently predicted, would only receive a new impulse. The more direct foreign competition would render them more skilful, and more industrious—by which means they would acquire, with a better security than they now enjoy for its continuance, a virtual monopoly of the manufacture of British shipping. Were it otherwise, however: Suppose it to be found, that the ship-builders of Holland or America could construct ships of equal quality with ours at lower prices, we are far from admitting that this would prove an evil to the country at large, and especially to the trading portion of it.

It is certain, that, to possess ourselves of foreign-built ships, we must pay for them; and that such payment must be made in the products of British industry. The difference between the two cases—whether we employ foreign-built or home-built ships—is therefore simply this: that, to acquire the latter, we pay wages to the ship-wright, the sail-maker, the anchor-smith, and the long array of working people engaged in the construction and fitting out of vessels—while, to acquire the former, we must exchange for it the products of the labour of a proportionate number of coal-miners, of iron-founders, of spinners and weavers, for whose labour there would otherwise have been no demand. Looked at rationally, what takes place is a mere change from a less profitable to a more profitable employment. Even with respect to the materials imported from other countries upon which our artisans are set to work, we have only to carry back our thoughts another stage, and we shall see that these must have been purchased with the products of British labour. The foreign ship being, by the supposition, cheaper than the English one, we shall merely pay a smaller sum to our artisans for the goods with which we buy it, than we should have paid in materials and wages, had we persisted in building for ourselves. On this supposition, the balance of the labour—that portion of it which is saved by the transaction—might be exchanged against some other products, which would thus be added to the sum of our enjoyments, and which would be therefore so much pure gain.

A British ship of the first class, fitted for sea, is stated to cost at least £17 per ton, while it is said that in Prussia a ship of that class can be built for £8 per ton. We are quoting from the evidence of a ship-owner strongly favourable to protection. In the case of the British as well as of the foreign ship, the whole cost resolves itself ultimately into labour; and to pay for

two ships, each of 500 tons burthen, one British and the other Prussian, we must provide £12,500; of which sum, the persons employed in constructing the British ship would draw £8500, and the Prussians the remainder. To make the case more plain, let us assume payment to be made in both instances in British manufactures—say in cotton goods. It is clear that it would require proportionately the labour of eighty-five persons to provide the cost of the British ship, while the labour of forty persons would suffice to provide the cost of the Prussian; and that in the latter case we should have a surplus as compared with the former, consisting of the goods manufactured by forty-five persons, which we should be at liberty to exchange for corn, or timber, or any other commodity, and which we must have done without, had we employed the British ship-builder instead of the Prussian.

We must, however, to guard ourselves against any misconception upon this point, emphatically declare it to be our conviction, that, with the choice of every port and country in Europe and America where to build his ship, the British ship-owner would still choose to have her constructed at home; where, taking all things into account, he would be sure of obtaining, not certainly a lower priced, but a really cheaper vessel.

In the last published report of the committee of the General Ship-owners' Society, signed by the chairman, George Frederick Young, Esq., and presented to the annual general meeting of the subscribers on the 12th of August 1846, we find this remarkable passage:—

'As a member of the great community of the empire, the ship-owner advances no claim to special or peculiar privileges; he has no right to demand, on abstract grounds, exemption from any burthen to which other interests are subjected, or any immunity from which they are excluded. If they be protected, his right to protection is co-equal with theirs; but if they sustain the pressure of foreign competition, he must make up his mind to meet it also. All this, however, is true, only so long as he is permitted freely to pursue, like others, his own interests in his own way, unfettered by any restrictions from which other interests are exempt. But if, for objects of supposed national benefit, conferring on him no separate or special advantage, the state imposes on him burthens and restrictions of a heavily disqualifying nature, common justice would prescribe that, up to the point to which the proved disqualification extends, he should be protected from the competition of those who are free from his burthens; and common sense will determine, that unless so protected, he must sink in the struggle of such competition. Now, this is exactly the case of the British ship-owner. By the Registry Laws, he is restricted to the use of ships, probably the most costly in the world. By the Navigation Laws, he is compelled to employ, exclusively, the highest paid and most expensively fed seamen—those of native birth.'

The case assumed at the beginning of this quotation has now arisen. It would be impossible to mention, with the exception of ship-building, any one branch of manufacturing industry in this kingdom, which was formerly fenced in by restrictions against foreign competition, upon which that competition has not now been let in. They have now all to 'sustain the 'pressure of foreign competition,' and the ship-owner, consequently, must, in the language of the report, 'make up his 'mind to meet it also.' We certainly did not expect, although we are delighted to see it, that among the means for meeting the competition with which they are threatened; a committee of ship-owners should have thus pointed to the abolition of the British ship-builders' monopoly—however much they might in their hearts have desired it. It is surely a shrewd presumption against monopoly in the abstract, that every monopolist is found so willing to assist in overthrowing every monopoly except his own; or excepting those by whose abolition he apprehends his own might be endangered.

There is one important class of our fellow subjects eminently entitled to insist upon the repeal of our Navigation Laws, at least in one essential particular. The British colonist is not now, it is true, restricted to the same degree as he formerly was in his commercial intercourse. He is not, as formerly, prohibited from resorting to foreign markets for the supply of his wants; he is only made to pay a higher duty upon foreign than upon British manufactures. Neither is he compelled, as he once was, to bring his chief staple commodities to the mother country alone; and to bring them in a raw or unmanufactured state. While these restrictions were enforced, his complaints were silenced by his being secured in possession of the home-market for his raw produce, by means of heavy differential duties imposed upon the like produce of foreign growth. But those differential duties have been, for the most part, abolished, or placed in course of rapid abolition, so that we may expect ere long to see but one duty charged upon the same article, without reference to the place of its production. In consequence of this, the colonist has acquired, on the other hand, a clear and unanswerable right to be no further restricted in his trade than his fellow subjects in the mother country. Yet the law at present does place obstacles in the way of his trade, to which we in the mother country are not subjected. There can be no importation into the British possessions in America (including of course the West Indies) from any country, except from the United Kingdom, unless where the port of importation shall have been declared a free port. Nor can ships of any foreign country import

goods into our colonies, unless under express permission for that purpose by an Order in Council. To show the way in which these restraints may be made oppressive to the colonies, we may mention that under them French vessels are prevented from carrying French wine to our colonies. The whole of these restrictive regulations ought to be repealed, and the colonies relieved from any preference which may formerly have been shown to the English ship-owner at their expense.

The repeal of these restrictive regulations, without occasioning the slightest injury to the British ship-owner, might yet be highly beneficial to the colonies. The British ship-owner and the colonist are connected by stronger bonds than Navigation Laws. The British ship-owner will continue to be the subject of the same country, to speak the same language, to live under the protection of the same laws, and will retain the advantage of the ancient interest and national feeling in his favour. Yet, the colonist might also be a considerable gainer by the change. He would be a gainer to the full extent of all the evils inseparable from monopoly. The competition, which is necessary in the first instance to bring down the charges for the conveyance of the colonist's produce, would not necessarily diminish the earnings of the ship-owner. In this, as in similar cases, increased economy and activity may be trusted to for making good the reduction in the rate of charge. Moreover, cases occur from time to time, in which the benefit both to the colonies and to the mother country, of admitting foreign shipping into the direct trade, would be great and unequivocal. For instance, during many months past, the demand for shipping to convey food to the markets of Europe has been so sudden, and freight in such request, that large quantities of other produce have been detained at the places of production for want of means of conveyance. That the power of importing in foreign bottoms would set free an amount of capital much wanted at the moment, is a further advantage not to be disregarded at such a crisis. It is only under extraordinary circumstances that any but British ships could hope to find this kind of employment: and it cannot surely be considered a hardship or an injury by the British ship-owner, that foreigners should be called in to assist in carrying on the commerce of the country, when every ton of national shipping is already profitably employed.

Under our existing laws, the produce of the other three quarters of the globe cannot be imported for use within this kingdom, direct from Europe. During the recent investigations by the Committee of the House of Commons, it was attempted to be shown, that the general trade of the country must suffer, should

this prohibition be removed. It was affirmed that produce, intended for our consumption, would in such a case be conveyed to Continental ports in foreign ships, and kept there under the inducement of lower charges, to the advantage of foreign agents and warehouse-keepers, and to the injury of our own. The accuracy of this statement may well be doubted; since no proof was given that the expenses attending the warehousing of goods are actually greater, nor any reason offered why they should be so, in this than in any other country. Apart from this consideration, an all-sufficient reason may be given, why the permission to import the produce of every part of the world from any other part of it, would not be attended by these terrible results.

Unless by absurd perseverance in restrictive laws we shall drive trade away from our shores, and foster it in other countries, we see no reason why England should not retain for ages the high commercial place which she occupies at present, relatively to other states. As long as this is the case, our merchants must exercise a paramount control over the greatest portion of the products that constitute the commerce of the world. In one shape or other, either as absolute owners through purchase, or as virtual owners by reason of advances of money made upon goods, they will acquire a right to control the disposal of them; and, as a matter of course, will choose to have them in their own possession. For no merchant will be likely, for the sake of any trifling saving (if, indeed, there should be any), to subject himself to the greater chance of loss, to which every man feels that he is exposed, whose property is out of his own keeping.

But is it true that the expenses attending the warehousing of goods is greater in this than in any other country? We maintain that it is not. The rate of interest is ordinarily lower here than elsewhere, as is shown by the prices of our public funds; and wherever the rate of interest is low, the rate of profit will be low also. Under these circumstances, there will be a much greater tendency to invest money as fixed capital, than is the case in countries where the ordinary rates of interest and of trading profits are higher. Parties will, therefore, more readily invest their money in warehouses; and the English warehouse-keeper will, for the same reason, be contented with a lower scale of charges. Yet, were our charges higher, it might be for the interest of the owner of the goods to pay them. In seasons when trade is brisk, and merchandise passes quickly from hand to hand, until it reaches the consumer, it may be a very serious disadvantage to the owner to have his goods stored at a distance from the place of consumption. While, again, on other grounds, in dull times, when sales are difficult, goods will come here; because

these are the times when recourse must be had to the capitalists of England, and consignments will be made to them, in order to obtain advances. This is not mere theory. It has been generally remarked, that in years when the silk manufacture is depressed, and when there is less than the usual demand for thrown silk, our importations of that article are always greatest. As long as the manufacture is prosperous, the silk throwsters of Italy find ready buyers in France and Germany; but the moment that the ordinary demand is checked, the only resource is England; and consignments are made to our merchants, who alone are able and willing to advance to the Italian throwster a portion of the value of his goods. It would be absurd to expect that any such advance would be made except upon the condition of having the actual custody of the goods; and what is true as regards this one article—the circumstances attending which can be more readily traced because of the limited nature of the trade—must be equally true with regard to consignments in general.

But the fears of Protectionists range wide. Much is said by them against admitting foreigners to share in the coasting trade of this country. A stronger example cannot be conceived of the unreasonableness, and, but for the magnifying powers of self-interest and terror, we should have been obliged to add, the insincerity of these alarms. The monopoly of our coasting trade is secured to us by a far higher protection than any Navigation Laws whatever, since, with the most perfect license to enter upon it, no foreigner could, by any possibility, compete in it with English seamen or English ships. Captain Sir James Stirling of the Royal Navy, formerly Governor of Australia, was examined before the Committee—no competent person will undervalue his authority—and he is decidedly of this opinion. He says:—'It is probably known to the Committee, that the men 'brought up in that branch of business enter into it very early 'in life; that it requires habits, the groundwork of which must 'be laid in very early youth. It requires local knowledge and 'skill in that particular line, to enable them to make a living in it; 'so much so, that even English seamen brought up in other lines 'would hardly be able to earn their salt in it. It requires great 'hardihood, great individual energy, and peculiar knowledge of 'the business itself; and on these grounds, it appears to me that 'it would be very difficult for foreigners to enter into it. There 'may be, here and there, a foreigner who is fond of navigating, 'in long dark winter nights, on the English coast; but I do not 'think that there are many foreigners who would undertake that 'branch of business. My acquaintance with that branch is merely

'of a general nature, and I have therefore endeavoured to as-
'certain what are the opinions of those who have been more
'conversant with that particular line of employment than I have;
'and I find that Mr Straker, a person who has been very much
'engaged in that branch of business, in answer to question 2960
'of the evidence given before the British Shipping Committee
'of 1844, says: "The coasting trade is one of those difficult
'trades to manage, that there are very few foreigners that could
'manage it; they could not navigate the coast; we understand
'that better than they do, and that they cannot deprive us of."
'I refer to Mr Straker's opinion to confirm my own opinion, as
'being of more value than mine; but I think that there is, upon
'the very face of the subject, strong reason to conclude that
'foreigners are not likely to interfere, to any great extent, with
'our coasting trade.'

To the reasons thus offered by Sir James Stirling, it may be added, that for carrying on a coasting trade with any degree of success, much more is necessary than ships navigated by a *hardy* race of seamen, who have been trained to it from early youth. Business connexions at both the ports embraced by the voyage, are indispensable. It is very generally the case, and especially in the most important branch of our coasting trade, the coal trade, that the shipping employed is owned by the very persons who give the employment. What foreign ship-owner could ever, for an instant, think of entering into competition with them? Under any circumstances, foreign competition in our coasting trade is a dream. But, abolish the Navigation Law, and we are prepared to maintain, that the British ship-owner will be enabled to prosecute his trade in all its branches more profitably than at present. Under the act for the registering of British vessels (8 and 9 Vict. c. 89), which is an essential part of our Navigation Laws, no ship is entitled to the privileges of a British ship 'except such as are wholly of 'the build of the United Kingdom,' or of such of its possessions as belonged to the crown of Great Britain at the time of the building thereof, 'or such ships or vessels as shall have been condemned 'in any Court of Admiralty as prizes of war, or forfeited for the 'breach of the laws made for the prevention of the slave trade, 'and which shall not wholly belong to subjects of this kingdom.' Although all these conditions may have been fulfilled, yet the register is withdrawn, if the ship shall have undergone repairs in a foreign country to any amount beyond twenty shillings per ton of her burthen, unless such repairs are absolutely necessary for the safe return of the ship to a port in her Majesty's dominions; and, in this case, the necessity of such repairs must be proved to

the satisfaction of the Commissioners of the Customs. No British-built ship that has been once sold to a foreigner, can thereafter be purchased back and registered as a British vessel by a British subject. Further, no person usually residing out of the British dominions, although a natural-born subject of the crown of England, is entitled to register a ship, unless he be a member of some British factory abroad, or agent for, or partner in, some house or copartnership actually carrying on trade in Great Britain or Ireland. At every change of ownership, whether partial or entire, many troublesome forms must be gone through to avoid vitiating the character of the ship as British. The conditions we have enumerated are a fertile source of expense and risk. A further increase in the charges of navigation is the obligation to carry apprentices, from one to five in number, according to the tonnage of the vessels. There can be no question concerning the severity with which the Navigation Laws press, in many respects, upon the ship-owner, nor of the elements of relief which he will thus far find in their repeal.

We have hitherto considered the working of our Navigation Laws, as though the maintenance of them in their present rigour depended upon ourselves; but it must be clear to every one who has the least knowledge of what is going on in other countries, that this is no longer the case. A new alternative is before us, as to which the people of those countries and their governments are agreed. By pertinaciously adhering to our code of restrictions, we practically recommend them to pursue the same course: And there is no longer room for doubting that they will accept this recommendation, and that the retaliation which we challenge is at our doors. The obstacles which we have raised against the trade of other nations must be taken away, or the like obstacles will be raised against ourselves. We do not stand up for the wisdom of this course; on the contrary, we are satisfied that the commercial prosperity of a country depends not so much upon the restrictive laws of other states, as upon the enlightened liberality of its own. Still, we cannot wonder, that, seeing the degree of progress we have made under a system eminently restrictive—a progress made, not indeed as a consequence of that system, but in spite of it—foreign statesmen should adopt our errors, and should put them in force against us. Such a course would fail, indeed, of insuring the prosperity of the states that should adopt it; but the consequences to ourselves would not be on that account less disastrous; and, in fact, England having most at stake, would unquestionably suffer most from the race of folly which we are supposing.

Prussia took the lead in 1823;—her threats of retaliation

brought about the reciprocity treaties of the following year. She is now agitating again, and has actually given notice on her own behalf, and on behalf of the other states of the *Zollverein*, of the termination, on the 1st of January 1848, of the treaty concluded with Great Britain in March 1841. The states at present bound by the conditions of that treaty, are Prussia, Bavaria, Saxony, Wirtemberg, Baden, the Electorate of Hesse, the Grand Duchy of Hesse, the states forming the customs and commercial union of Thuringia, Nassau, and the free city of Frankfort. Under its provisions, England enjoys the right of importing goods into the ports of the Zollverein, in British ships, direct from ports not British; although we, under our Navigation Law, withhold the corresponding right from all other countries.

The motive of this movement on the part of the states of the Zollverein, is thus temperately stated in the dispatch of the 10th of May last, of the Chevalier Bunsen:—

'The reason of this determination is to be found solely in the conviction, that the treaty in question, according to the experience of the years that have elapsed since its conclusion, has not produced that development in the commercial relations of the Zollverein with Great Britain which had been looked for. The concession made to the ships of the Zollverein, in the first article, by which the ports between the Meuse and the Elbe are to be considered as ports of the union, has hardly been found of any practical utility. But what appears to the Prussian government to militate principally against the efficacy of the treaty of 1841, is the want of reciprocity unhappily existing with respect to the laws which rule the navigation of the two countries; for, while Prussian legislation, founded on the principle of liberty of navigation, allows British ships to import into Prussian ports the produce of all parts of the world, the ships of the Zollverein can only import into British ports (as regards the enumerated articles, including almost every article of importance) the produce of their own country. These enumerated articles were, moreover, increased in 1827, subsequent to the treaty of reciprocity of 1824, by [illegible]teen articles, among which are to be found wool, and other objects of primary necessity. So exceptional a measure could not but augment the want of real reciprocity, to the prejudice of the Prussian flag.

'The treaty of 1841 does not allow Prussia, as the aggrieved interests and public opinion in Germany which powerfully supports those interests, would require, to restrict in an analogous manner the admission of British ships; for the second article of the treaty accords to Great Britain the right of the most favoured nation with respect to the importation of sugar and rice.

'The expiration of the treaty, at the end of the present year, will restore that liberty to the Prussian government; and a change in the laws affecting navigation has been the subject of its serious consideration.'

It is well understood that the other states of the Zollverein, which are watching the expiration of the treaty of 1841 with the utmost impatience, are looking forward to it as an opportunity for introducing a scale of differential duties against British ships. This is their real object; and in this it is supposed that they hope to obtain the concurrence of all the maritime states of Northern Germany.

In giving the notice in question, the Prussian government has expressed a hope (founded upon the fact of the appointment of a Parliamentary committee to examine our Navigation Laws) 'that Great Britain will, at no remote period, by means of a 'general legislative measure, cause the restrictions to disappear, 'which at present weigh upon German navigation and com-'merce, and which so notoriously impede the development of 'the commercial relations of the two countries.' In this hope, so reasonable in itself, and so completely in accordance with the commercial principles which have been at length fully recognised by the government and legislature of this country, we entirely concur, believing, indeed, that a choice is no longer left us. Unless we are prepared to bring our practice, and that speedily, into perfect agreement with our avowed principles, we must be prepared to see the opposite system put in force against us. And wherefore not, when, after having abandoned the principle, we are still adhering to this unintelligible exception, and are thus virtually recommending it by the strongest of all arguments to the adoption of others? From what we know of the pertinacity with which our friends in Germany adhere to demands once made—especially when they feel them to be founded on justice—we are certain that our own weapons will be turned against us, should we not consent to lay them down ourselves. We may further be assured, that measures of retaliation will be adopted not only by the members of the Zollverein, but by governments and communities that have hitherto held themselves aloof from that connexion. Already the merchants and ship-owners of Hamburg and Bremen entertain the proposition of joining the German Customs Union, and of consenting to an union of flags, and to the imposition of differential duties. These are feelings and designs which, with one word, we could scatter to the winds; but, if we will not speak that word, they will most assuredly become both fact and law; and not more to our loss than our dishonour; for we shall first have proved ourselves, in the face of Europe, false to our declared principles of commercial freedom.

Let us for a moment imagine that we are so inconsistent as

to desert those principles at the instigation of groundless fears and prejudices, and that the Prussian Customs League, strengthened by those states and free cities of Germany which have hitherto declined to join it, should enact a Navigation Law, declaring, like our own, that its ports shall be sealed against the admission of the produce of Asia, Africa, and America, from any place in Europe, and prohibiting the importation of such produce in any ships other than those under the flag of the Union, or those belonging to the places whence the goods are imported—what then becomes of our carrying trade? and what becomes of all that large amount of exports from the United Kingdom, reaching to sixteen millions annually, consisting of foreign and colonial merchandise? On the value of that trade to our ship-owners, it would be useless to enlarge. It is a trade which year by year has been increasing, and which must continue to increase still more rapidly under a system of freedom—for reasons which have been already stated, and which it is unnecessary to repeat. Already has the change in our sugar duties, though only a twelvemonth old, raised up a new branch of business in our ports. Cargoes, which previously went direct to the Continent, are now attracted here by the intervention of British capital; and the merchants of the Continent have already found the advantage of resorting to our markets to make their purchases, which, for the most part, are conveyed away afterwards in our steamers.

If we are unjust enough, and insane enough, to allow a combination for retaliatory measures of this description to be once formed, there is no knowing to what purposes it may not be afterwards applied. One of our greatest perils is the universal jealousy of our commercial power. We would piously hope that our legislators may be just, and fear not. But we must be just. Retaliation, once entered upon, will not be confined to Europe. The United States of America are never backward in pressing their supposed interests, and in extorting privileges from others. We now export to those States large quantities of the produce of every region. Our trade with America involves a hundred interests, of which, if our cotton manufactures are the greatest, they are but one. Let the legislature of Washington pass a Navigation Law, in all respects the counterpart of our own! We need say no more. But we are shocked to think into what a condition the following out of our example would bring the world.

ART. II.—1. *An Introduction to English Antiquities, intended as a Companion to the History of England.* By JAMES ECCLESTON, B.A. 8vo. London: 1847.

2. *An Archæological Index to Remains of Antiquity of the Celtic, Romano-British, and Anglo-Saxon periods.* By JOHN YONGE AKERMAN, F.S.A., &c. &c. 8vo. London: 1847.

3. *Archæologia: or, Miscellaneous Tracts relating to Antiquity, published by the Society of Antiquaries of London.* Vol. XXXII. Part 1. 4to: 1847.

4. *The Journal of the British Archæological Association, established* 1843, *for the Encouragement and Prosecution of Researches into the Arts and Monuments of the Early and Middle Ages.* Vol. II. 8vo: 1847.

5. *The Archæological Journal, published under the direction of the Central Committee of the Archæological Institute of Great Britain and Ireland.* Vol. III. 8vo: 1847.

IT is now just three centuries since John Bale bitterly complained, that 'among all the nacions in whome I have wandered, for the knowledge of thynges, I have founde none so negligent and untoward, as I have found England, in the due serch of theyr auncyent hystoryes, to the syngulare fame and bewtye therof. Thys have I (as it were) wyth a wofulnesse of hert, sens my tendre youthe bewayled; and so muche the more, for that I have not, accordinge to the naturall zele whyche I beare to my contreye, ben able to redresse it, for ungentyll poverte.'

Thus spake one of the most zealous of our early religious reformers. The same complaint has been often repeated: but it was in that instance suggested by a great political change, which was overthrowing old institutions and old systems, and which sought in the investigation of the past that truth which it is the particular province of history to exhibit. A long period had elapsed, during which the materials for this investigation had been rapidly disappearing; and the little which remained was scattered abroad in every nook and corner; and when brought forth in the piecemeal form in which it was found, it required profound study, and comparison, and discrimination, before it could be rendered of any real utility.

There was a decided spirit of antiquarian research attendant upon the Reformation, arising from the new liberty of thought, and the love of critical discussion, which accompanied it; and which was not a little encouraged by the progress of classical learning in the sixteenth century. But, antiquarianism, as a science allied to history, belongs to a more advanced state of.

intellectual refinement. For history has many forms. In its first development, it partakes largely of the character of poetry—it is an exaggerated, and highly painted picture, drawn and coloured, touched and retouched, by the flattering pencil of bards and minstrels. At the time, few or none question the fidelity of such pictures of the past, however questionable. The first change takes place, and its poetical character in great measure disappears, without history becoming much more true, or at all more critical: At this period, the chronicler of recent transactions is either monk or follower, and represents little more than the ignorance, or passions of the writer; while he constructs his narrative of the remoter past either out of what first comes to hand, or from the contradictory statements of contemporaries, with no more trustworthy criterion than prejudice or fancy. When at length historians did begin to look at history critically, and were willing to call in the assistance of the antiquary, the task of their new ally was far from being an easy one; in many instances, the means of correcting error had long perished; in others, they lay hid in old parchments difficult to decipher, in the confusion of neglected libraries, in the dust of record-houses—mixed up with lumber and rubbish, or buried beneath the soil. To bring his means together, and to arrange and make them intelligible, has been the work of the English historical antiquary for the last three centuries. If less has been accomplished than might have been expected, this is, in a great degree, owing to the defective method in which our operations have been too often carried on.

A history of English antiquarianism is consequently not only interesting as showing what has been done down to our own times in this particular: It shows us further what might have been done, and what may and must be done still, if our present archæological ardour is destined to leave behind it memorials worthy of our zeal. At the same time, we must not be unjust to our contemporaries. Much more has been latterly accomplished, both here and in Germany, towards verifying the early histories of Greece and Rome, than was ever done for them by any writers of their own. And what we have achieved for classical antiquity, has also in some degree been secured at home. A powerful light has been already thrown upon the Anglo-Saxon periods of our history by Sharon Turner, Palgrave, and John Allen; while it appears from the more recent labours of Kemble, Thorpe, Wright and others, and from a Danish work by Worsaac, now under translation, that ample employment is likely to be provided for the sagacity and learning of our children.

John Leland may justly be considered the father of English antiquarianism. The attention of inquirers was naturally first arrested by that class of materials, which offered itself in the most

accessible and most intelligible form. Mediæval manuscripts, in his days, were still scattered over the country; and the accidental circumstances of the time gave a peculiar importance to them. When the English reformers sought historical arguments in their controversy with Popery and Monachism, they found that the ancient literature of their own country was full of evidence in their favour—that the voice of reason had never been entirely silenced by the power of superstition, but had made itself heard in almost every form, in prose and verse, in Latin and English, by Saxon and Norman—that the errors of the mediæval church had been preached against, and reasoned against, and satirized—so that they had a long-continued protest to produce in proof of the justice of the cause in which they were engaged. In consequence of this, several of the most learned men of the age of the Reformation, threw themselves with avidity upon the study of the historical and literary remains of our forefathers. Repeated editions of Chaucer and Piers Ploughman laid the foundation of a taste for early English literature; the publication of Anglo-Saxon homilies and the Anglo-Saxon version of the Gospels, which favoured some of the doctrines of the reformers, and proved that the Scriptures had been once read in the vulgar tongue, paved the way for a careful study of the Anglo-Saxon language; while, from the fact, that the most important of the Latin poems on the corrupt state of the Romish church, which were printed on the Continent by Flaccus Illyricus, had been obtained from manuscripts in England, it appears that the Anglo-Latin poetry of the Middle Ages had already begun to attract attention.

But it was in an historical point of view that the importance of these monuments was felt most deeply; and the complaint of John Bale, in the passage quoted above, is an accurate description of the feelings which drew Leland to the study of English antiquities. Leland held the post of librarian to Henry VIII.: and, before the dissolution of monasteries had been decreed, or perhaps contemplated—as early as the year 1533, he obtained a commission from that monarch to visit the monastic libraries in search of historical documents. It is evident, from his own account, that he found these repositories in a state of general neglect and dilapidation: He arrived in time, however, to secure an extensive and valuable collection, much of which is preserved in the old 'King's Library,' in the British Museum. From his rough notes, since published under the title of his 'Collectanea,' we have the satisfaction of believing that he did not meet with many historical manuscripts of value that are not still extant. His labours were abruptly closed by a cruel malady,

which rendered useless the latter part of his life: but not until he had brought together a far greater quantity of materials for English history than had ever been collected before. With the one great object at heart, of illustrating the history and antiquities of his country, he had also travelled over every part of England and Wales, to collect local information; and had already begun the project, which was afterwards executed by Camden in his 'Britannia.' His notes of these travels, or all that remained of them, were long after printed by Hearne, under the title of Leland's 'Itinerary.' The only one of his treatises on English antiquities of any consequence that has come down to us, that 'De Scriptoribus Britannicis,' proves him to have been an accomplished scholar, and a man of sound judgment and careful discrimination. In this respect it presents a remarkable contrast to the larger but confused and blundering book on the same subject by Bale—who laments over Leland's turn for poetry, as being derogatory to his character as an antiquary.

During the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and under the fostering care of Archbishop Parker, the taste for the study of English historical antiquities became so general, as to give a character even to the ballad poetry that was hawked about the streets. Historical 'garlands' were frequently reprinted, and found more purchasers than the other classes of popular literature. Parker himself, in the earlier part of this reign, and Sir Robert Cotton at the end of it, gathered together large collections of manuscripts, which are still preserved at Cambridge and in the British Museum. The choice of the prelate, influenced by the previous partialities of the reformers, was directed chiefly to theological history, and especially to Anglo-Saxon documents; while that of the knight leaned more to legal and constitutional history. The dawn of approaching day, which was now breaking upon every department of science, only made men more desirous of penetrating into the darkness of former times. Some, like the celebrated Dr Dee, occupied themselves with the scientific manuscripts of the Middle Ages; others laboured at uncovering and explaining the still lower strata of our national formation. In accordance with the taste for legal antiquities which was now gradually taking place of the older preference for theology, the homilies (which had been printed chiefly in fragments) were followed in 1568 by the Anglo-Saxon Laws, printed by William Lambarde, the antiquary of Kent. Collections of coins, and of other antiquities found in the country, began to be made during this period; made, however, only to be eventually dispersed, and most of them lost. For, unfortunately, antiquarian excavations were still left to superstitious treasure-seekers: and

the loss, which the sixteenth century sustained from their ignorant depredations, must have been very great. In the meantime, some men appeared, who sought to illustrate the ancient topography of the realm by means of local discoveries of this nature; Robert Talbot, as early as the reign of Henry VIII. wrote upon the British portion of the itinerary which goes under the name of Antoninus; Dr Fulke, one of the luminaries of the university of Cambridge, is said to have made collections with the same object; and William Harrison, who compiled the description of Britain, which was published with 'Holinshed's Chronicles of 'England,' in 1577, followed in the steps of Leland, and opened the way for Camden. Towards the end of this century were printed some of the earliest and most valuable of our original chronicles. Parker's zeal in this department of literature has excited, or we should rather say extorted, the admiration even of Gibbon; who admits, as if with astonishment, the conjunction for once of 'apostolical virtues' with 'a love of learning.' To the archbishop we owe the first impression of Asser and of Walsingham—to Josselyn his secretary an amended text of Gildas—and to the influence of their example the collections of Camden and of Sir Henry Savile.

It was under the patronage of Archbishop Parker, that, in 1572, a small party of scholars, devoted to the study of antiquities, joined in the formation of one of the first literary societies, if not actually the first, known in this country. Among the names of members of this society preserved in the papers of Sir Robert Cotton, in whose rooms their meetings were held during nearly twenty years, are those of Sir Robert himself, of William Camden, William Lambarde, John Stowe, Sir William Dethicke (the herald), Francis Thynne (known by his contributions in illustration of Chaucer), and Joseph Holland. At the meetings of this society, questions, previously announced, were discussed, and papers read. Some of these are preserved in the Cottonian library. They were printed by Hearne, in 1720, under the title of 'A Collection of Curious Discourses,' and again with considerable additions by Sir Joseph Ayloffe in 1771. It is understood that Queen Elizabeth encouraged a design so blameless and even patriotic, as that in which these worthies had embarked. In 1589 a petition was drawn up for a charter of incorporation; but so little is now known of its history, that it appears doubtful if the charter were ever granted, or the petition even presented. Camden was not a man to use titles inconsiderately: Yet, in speaking of it as a *Collegium Antiquariorum*, he may have been only expressing strongly his consciousness of its deserts. The papers printed by Hearne

and Ayloffe relate to definitions of money and measures, to the divisions of shires, to the origin and use of heralds, and of those great officers of state, the Lord High Steward, the Lord High Constable, and the Earl Marshal, to the history of the Star-Chamber, to the antiquity and privileges of castles and towns, to the history of inns of court and of law terms, and to many other important subjects chiefly connected with legal and constitutional antiquities. They are generally brief; and would lead us, neither by the judgment nor by the research they exhibit, to form any high estimate of the state of antiquarian science at the time; but we ought, perhaps, to regard most of them in the light of those rough notes so often found among the papers of Elizabethan scholars. In one of them, Joseph Holland attempts to illustrate the history of towns by early coins struck in local mints, and instances a British gold coin of Camalodunum in his own possession; while Sir Robert Cotton, in a short paper on the history of castles, gravely commences with the tower of Babel! The former exhibits an important step in English archæology; while the latter shows us how little English antiquaries had as yet learned the necessity of restricting their investigations within the real limits of the subjects before them.

In fact, when we cast a backward glance on the labours of the antiquaries of the sixteenth century, we see that they were rather conservative of the materials on which future antiquaries were to work, than productive of immediate results of any great utility. The labour of seeking and collecting appears to have been too great to have left room for any extensive study of the materials; and while men of great talent had devoted considerable part of their lives to the recovery and printing of historical documents, historical criticism remained much in the same state as for a century before. Indeed, the laborious compilations of Holinshed and Stowe show little more accuracy, and are distinguished by less comprehensive or philosophical views, than the older work of Polydore Vergil. Even Camden's 'Britannia,' the *chef-d'œuvre* of its age, which embodied all the antiquarian knowledge of the sixteenth century, is valuable only for the facts it has recorded. The opinions of the writer can carry no authority with them, except where their truth is self-evident from the nature of the data on which they rest. On the other hand, we are deeply indebted to the antiquaries of the sixteenth century for the preservation of nearly all that now remains of our mediæval manuscripts. But for the interest taken in them by Leland and the first Reformers, and for the activity of a Parker and a Cotton, and the numerous minor collectors of their time, much more of the treasures of the monastic libraries must have perished.

The mass of mediæval literature which is actually lost, disappeared, in one way or other, during the ages which produced it: much will have been destroyed, since the sixteenth century, by unavoidable accidents, as well as by the inattention or ignorance of those who had the care of it: But we believe that the real loss sustained at the Reformation was far less than is generally supposed. There were, no doubt, as must always happen under similar circumstances, individual examples of wanton destruction, such as those mentioned by Bale; which, however, he probably exaggerated.*

We have seen how, towards the end of the sixteenth century, the attention of English antiquaries was more and more directed to the legal and constitutional antiquities of their country. This was one of the forebodings of a political change in society. The great religious revolution was past. But a civil revolution was approaching—of scarcely less importance—hastened on and inflamed by provocations from an imprudent dynasty. Early in the reign of James I.—apparently soon after the year 1604—antiquaries became objects of suspicion. So far from their receiving encouragement from the court, the innocent society founded by Parker, and approved of by Elizabeth, was virtually suppressed, lest it might assume the character of a revolutionary club. This was the same spirit which, a little later, deprived Sir Robert Cotton of the use of his library; in order to hinder him from furnishing constitutional precedents to the House of Commons. When a branch of learning, lately so insignificant, was made an object of persecution, it rose at once to a dignified

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* The great destroyers of manuscripts in all ages, as well as in that which followed the Reformation, we believe to have been the bookbinders; who used the vellum leaves of books which had become obsolete or unpopular, to line with them the sides and backs of the books which they preferred. All our old libraries are full of books bound in this manner; And an examination of them will show that the manuscripts allowed to be sacrificed in this way, were only the common run of heavy theology and ecclesiastical jurisprudence, which formed so large a portion of monastic libraries, and which is now utterly valueless. Several hundred volumes, containing such linings, which we have had occasion to examine, hardly presented two fragments of manuscripts, the loss of which we could regret; and those two were of no great importance. Our early collectors appear to have exercised a wise discretion in their selections. In the Royal Library at Paris, where, at the Revolution, the libraries of some of the French monasteries were deposited *en masse*, a few manuscripts of value have been often overlooked, on account of the enormous mass of rubbish with which they are surrounded.

position. And among the antiquaries of the seventeenth century —the Cottons, the Seldens, the D'Eweses, the Twysdens—will be found not only some of the first scholars of the age, but some of the boldest champions of English liberty. In the latter part of this reign, steps were taken towards establishing a new society, under the immediate patronage of the crown, and upon a far wider basis. It was to have comprehended among its members almost every man of letters of any eminence—Ben Jonson and Drayton, as well as Sir Henry Wotton and Sir Edward Coke. According to facts recently brought forward in the *Archæologia*, the plan was started by Edmund Bolton, a Roman Catholic, an antiquary of some learning; and its chief advocate was Villiers Duke of Buckingham. If the former society had done little for the advancement of science, this, to judge by its details, was calculated to do less. Its general design, indeed, seems to have been to carry into literature those frivolous distinctions which at that time rather disfigured than adorned society. The design died, perhaps fortunately, with the weak monarch, whose learned vanity it was probably principally intended to flatter. After what we have said concerning his jealousy of the study of antiquities, it is clear that he never can have meant to assign to it its proper place, or to countenance its being cultivated to any useful purpose.

Meantime, this very jealousy was a title not only to respect, but popularity. Antiquarian science assumed a bolder and more healthy character. The Anglo-Saxon language was studied with greater assiduity than ever. The religious reformers, we have seen, had originally given it a prominent place, under the belief that the monuments written in it contained the theological doctrines for which they contended: And now the civil reformers adopted a similar opinion. They persuaded themselves, that they discovered there the historical foundations of the political rights, to which they were beginning to feel that they might have even a still older and more unalienable title; while all scholars justly regarded the language itself as the basis of the tongue which they still spoke, and therefore deserving of their especial attention. During this century, accordingly, Anglo-Saxon publications followed each other in quick succession; commencing with the laws published by Sir Henry Spelman in 1639, and with the Saxon version of the *Psalter*, published in the following year by his son. A new edition of Lambarde's Anglo-Saxon laws, and an edition (by Wheloc) of Alfred's translation of Bede, appeared in 1643. The first Anglo-Saxon dictionary was given to the world by Somner in 1659; Junius had already published the poetry of Cædmon in

1655, (which probably gave a hint to Milton for the *Paradise Lost*), and was now engaged on a new edition of the Gospels, which was printed a few years afterwards. The *Saxon Chronicle* was first edited by Gibson in 1692. While Hickes, who had put forth an attempt at an Anglo-Saxon grammar in 1689, meritoriously closed the labours of the seventeenth century in this department of philology, in 1705, with his great *Thesaurus*; a work which, in spite of all its defects both in system and detail, must be considered as one of the most extraordinary efforts of that industrious and stirring age.

Contemporaneously with the rapid strides which were thus making in the publication and illustration of the monuments of Anglo-Saxon literature, the more important of the early histories and chronicles, which had been left in manuscript in the preceding century, were now published by Watts, Twysden, Fell, Gale, and Wharton; and historical collections of various kinds were ushered forth from the hands of Dodsworth, Dugdale, Ashmole, and others of their school. A visible improvement may be now also observed in the manner in which historical texts were edited. Although still not without errors, they are printed more correctly than in the previous century. They were accompanied, too, by dissertations and glossaries, as well as by a variety of separate treatises, historical and controversial, from the Seldens, Ushers, and Twysdens of the day: All of which show that the antiquaries of the seventeenth century had studied the ancient monuments much more extensively and carefully, and therefore more profitably, than those of the sixteenth. When these zealous guardians of our historical remains rested from their labours, they were represented to the succeeding generation by Thomas Hearne. The wits accepted Pope's portrait of him, under the name of Wormius:—

> 'But who is he, in closet closely-pent,
> Of sober face, with learned dust besprent?
> Right well mine eyes arede the myster wight,
> On parchment scraps y-fed, and Wormius hight.
> To future ages may thy dulness last,
> As thou preserv'st the dullness of the past!'

Wits will have their laugh; and, that Hearne was a dull and lumbering pedant, must be conceded to them. Nor had he any high philological conception of his calling. Yet the faithful student of English antiquity will not the less remember, what would have been the state of our historical literature but for Hearne. Among 'the dullness of the past,' which he is laughed at for preserving for us, are Leland's 'Itinerarium' and 'Collectanea,' 'William of Newbury,' 'Robert of Avesbury,' 'For-

dun,' 'Robert of Gloucester,' 'Peter Langtoft,' 'Benedict Abbas,' 'Walter Hemingford,' &c. &c. He wearied the public by encumbering his pages with notes of ridiculous particularity: But he did not frighten them away, by reproducing in his texts the hideous abbreviations of the original manuscripts. This is a folly of more modern editors; and was probably introduced by the publication, in 1783, of Domesday Book in fac-simile types, cast for the purpose, by order of the House of Lords. Since which (for it unfortunately became the fashion), the most elaborate editions, as well of the Record Commission as of the Roxburgh and other ambitious clubs, have studiously retained all the contractions, by which a book can be made useless to the common reader. In that department of antique lore, which Burns and the profane call 'auld nicknackery,' Hearne, it must be admitted, was by no means wiser than his contemporaries. Being asked for his opinion on one of those common implements of primeval times which are now known by the name of Celts, instead of seeking to compare it with other specimens, and endeavouring to ascertain the exact circumstances under which they had been found, he wanders through thirty pages of small print, dragging in every irrelevant subject within his reach, and finally arrives, we scarcely know how, at the conclusion, that it was a Roman chisel used for cutting inscriptions!

This branch of antiquarianism, which has of late been generally distinguished by the title of Archæology, was then indeed in a very low condition. Leland and the earlier antiquaries, satisfied with making out, from the circumstance of their being accompanied with coins, or from other attendant evidence which could not be mistaken, that any remains of antiquity found in particular localities were Roman, merely took notice of the fact: But they paid no attention, or next to none, to the articles themselves, which they regarded only as curiosities. We can place little confidence, therefore, in the statements of any of the older antiquaries concerning the character of such articles, unless they give particular descriptions or figures. Unfortunately the articles themselves were rarely preserved. Coins, indeed, from their being more easily intelligible, became the first exception, and were soon collected and classed; on which account the study of numismatics took the lead of other branches of archæology. For, in all these branches of learning, two conditions are evidently necessary. In the first place, the various materials, on which archæological sagacity has to reason, must be collected into museums before any extensive examination and comparison can be instituted respecting them. In the next place, in order to arrange and classify them in a satisfactory manner, every particular con-

nected with their discovery must be accurately known. We perceive clearly, by the antiquarian writings of the seventeenth century, that nothing of this sort had yet been done; in fact, it has been done but partially and imperfectly even at the present day. Without this process, no one could ever have anticipated how much light such articles were calculated ultimately to throw upon the condition of times relating to which we have no written documents. Addison's essay on medals, and Pope's beautiful verses on it, first made the polite world acquainted with this unexpected fact. We are now in a state to ask the Boden professor to give us two or three additional verses in honour of *Ariana antiqua*, and his Bactrian coins. In these cases science has to bide its time. An unreasoning curiosity, and a love of wonders and of hoarding, must provide the means, which, after much random conjecture and many failures, science will one day use. In the seventeenth century, distinguished men disputed whether Stonehenge were a Roman temple or a Danish court of justice! And in the large museums of the same age, such as the well-known collection of the Tradescants, the only apparent distinction made between physical objects and antiquities was signified by a general division into natural curiosities and artificial curiosities. It seems, indeed, to have been under the head of 'curiosities' that archæology was originally admitted into the discussions of the Royal Society. Under this singular arrangement it was also introduced into county histories: a class of publications which first made its appearance in the latter half of the seventeenth century, and which was itself then generally placed under the title of 'natural histories.' In 1677, Dr Plott published his 'Natural History of Oxfordshire,' of which the antiquities of the county make an integral part; with some slight notices of Roman roads and stations, and of barrows. His readers will here find him still possessed with the supposition, that what have since been popularly termed Druidical circles were of Danish origin. Plott's 'Natural History of Staffordshire' appeared a few years later, and other similar 'natural histories' of equal taste and learning. Aubrey's 'Natural History and Antiquities of the county of Surrey' consists almost entirely of sepulchral inscriptions from churches; and the latter are commonly described as having 'walls sufficiently wanting the *beautifying art* of the painter!' The eighteenth century and the beginning of the nineteenth were the grand era of county histories. These ponderous compilations, till very recently, were chiefly occupied with the family history of the landholders, and church-notes. Instead of which, or along with which, they ought to have been the sure deposi-

taries of local franchises and provincial customs;—a chapter in our history too long neglected, since by means of such information the greater part of all that is peculiar in our laws and manners might probably at one time have been traced to its origin, accounted for, and explained.

Meantime, throughout the whole of the eighteenth century, archæology, properly so called, continued gradually developing itself. A number of books, under the form of tours through England, as well as various works of a more pictorial character, which appeared during the earlier half of the last century, show that people in general were paying much more attention than formerly to the remains of antiquity which are scattered over the island. Unfortunately, this new antiquarianism fell into the hands of a class of persons totally different from the scholars of the previous age. They were fanciful men, at home only in the wild region of conjectural speculation. Instead of deducing knowledge from a comparison of facts, they began by systems and theories, to which, by force of distortion and misrepresentation, they were bent on making their facts conform. The grand type of this school, in the earlier half of the eighteenth century, was the antiquary Stukeley. It was afterwards worthily represented by Vallancey and Pownall. It is impossible now to calculate the amount of industry in writing, and of paper in printing, which have been wasted by the Bryants, and the Maurices, and so many others, in spreading abroad extensive theories—with nothing to rest them on, beyond an absolute ignorance of the meaning of the larger portion of the monuments brought forward in their support. Antiquarianism of this stamp, however, was too attractive and romantic, as well as too easy, not to find a multitude of followers; and it is hardly extinct at the present day. The proceedings of this school, from overlooking the essential objects of the science, and from raising trifles into importance, have the unfortunate distinction of having exposed the study of antiquities to popular ridicule more than any other. The readers of our lighter literature owe to it the virtuosos of Addison and Arbuthnot.

However, historical and philological learning still had friends. At the very beginning of the century, a few of the last scholars of the better school of the preceding age, such as Wanley, Madox, Elstob, and Peter le Neve, had formed themselves into a small society, with similar objects to those of the society formed more than a century before by Archbishop Parker. The outward influence of this incipient association is hardly perceived, until, in 1751, it was metamorphosed, by a royal charter,

into the present Society of Antiquaries. It had previously met in some of the London taverns; it now took apartments in Chancery Lane, which it quitted, in 1780, for rooms in Somerset House, given to it by George III. Its incorporation gave it a sanction, a local habitation, and a name; but charters cannot always give members sense, any more than they could teach Foote manners. And unluckily there was no early success sufficiently brilliant to awe the scoffers, or give courage to gossips and shabby friends. In 1772, Horace Walpole has entered among his notes:—

'I had long left off going to the Antiquarian Society. This summer I heard that they intended printing some more foolish notes against my Richard the Third; and though I had taken no notice of their first publication, I thought they might at last provoke me to expose them. I determined, therefore, to be at liberty by breaking with them first; and Foote having brought them on the stage for sitting in council, as they had done, on Whittington and his Cat, I was not sorry to find them so ridiculous, or to mark their being so; and upon that nonsense, and the laughter that accompanied it, I struck my name out of their book. This was at the end of July.'

Shortly before this period, the society had determined on publishing its transactions; the first volume of which, under the title of 'Archæologia,' appeared in 1770, and the second in 1773; since which time it has been continued with tolerable regularity. The earlier volumes exhibit archæological science in almost all its original poverty and disorder—a vast undefined field, without pathways to guide the course, or landmarks to fix the boundary. What one man called Roman, another called British: and it seldom happened that two antiquaries agreed in the same opinion, from not having fixed upon any common principle on which to regulate their judgments. Yet, the publication of the 'Archæologia' was in many respects a great step gained; it drew public attention to national antiquities, and attracted many individuals to the study. Numbers have one advantage: Sow seed enough, some will grow. Above all, this publication encouraged more exact observations, and became the means of preserving them when made; thus furnishing enlarged materials for comparison to future investigators. Amid a mass of rubbish, its earlier volumes contained a few papers of considerable merit for the age in which they were written, and which led the way to a better classification in particular branches of the science.

It was in the publications of the Society of Antiquaries that the architectural antiquities of England first began to grow into a scientific system. Extended and made popular by the

labours of a Britton, the system has now been brought nearly to perfection. We perceive, also, the influence of the Society in some works of a higher class, that were published towards the end of the century. The 'Nenia Britannica' of Douglas, which appeared in 1793, is one of the most valuable contributions to archæological science that have yet been made in this country: None can better prove the value of large collections of antiquities of a similar description: since, by means of them, we have been enabled to classify the remains of the first portion of the Anglo-Saxon period—namely, that which intervened between the arrival of the Saxons in this island and their conversion to Christianity. Gough's 'Sepulchral Monuments,' published from 1786 to 1796, first made manifest the historical value of a systematic study of the monumental effigies and brasses dispersed among our churches. On the whole, however, looking back upon the hundred years which make up the last century, their archæological labours produced, we must acknowledge, no great fruits: Nor had our actual knowledge, even during the first quarter of the present century, much advanced beyond its state in the days of Stukeley. The importance of the subject, it is true, was more generally felt, and a larger quantity of materials had been gathered together: But people still reasoned ill upon these materials; and, their classifications, for the most part, were erroneous. For instance, an antiquarian labourer of some repute, Sir Richard Colt Hoare, after making an elaborate classification of barrows, and having the experience of Douglas to profit by, was unable to distinguish a Saxon barrow from a British barrow. His classification of barrows is indeed altogether founded on a wrong principle; for it arranges them according to their outward appearance, instead of by their contents. In historical antiquities, we find no considerable addition to the labours of Hearne: English philology having been contemptuously cast aside, as a thing worthy only of occupying the attention of charlatans like Orator Henley, it is not to be wondered at that it evaporated at the end of the century (in spite of the bulky but injudicious dictionary of Lye) in the flimsy nonsense of Samuel Henshall. One department had better fortune. Early English poetry sprang at once into sudden popularity. The Reliques of Bishop Percy, Tyrwhitt's Chaucer, Warton's History of English Poetry, and the drier labours of the industrious but ill-tempered Ritson, prepared the way for the more careful study of texts and manuscripts in our own times. But, where can have been the study of philology, when Chatterton could venture to palm upon the public his

supposititious Rowley, with any chance of success even for a week?

We are not wanting in nationality. But the study of national antiquities has not fared so well with us, on the whole, as on the Continent. Virtually without patronage or encouragement from the great, leading to no distinction in society, it has been taken up only by those who followed it as an amusement, or who, now and then, devoted to it a portion of their leisure hours. On the Continent, especially in Germany and France, where science and literature have always received direct encouragement from the government, the case has been widely different. In the former country, the philology of the Teutonic languages was gradually reduced to a grand and intelligible system of comparison and analysis; and, in both, the remains of mediæval literature have been frequently and ably edited. In France, the writings of Thierry and Guizot produced a taste for mediæval antiquities and history, which, since the Revolution of 1830, have been studied with the greatest assiduity and success. In 1834, under the direction of M. Guizot, as minister of public instruction, a French Historical Commission for the publication of historical documents was established, somewhat on the plan of the English Record Commission, but much more comprehensive in its views; and in January 1835, a Commission of Archæology was joined to it, under the title of 'Arts and Monuments,' with the object of preserving and illustrating the ancient monuments of the kingdom. The patronage of government was the solid foundation needful. And although under some succeeding ministers, especially Cousin and Villemain, mere archæology met with discouragement, the Commission of Arts and Monuments has, in the end, attained even a more prominent position than the other, and has filled every department of France with sound archæologists. Looking to the nature of the subject, we could not expect to have been left behind by a people so much more mercurial than ourselves, and so much more passionately attached to new ideas.

From the honours of priority, French architectural archæology, at least ecclesiastical, must, however, be excepted. 'In England,' (observes Mr Fergusson), 'as far at least as the Gothic styles are 'concerned, the architectural character of the buildings themselves 'has so far superseded all other evidence, that we almost forget 'the time when such strange dates were attached to our cathedrals, 'from what appeared to be the most irrefragable documentary 'evidence; and every tyro in archæology can distinguish between 'the Norman, early English, decorative, and perpendicular styles,

'and tell at what period one was introduced or gave place to 'the other. But, in France, they have not yet reached even 'that stage, or are only opening their eyes to the facts of the 'case: and within the last very few years, books have been 'written to prove, on documentary evidence so complete and 'positive that it is impossible to refute it, that the cathedrals of 'Tournay, Laon, Chartres, Coutances, &c., were built, some 'one, some two, and even three centuries, before or after the true 'period of their erection.' Not long ago, the antiquaries of Caen were mystified at finding the pointed arch in ancient churches, where it ought not to have been found: and there is no pleasanter book of the kind than the late Mr Gally Knight's account of the tour he made in Normandy, with the view of ascertaining, in these questionable exceptions, how the arch had got there.

On the other hand, though the architectural antiquities of France—so far from being in advance of us—may have, until lately, been behind hand; yet, at the present time, they are more on an equality with us than Mr Fergusson is aware. Their Societies of Antiquaries, it is true, are as yet novelties. That of Normandy—the oldest—is not older than 1823. What progress, however, has since been made, may be judged of by the discourse addressed to its members by its President or Directeur, at its last yearly meeting.—(*Revue des Deux Mondes —last August number*, p. 762.)

After observing, that their example has been followed in almost all the other provinces, that their triumph over the indifferent and the hostile had been secured by the co-operation of the government, and that 'le marteau des démolisseurs' was arrested, M. Vitet found it necessary to warn them against the errors into which they may be betrayed by an exclusive zeal. There are signs, it seems, of intolerance among them; but he tells them, that they must be satisfied, if the archæology of the middle age takes its proper place with other archæologies, Roman, Greek, Egyptian, Asiatic: they cannot insist upon its being 'l'archéologie par excellence, une science supérieure et 'pour ainsi dire révélée, qui n'a besoin ni de justifier ce qu'elle 'explique, ni de prouver ce qu'elle affirme.' There has been some talk also, it seems, of resuscitating the architecture of the middle ages: in other words, some people have sought to adopt it servilely as a model, even in modern buildings, constructed for the wants of modern society. M. Vitet bids them remember, that mere imitation will be always puerile: whether it is the Parthenon which is copied, or the Cathedral of Rheims, the effect is just the same—'les modèles resteront sublimes, les

'contrefaçons feront pitié. Honneur donc à ceux qui, même 'aujourd'hui, ne désespéreront pas d'inventer une architecture 'nouvelle, c'est-à-dire une combinaison de lignes et un système 'd'ornementation qui n'appartiennent qu'à notre époque et qui 'en perpétuent le souvenir!'

These are the perils of a triumphant party. But the most striking feature in the discourse (and one which will oblige Mr Fergusson to admit that French antiquaries are more than 'only 'opening their eyes' at present to the 'architectural character 'of buildings'), is the earnestness with which M. Vitet dwells on the necessity of studying antiquity in the monuments themselves. The history of the science in the two countries is running so parallel at present, except that we do not limit it so strictly to the middle ages, that the following passage will illustrate its course in both:—

'Son but est tout simplement l'étude des monumens du moyen-âge. A la vérité, c'est chose entièrement neuve et originale que de décrire, d'expliquer, de classer par ordre chronologique, non-seulement ceux de ces monumens qui tiennent au sol et les sculptures qui les décorent, mais toutes les créations, même les plus légères et les plus fragiles, de l'art et de l'industrie de nos pères. Jamais, jusqu'à nos jours, semblable travail n'avait été tenté. Ce qui ne veut pas dire pourtant que ce soit de nos jours, que ce soit depuis quinze ou vingt ans que le moyen-âge ait été découvert. Les générations qui nous ont précédés nous avaient épargné ce soin. Non-seulement elles avaient aperçu cette grande époque, mais elles l'avaient étudiée siècle par siècle, province par province, avec cette infatigable patience et ce labeur persévérant dont le secret est presque perdu pour nous. Sans les admirables érudits de l'ordre de Saint-Benoît, peut-être aurions-nous grand peine à pénétrer aujourd'hui dans les profondeurs de ces temps obscurs; leurs travaux sont nos meilleurs guides; nous ne voyons, pour ainsi dire, que par leurs yeux; mais, il faut le reconnaître, sur un point ils étaient en défaut. Ils avaient fouillé dans les entrailles du moyen-âge, ils avaient déchiffré ses chartes, expliqué ses usages, interprété ses lois; ils n'avaient pas regardé ses monumens. Comment l'étude de la paléographie, du blason, des monnaies, ne les avait-elle pas conduits à l'étude des monumens? Comment ne s'étaient-ils pas aperçus que les monumens sont aux siècles passés ce que l'écriture est aux idées, qu'eux seuls nous en transmettent une vivante image? C'est chose étrange en vérité. N'oublions pas cependant que ces hommes de savoir vivaient presque tous cloîtrés; eussent-ils été libres, les voyages étaient à cette époque d'une difficulté extrême. Or, sans voyages il n'y a ni comparaison, ni critique, et par conséquent point d'archéologie monumentale. La gravure, seul moyen de suppléer quelque peu aux voyages, n'était alors qu'un interprète infidèle et grossier. L'exactitude dans les copies des œuvres d'art est, comme vous le savez, quelque chose d'aussi neuf en son genre que l'emploi de la vapeur et que les autres merveilles de notre temps. Il ne faut donc

pas s'étonner si dans les deux derniers siècles les monumens du moyen-âge ne furent pour personne un sérieux sujet d'étude. Malgré quelques observations ingénieuses et clairvoyantes de l'abbé Lebœuf, j'oserais même dire, malgré les savans travaux de Montfaucon, la lacune fut complète, lacune à jamais regrettable, car il est bien tard pour la combler aujourd'hui.'

M. Vitet is equally clear on the historical elucidations, which he anticipates will be the reward of our more accurate acquaintance with ancient buildings and their character. He says—

'Il est telle page de nos annales, aujourd'hui presque entièrement effacée, que nous verrons revivre, et que nous lirons couramment, lorsque notre archéologie aura scientifiquement établi certains faits et les aura rendus incontestables. Connaissons-nous bien, par exemple, quels furent, depuis le vi^e^ siècle jusqu'aux croisades, les rapports de l'Occident avec l'Orient? A ne consulter que les documens écrits, qui s'aviserait de supposer qu'entre les bazars de Byzance et les comptoirs de Cologne, entre les couvens de la Thessalie et les cloîtres de l'Auvergne ou du Poitou, il existât des relations, sinon toujours fréquentes, du moins jamais complétement interrompues? Les érudits n'en veulent rien croire, mais les monumens l'affirment, et ce sont eux qui auront raison.'—*Ib.* p. 766.

The revived taste for historical and literary antiquities, which had shown itself on the Continent, and of which there cannot possibly be stronger evidence than the discourse of M. Vitet, was soon transplanted, with the higher views and sounder principles that accompanied it, to English soil. Forthwith, young antiquaries arose in this country, who imitated the foreign school in its philosophical spirit of arrangement and investigation, and rivalled it in activity. Without that encouragement which was so liberally furnished by the government in France and Germany, but which is denied in this country, (where even the Record Commission has been allowed to be broken up, by whose fault we will not say,) they were driven to trust to their own zeal and their own resources. Under these circumstances they have necessarily had recourse to the expedient of forming associations, as the only means of raising funds for the publication of the historical and literary documents of the middle ages. In this way originated the Camden, Ælfric, Percy, Shakspeare, and other similar societies; the success of which shows how widely the taste for antiquarian knowledge is spreading through our island. Various departments of archæology, and different branches of mediæval art, have already begun to be studied in England in a better spirit than formerly; and, with the example of France before us, a new school of English antiquaries is rapidly forming, which may one day overtake that of our continental neighbours. We

see in the Indian journals, that an archæological society has been lately instituted even at Delhi.*

But the subject is surrounded with many risks, some of them peculiarly its own. The science has passed through various vicissitudes with us; different branches have arisen, flourished for a while, and passed away. The partial study of one class of objects falling in with an ill-grounded admiration for the middle ages, has been closely connected with, and perhaps is itself, in some degree, responsible for a late morbid religious movement. Church architecture has been set up under our own eyes as the banner of a more than semi-Romanism. We have seen a large class of men—we might now add, women and children—led into the belief, that sufficient claim to the title of an antiquary may be obtained by measuring church windows, and rubbing brasses.

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* Not before it was wanted, according to Mr Fergusson. When a merchant in India, Mr Fergusson found time to study its antiquities. Hindostan contained within itself all the materials which were necessary for the investigation of Hindu architecture; But—as its Mahomedan architecture could not date earlier than the beginning of the thirteenth century—it was only on our expedition into Affghanistan, that he could hope to learn, by accurate descriptions of some of the many interesting remains of the age of Mahmoud, which are still existing at Ghuznee, what had been the Mahomedan style of architecture in that part of the world, two centuries before. Unfortunately, in all the pretty picture books which that campaign brought forth, these remains have been entirely overlooked. The grievousness of this disappointment has made our antiquary a little unjust to English education and the Indian service.—'Did our course of education in this country (he breaks out) extend to any thing beyond an imperfect knowledge of two dead languages, or to any other art, except the written literature of the Greeks and Romans, there would have been numbers with our armies who would not only have illustrated the tomb of Mahmoud, but known its value; and the Governor-General of India, before amusing Europe with the proclamation regarding its celebrated gates, would have ordered some officer to see if the gates were not a part of the same design as the building they adorned, and covered with details of the same age and style. At all events, if there was no officer capable of making this comparison, there were many who could draw; and, from their drawings, the Governor might easily have ascertained that there was nothing Hindu about them, but that they were made for the building in which we found them. As it was, it was left, in the true spirit of the nineteenth century (?), to the chemist and botanist, to ascertain that the sandal-wood gates of Somnath were made, for the tomb of Mahmoud, of Deodar pine from the neighbouring mountains—a wood utterly unknown at Somnath, or to the southward of Ghuznee.'—FERGUSSON'S *Essay on the Ancient Topography of Jerusalem.*

The very animation with which, both at home and abroad, purely archæological researches are pursued at this moment, (inflamed in this country by recent archæological disputes,) has its danger; for it may tend at the first to withdraw attention from the higher branches of the science. These evils, however, must soon correct themselves; the measurer of windows, and the rubber of brasses, will become weary of the monotonous practice of mensuration and attrition; but, as in these employments, he will have found but little which can enable him to appreciate the true object of all inquiries into the past, it is to be feared that in the mean time, many may not have been training themselves for any closer alliance with history, philosophy, or poetry, than the Antiquary of Sir Walter Scott.

The field, however, is in truth so large, that we have room in it for every variety of workman. Of the things which most need doing, some are of that magnitude, cost, and difficulty, that, unless they are done by the public, there is but little chance of their being done at all. It is only by the revival and enlargement of some institution of the character of a Record Commission, that Great Britain can ever hope to see a series of strictly national publications, rivalling those which, under the patronage of M. Guizot, have done so much honour to himself and France. Surely we have as good reason to be proud of our history, and of our historical monuments, as any people upon earth. Our means are at least as ample: nor can men be wanting, to whose ability and honesty might be safely trusted as much of the interest and credit of the country as is represented by publications undertaken in its name. The immediate superintendence of a great public minister (say the President of the Council, or the Master of the Rolls), should be sufficient security for the effectual administration of any such Commission. It would hold his reputation in pledge for its success.

There are many minor objects of this class, as well as of many others, which, although not entitled to be put under a literary Board of Public Works, are so certain of being better carried out upon system and pre-arrangement and with the co-operation of numbers, than by scattered and individual efforts, that they properly fall within the charge of associated bodies. There can be no doubt that the Society of Antiquaries, during the century through which it has now existed as a permanent chartered body, has contributed, in that capacity, to promote materially the objects for which it was instituted. It has been a common centre. It served through an unpropitious period to keep alive an interest in the subject: it facilitated communication between parties following out the same inquiries; and preserved, as well as spread, whatever

knowledge they acquired. Many of its members may have been often mortified both by what it did, and by what it left undone. Supposing, however, its council to have occasionally sat, since the days of Walpole, on antiquarian researches, as insignificant almost as the legend of Whittington and his Cat, yet, on the other hand, even the present generation owes them more than one important publication—for instance, within this last twelvemonth, the edition of *Layamon's Brut*, by Sir Frederick Madden. Considering the fluctuations of popular fashion, Antiquarianism may again have to depend, in the future as in the past, upon the Society of Antiquaries for its steadiest supporters, in its slow and sober but certain progress. An incorporation is a home, where followers may always rally. Mere private associations come and go. But there are disadvantages as well as advantages inherent in corporations. If all corporate bodies are the better for a little stirring up from time to time and for communicating with the outer world, the Society of Antiquaries is not likely to be an exception. Besides which, no inconsiderable part of what the public will naturally consider to be among its proper duties, are of a kind, in which it must trust to allies from without for their due performance. While the British Association acts as a flying army of observation for the Royal Society itself, it may be readily understood how a far wider range of outlying services on behalf of the Society of Antiquaries may be advantageously left to a roving commission of a somewhat similar description.

For instance, what we have most to lament in the archæological history of the last three centuries is, the irretrievable loss of so many objects of antiquarian interest, which have been allowed to perish through ignorance and neglect. Important architectural monuments have been destroyed, and no useful record of them kept—works of art broken up for the materials of which they were composed—coins, and other articles of gold or silver, thrown into the melting-pot undescribed; and the contents of barrows, or deposits which had been accidentally brought to light in the course of excavations, have been scattered to the winds. Nothing but active interference can guard against these scandals being re-enacted on a larger scale and in a more aggravated form, under our own eyes: And surely no means of prevention are likely to be so successful, as an organised system of correspondence, pervading the whole country—the principal concern of which will be to take heed, that all unnecessary destruction of monuments is foreseen and anticipated—all local antiquarian discoveries immediately observed and brought under the notice of those who can make them profitable to science—and all possible encouragement

afforded to the formation of local museums for their preservation. By holding annual meetings in different parts of the island, a permanent extension may be given to good antiquarian taste, and a more comprehensive bond of unity than exists at present be formed among persons engaged in the same pursuit. If friends sharpen their wits as well as faces against each other, this is nowhere the case more than in science: and, unless knowledge can be centralised somewhere, three-fourths of it is wasted. This was the original design of the Archæological Association. Out of its body, a second soon arose, and, parting company, formed itself anew under the name of the Archæological Institute; we believe with precisely the same objects. Our pages are not the place for inquiring into the differences, by which the province of Antiquarianism—a province, that would appear to be naturally so peaceful—has latterly been disturbed. If Lord Mahon, the new President of the Society of Antiquaries, should have the good fortune to put an end to these divisions, besides the blessing which attends upon all peace-makers, he will have the satisfaction of removing obstacles out of the way of a department of English literature, which we hope is now about to take its place, as a part of both polite and solid learning.

We trust that we are not deceived by present appearances, in assuming that the study of English antiquities has struck root among us at last. Appearances at least are promising. It has emancipated itself from prejudices, and has got beyond the point of ridicule; it has prepared its materials and learned its principles. It can no longer be described, as consisting of 'all the 'reading which was never read.' Its importance is recognised even in our public schools, and other places of education. For which purpose Mr Eccleston's 'Introduction to English Antiquities,' with its well-selected illustrations, will be found to be a seasonable and judicious work; as also, the Archæological Index of Mr Akerman. Both are praiseworthy, as beginnings. Worsaae will teach us to do still better: And special treatises of the nature of Müller's 'Archæology of Art,' which we are happy to see has been just introduced to the English public by Mr Leitch, will follow in time.

ART. III.—1. *Memorabilien.* By KARL IMMERMANN. 3 Vols. Hamburg: 1840–1843.

2. *Personalien.* By FRIED. JACOBS. Leipzig: 1840.

3. *Memoiren des Freiherrn von S——a.* Berlin.

4. *Was ich erlebte.* By HEINRICH STEFFENS. Vols. V. & VI.

5. *Erinnerungen aus dem äusseren Leben.* By ERNST MORITZ ARNDT. 3d Edition. Leipzig: 1842.

6. *Adalbert von Chamisso; Leben und Briefe.* (Chamisso's Life and Letters.) Edited by J. E. HITZIG. 2 Vols. Berlin: 1839.

7. *Scenes from the War of Liberation in Germany.* Translated from the German of Varnhagen von Ense. By Sir ALEXANDER DUFF GORDON, Bart. London: 1847.

8. *Vorlesungen über die Freiheitskriege.* By JOH. GUST. DROYSEN. Kiel: 1846.

9. *Erinnerungen aus meinem Leben.* By W. L. V. GRAFEN HENKEL von DONNERSMARK, K. P. General-Lieutenant. Zerbst: 1846.

IT is so long since we proposed to our readers to accompany us a step further in our attempt to trace the progress of society and manners in Germany,* that they have doubtless lost all memory of our invitation. But there are things which can never become obsolete or uninteresting; and if there be a spectacle in the world calculated for ever to awaken the curiosity, and engage the sympathies of mankind, it is that of the moral decline of a great nation, followed by its political overthrow; and finally of its resurrection, purified and strengthened by adversity.

Such is the spectacle which we would now fain present to our readers; and we have been induced to enter on the task, less by any confidence in our own power to do it justice, than by the doubt whether the many affecting descriptions of these scenes, contained in the works of men acting or suffering in them, will ever meet the eye of the English public in any other way. From one of these works, the Autobiography of M. Varnhagen von Ense, a very judicious and happy selection has lately been made by Sir Alexander Duff Gordon. But we

* See Memoirs of Ritter von Lang: *Edinburgh Review,* vol. lxxviii. p. 327.

question whether many of these memoirs will be translated, or even extensively read, in England. Perhaps, therefore, we shall be doing a not unacceptable service to our readers, in bringing some of the more striking passages contained in them before their notice; connecting these by such a slight historical thread as our space will permit.

We formerly expressed a wish to confine ourselves chiefly to the province of domestic and social life; and may still avow the same predilection. But, what *is* domestic life, in a country ruined, insulted, trodden under foot and despoiled by foreign armies and foreign rulers? Those only who have heard it described by sufferers and eye-witnesses, can understand how entirely all the objects, plans, pursuits, and affections of social existence take their colour from such overwhelming political events.

We shall use our historical thread, however, no farther than to make our extracts intelligible and coherent to those who may not be familiar with the story of the War of Liberation. In recurring to scenes so afflicting to humanity, and so little honourable to the people of France, we have not the least intention of reawakening slumbering resentments against them, or marking them out as peculiarly deserving of the condemnation of mankind. They were but the legitimate successors of the Prussians in the all-corrupting school of Conquest: and if we must acknowledge, that the vices and enormities they learned in it were more glaring, we must also recollect that they were the result of more deadly provocation, were committed in more heated blood, and were exhibited on a wider and loftier stage. If the study of the causes on which depends the character of an individual be deeply interesting, the investigation of those which go to form the character of a nation are far more so: And we believe it will be found that, in both cases, great, rapid, and brilliant success is alike fatal. In this dizzy career, every tutelary genius appointed to guard our way through life—conscience, humanity, moderation, prudence—one after another, take their flight; till at length the nation, or the man, drunk with triumphs and abandoned to the madness of power, defies the opinions and outrages the feelings of mankind, wearies the patience of Heaven, and rushes on inevitable ruin. The two nations, which will appear as the chief actors in the tragedy before us, paid in turn the penalty of their 'glory.' The overthrow of Prussia is not more clearly traceable to the habits and sentiments engendered by the victorious career she had run, than are the reverses of France, and the moral maladies by which she is still afflicted, to the character she acquired and exhibited during the portentous period of her military triumphs.

Such, then, even to the winning party, are the results of aggressive war: To the losing, who does not know that they are wounds and death; hunger and cold; ruined houses, burned cities, and desolate fields; orphan children and childless parents? We need not insist on these grosser and more obvious effects of war. We would rather call the attention of our readers to the complete disturbance of domestic life; the interruption of all useful and beneficent pursuits; the destruction of social confidence; the entire dislocation of the plans and employments, the hopes and the fortunes, of every class of men not directly employed or interested in the trade of war. It has often been said, with the selfishness of security, that we, in our sea-girt isle, have no idea of what war is. But, the obligation which we are under is only so much the more imperative to show what it is; and for that purpose, to look steadily at all the fearful details of the hideous whole—comprehended in a word which glides so trippingly over many a thoughtless tongue. And as England's voice is most potent in that great council of nations where this supreme question must generally be decided, it is right that every human being within her realm should learn what an abyss of misery lies hidden under the romance and the splendour of war. We particularly recommend the study to those who can never share its dangers. They are often—shall we say therefore?—the greatest admirers of its splendour and romance; and the least scrupulous as to the sentiments or the measures that render it inevitable.

Before we proceed further, we must enquire, what were the dispositions of the German people towards France at the commencement of the French Revolution? It might have been imagined that the wars of Louis XIV. would have left their minds full of bitter resentment and antipathy; but this was not so. The unequalled *prestige* enjoyed by that monarch, and by his country in his day, overcame every other feeling. France not only occupied the largest place in the eyes of Europe, but was the object of general imitation. French was the language of good society throughout Germany; no one was welcome at the table of Kaunitz who did not speak it. Prince Henry of Prussia affected to be hardly able to speak German; and we all know what were the tastes of his illustrious brother. Even the men of letters who hung about the small courts, like Zimmerman, addressed their *fade* and sentimental flattery to the women, in stiff and cumbrous French. In science, letters, and art, Germany was the willing pupil and tributary of France. Nor were the ideas which led to the Revolution unwelcome there.

'The great events in France,' says the venerable Jacobs of Gotha, 'had from the first seized upon all minds. Most men rejoiced in the revolution which had taken place in that ill-governed country; opinions hitherto confined to books, like an occult science, and now proclaimed from the tribune, found general sympathy; and the number of those in favour of the old absolutism was very small. Gradually, however, people of sense and humanity were alienated from the cause: And the fate of men of science and letters made, naturally enough, a profound impression in Germany.'

There is a letter of Goethe's, written in 1793, lately published, in which, with the good sense that always distinguished him, he says —'Mr Sieveking may be a rich man and a clever man; but he has 'not got far enough to perceive that the song "*Allons, enfans,*" '&c., is not suited to *well-to-do* people in any language; but was 'written and composed for the comfort and encouragement of 'poor devils. That song, at a well-furnished table, seems to me 'like "*Pain bis, et liberté,*" as the motto of a rich man; or '"*Wenig, aber mit Recht*" (Little but justly), as that of an 'arch-Jew.' So that it appears that the Marseillaise was then in favour with those opulent and honourable citizens of Hamburg, of whom the family of Sieveking may be taken to have been, as it still is, the type and the ornament. They had opportunities enough afterwards, for estimating the practical value of the sentiments it inspired.

The feelings of hostility and fear with which the French have been, and indeed still are (though in a mitigated degree) regarded throughout Germany, are to be attributed, we think, entirely to Napoleon's domination. They arose out of the unfavourable view of the French character which the conquered people were certain to receive from conquering armies, and from the herd of overbearing and unprincipled adventurers whom those armies planted among them. The fierce resentment which burst forth in 1812-13, was the result of recent injury; and not at all of any older or fanciful antipathy.

'Five years had now elapsed,' says Droysen, 'since Europe rose up to put down that Revolution which, whatever were its deformities and excesses, gave utterance and effect to ideas for which the traditionary power of the old states was no match. Where were now the haughty threats of the princes and their courts? Where the arrogant pedantry of the old art of war, or the high-sounding commonplaces of the far-famed wisdom of cabinets? Old Europe had lost all consistence.

'Nor was this all. The "terror" was over. Though the internal affairs of France were still without form or order, it was evident that a new basis of civil and political life had been secured, in harmony with ideas universally diffused, and wants universally felt, in the eighteenth century. The principles of religious toleration, freedom of thought and

conscience, and equality before the law, which had been accepted by all enlightened men, were now reduced from theory to practice. The enthusiasm of youth, the hopes of philanthropists, and the instincts of the people, were in favour of the state which now began to extricate itself out of the chaos of the Revolution.

'"You have only the nobles against you," said a Prussian minister to the French ambassador; * "the King and the people are openly for France. The revolution which you have made from below upwards, will be slowly accomplished in Prussia from above downwards: the King is a democrat, after his fashion; he is incessantly endeavouring to curtail the privileges of the nobles, but by slow means. In a few years feudal rights will cease to exist in Prussia."'

Meanwhile, what was the political state of Germany, and in what manner did her princes prepare to resist or counteract the progress of opinions so menacing to their power?

Our readers may, perhaps, recollect the cynical description of the proceedings of the Congress of Rastadt, contained in Lang's Memoirs; 'a work,' says Droysen, 'on this as on other points 'more deserving of credit than our national pride is willing 'to admit.' The baseness and degradation, the treachery and dishonesty, which had been reduced to a sort of system at that assembly, were now put into infamous practice. The Emperor had signed the peace of Luneville without consulting the members of the Empire; and, strange to say, had been rewarded with their thanks. By this treaty, the left bank of the Rhine was ceded to France, and compensation, according to the principles laid down at Rastadt, was to be granted to the lesser princes thus dispossessed of their hereditary domains. The sovereigns saw the tempting spoil within reach, and thought only by whose aid they could grasp it. They turned with shameless solicitations to Paris—each against his neighbour. 'At Paris,' says Herr von Gagern, 'in the garret of a certain Matthieu, 'from Strasburg, a tool of Talleyrand's, were our provinces cut 'up and parcelled out.'

On the 25th February 1803, the resolution of the deputation of the Empire was presented to the Diet; accepted on the 24th March; and ratified by the Emperor on the 27th April:

'And thus was concluded,' says Droysen, 'the most unjust and the most disastrous work recorded in German history.

'The Empire lost about 1200 square miles of territory, containing four millions of souls. The so-called indemnities awarded to the princes, consisted of the plunder of the church property within their newly acquired dominions, of the free cities, and even the Hanse towns, which

* Otto's *Report*, August 1799.

were handed over to the arbitrary rule of their new masters. The electoral college, too, was totally altered; in short, the political dismemberment of the Empire was accomplished, and the semblance of union among its members only served to facilitate the further enfeeblement and ruin of the several states. Germany, like France, had thus her revolution; But in the latter it was effected by the people; in the former by the princes. Rights and privileges, property and tradition, were equally trampled under foot. In Germany, as in France, the ancient aristocracy of the land was sacrificed; but without the smallest advantage to the people, and wholly without their co-operation.

'To complete the miserable picture of the times—the secularised churches and convents were plundered and sold to Jews; their altar-pieces, and reliquaries, and painted windows, transferred to the collections of "distinguished amateurs," and their ancient archives and manuscripts sold for waste paper.'

It cannot be denied that the dissolution of that old feudal corporation, called 'the Empire,' was not only inevitable, but desirable: It had survived all the conditions of its existence. But the change was accomplished in a manner equally disgraceful to the honour, and destructive of the energies of the nation. Though existing rights were wholly disregarded, no attempt was made to reform old abuses, or to introduce new and improved institutions; dynastic interests were the only ones consulted.

The sovereigns of Germany had indeed cut away the only ground, on which any consistent defence of legitimacy could be made, from under their feet. They had adopted the destructive principles, and had shared the spoil, of the French Revolution. They had recognised no right but the right of the strongest; and it now remained to be seen in whose hands that right would ultimately be vested. With the rapacity which grows rank on the soil of unjust gain, all were striving for more. Austria had not abandoned her designs on Bavaria; Prussia longed to round her territory with Hanover; the small princes were greedy to swallow up the still smaller, as they had already done the free cities and the dominions of the church. And in the midst of all this they claimed not only the allegiance but the attachment of subjects to whom they were strangers, and whom they had forcibly wrested from their legitimate masters.

So great was the want of all union and sympathy between the several states, that when, in 1803, Bonaparte seized upon Hanover, the Empire looked on in silence. No attempt was made by the neighbouring states (who might have beheld in this the fate reserved for themselves) to succour the brave Hanoverians; there followed nothing but words from insulted Prussia. In 1840, misunderstandings arose between France and Austria; yet, even then, no complaints of this act of vio-

lence were heard from the latter: On the contrary, a general satisfaction prevailed, that the ambition of Prussia, whose designs on Hanover were well known, had received such a check!

Meanwhile, a tendency to combination among the lesser powers of Germany (Kleindeutschland) was already perceptible. It soon produced the Protectorate of France, and the Confederation of the Rhine.

It had been confidently expected that the cabinet of Vienna would unite with England and Russia. But the state of that cabinet, as described by those most deeply versed in its secrets, was such, that no reliance whatever could be placed on it. War, conquest, and the exclusively military spirit engendered by them—a spirit compounded of blind mechanical routine, and a sort of deification of brute force—were the chief causes of the degradation of Prussia. The causes of the corruption of Austria were more remote and complicated. Among them, however, we may venture to assign the reaction, following on the humane, but rash and premature, attempts of the Emperor Joseph to force upon a backward people reforms which they were wholly unable to appreciate. The tragical history of that illustrious martyr to a passionate, but most autocratic philanthropy, and an over-estimate of the power of men to understand their own interests, has yet to be written; for the instruction of those who think that good government can co-exist with popular ignorance and stupidity. The violent prejudice thus excited against every thing like improvement, threw the power into the hands of its most inveterate enemies. The result was not difficult to foresee. It was one among the many 'felicities' which marked the early career of Napoleon. He trusted, not without reason, to the torpor, inefficiency, and corruption of the Austrian ministry.

At length Russia and Austria did declare war upon France. But it was still doubtful to which side Prussia, Bavaria, Würtenberg, and Baden would incline. While the dispositions of these powers, whom it was so important to conciliate, were yet in suspense, the Austrian general, Prince Schwartzenberg, nevertheless, entered Munich, and peremptorily demanded that the Bavarian troops should immediately join those under his command; offering in return the protection and guarantie of Austria;—Austria, which for centuries had never for an instant renounced its projects on Bavaria! The unfortunate Elector, unable either to trust these invaders or to resist them, wrote with his own hand, to 'entreat on his knees' (kniefällig) to be allowed to maintain his neutrality, for that his son was travelling in France. 'A father, overwhelmed with terror and despair, 'implores mercy for his son!' He hastened, however, to Würz-

burg to call out his Franconian troops: and on the same day the Austrian army crossed the Inn, in grand divisions, 'to take 'up the fine position of Ulm!' levying contributions on their way, and paying Bavarian peasants with Austrian paper money, which in Austria itself was not worth thirty per cent. After this, who can wonder at the alienation of Bavaria from the common cause of Germany, or the alacrity with which she joined the banner of France?

It cannot be supposed that the keen eye of Napoleon overlooked the advantages which the conduct of German to German thus threw into his hands. 'The invasion of Bavaria,' said his ambassador, 'sufficiently demonstrates what are the designs 'of Austria.' And Napoleon declared, 'that he would *defend* '*the independence and security of Germany, against Austria.*' To Würtenberg and Baden, Austria merely announced her regret that she could afford them no protection; they must decide for themselves what to do in this extremity. Ney was before Stuttgart, and demanded contributions. The Elector replied, that he could not comply with the terms proposed. 'But your 'country can,' replied Napoleon, 'and *I will protect you against* '*your Estates.*' Würtenberg and Baden soon followed the example of Bavaria, and joined Napoleon.

The first great blow fell upon Austria. The 30th of October witnessed Mack's capitulation at Ulm. On the 2d December, the battle of Austerlitz was fought: and with that disastrous battle, Francis gave up all for lost. The Emperor of Germany resolved to go in person to the enemy's headquarters, to sue for peace. He went, accompanied by one aide-de-camp. His air—never remarkable for dignity or grace—was now such as to inspire pity. In this abject state the head of the Holy Roman Empire was received by Napoleon, surrounded by all his generals, and invested with all the pomp of supreme power. The conqueror, however, was gracious; and not only forgave him, but promised him peace 'on reasonable terms.' The first of these was, the immediate removal of the Russian troops from Austria. It is affirmed by an eye-witness of the scene, that the Emperor, on his return from this humiliating conference, expressed his satisfaction at being relieved from one fear; namely, *that Bonaparte should ask the hand of the Archduchess Maria Louisa for Eugene, Viceroy of Italy.* 'No,' exclaimed he; 'sooner should he have stripped me of 'every thing—I would rather have become a private gentleman!'

Throughout the whole of this time, Prussia had been vacillating. Had she been able to throw into the scale the moral weight of disinterestedness and justice, she might perhaps, even then, have

imposed peace on Europe; But her conduct, especially with regard to Hanover, had deprived her of this preponderance. Her anxiety for neutrality was ascribed to weakness; and her efforts to preserve peace were turned against her by both parties.

Her prime-minister, Haugwitz, was dispatched to congratulate Napoleon on his victory over Austria; and the reception he met with was as insulting as his errand was despicable. 'You want 'to be the allies of all the world!' said the haughty conqueror, —adding, that he would forgive what was past on one condition: Prussia must immediately form an indissoluble union with France, and, as a pledge of her sincerity, occupy Hanover. On the 15th December, Haugwitz accordingly signed a treaty, containing the following clause:—'Prussia takes Hanover; giving Ansbach 'to Bavaria, Cleves and Neuchatel to France.' On returning to Berlin from this sorry mission, the minister was insulted in the King's antechamber, and his house nearly pulled down by the exasperated populace; the court, with the exception of the King, showed so marked an aversion to him, that he actually entreated the King not to ratify the treaty, and to allow him to retire from his service. But what availed all this? The cabinet, after long deliberation, decided 'to occupy Hanover for the present!' Every step taken plunged the country into deeper embarrassment; friends were alienated, and foes embittered.

On the 26th December, the Emperor Francis concluded the peace of Presburg, bought with enormous sacrifices. Immediately after the fall of Ulm, the Elector Arch-chancellor had issued an address, appealing to the patriotism of all good Germans 'to endeavour to maintain the unity of the empire, and 'obedience to its ancient laws.' But already, as we have seen, Baden, Würtenberg, and Bavaria, had allied themselves with Napoleon; the two latter had received from him the title of King, the former that of Grand-Duke, with the condition of 'absolute sovereignty, the same as that of Austria and Prussia,' attached to the new crowns. And all this had been done without any reference to the Diet of the Empire. The Empire was indeed defunct.

Then followed the intermarriages of the sovereign houses with the Corsican family, in which Bavaria led the way. The princes of Germany became the courtiers of the Tuilleries: where the hard hands of soldiers of fortune were never tired of grasping the bribes, which, wrung from the wretched people of Germany, were to be spent in riveting their chains. On the 12th July 1806, sixteen German princes signed the Act of the Confederation of the Rhine, which Napoleon ratified on the 19th. A few days afterwards, the Emperor Francis abdicated the throne of

Germany. Once more—once, and no more—did 'the elected 'Roman Emperor, in all times the Augmentor of the empire' (*Mehrer des Reichs*), speak to Germany. He said, 'We hold it 'due to our principles and our honour to renounce a throne which 'could have value in our eyes only so long as we were able to 'respond to the confidence reposed in us by the electors, princes, 'and estates, and to fulfil our obligations towards them,' &c. &c.

The sixteen princes above mentioned now formed a league of independent sovereigns. Frankfurt was to be the seat of the Confederation and its discussions. The fundamental statutes, or constitution, of this body never appeared; but Napoleon became its protector, 'solely from pacific motives,' &c. &c.; and a treaty of alliance was concluded between the confederate princes and 'the French Empire.' They were rewarded with additional territory, and with other marks of favour. The dominions of sixty-seven princes and counts, immediate feudatories of the Empire, the lands of the two great religious orders, the cities of Frankfurt and Nürnberg, were partitioned out among the sixteen. The other German sovereigns were told that they were free to join the Confederation.

Having thus secured his tools, Napoleon took care that they should be efficient ones; and that they should never be able to allege want of power to extort from their subjects whatever it might suit him to demand. He declared that he did not acknowledge the Constitution of the Empire; but acknowledged the '*sou-* '*veraineté entière et absolue*' of each prince. The Emperor Francis had already absolved all the estates of the Empire, the members of the imperial chamber, (Reichskammergericht,) and the other servants of the Empire, from their oath and allegiance: So that Germany was now broken up into as many separate states as remained unincorporated in the Confederation of the Rhine.

Such was the end—such the unhonoured obsequies of the most ancient and august Empire of the German Nation; once the pride of Christendom, and the shield of a brave and loyal people! So long as the name even of a supreme head of the empire remained, the people, however divided by dynastic interests, had a point of political unity, and a claim on the protection of his Imperial Majesty the Chief of the Empire.

'Now were felt,' says Arndt, 'the sins of the last five or ten years. The corruption, the ruin, was complete and overwhelming. The princes withdrew from the struggle for the common cause of Germany. Cowardly and rapacious, they saw not what they lost. The people were dishonoured and insulted; the ancient fortresses pulled down; Germany lay defenceless, divided and bleeding;—great in nothing but recollections. On the other side, the enemy built forts and castles,

bridges and custom-houses; lorded it over the Rhine and its princes; tore citizens from their homes in the midst of peace to lawless executions, and ordered German sovereigns to Paris and Maintz like valets. The last feeling of honour and nationality was dead.'

'It seemed to be understood,' adds Droysen in the same spirit, 'that the fall of the empire involved the abolition of all territorial rights and institutions; that the declaration of absolute sovereignty which Napoleon had launched against Germany, was of force to free her princes from all the checks and obligations, in virtue of which they held the inheritance of their forefathers. They had now, indeed, absolute sovereignty in name, but which of them was strong enough to assert it against external aggression? They had been eager to shake off the legitimate supremacy of their Emperor; now the iron yoke of a foreign "protector" was on their necks, and they were fain to seek compensation for the perpetual humiliations to which they were exposed, in arbitrary acts towards the subjects whom he had delivered over to their caprice, or to the still worse oppressions which he might choose to enjoin upon them.

'We shall see hereafter the good that sprang out of all this evil; but that was furthest from the intentions of the despot. All that he desired was, to extort supplies from these princes and their lands; to break them in to obedience, to hold them in complete subjection. Shortly after the peace of Presburg, when new misunderstandings with Austria arose, and Napoleon required that the whole French army should be fed by Germany, the King of Würtemberg resisted the demands of the French general; on which he was told that "he owed so much to the Emperor, that he ought to esteem himself fortunate in an opportunity of showing his gratitude."

'Yet even now Germany had not reached the lowest depth of degradation; she had to be trodden out and winnowed before she could be regenerated. Not that the *people* were morally degraded: they had will, force, and indignation, but their habitual sense of duty to their rulers kept them quiet; they had no other way of displaying their moral strength than by endurance.'

We give this on the authority not only of M. Droysen, but of numerous other writers. We must confess, however, that highly as we value the 'habitual sense of duty to rulers,' as well as the faculty of 'endurance' when calamity is inevitable, it does seem to us that these virtues were pushed to a very remarkable extent, considering the intolerable provocation, and the great length of time during which it was borne. A people trained in greater freedom of thought and independence of action would have sooner seen that the moment for duty to rulers who had forgotten all duty to them, was over; and that the time for spontaneous action had arrived. Without, therefore, in the least degree undervaluing the heroic patriotism displayed by Germany in 1812 and 1813, we should be glad to see a little less tendency in modern German writers, especially Prussians, to

the old vice of self-laudation. They did, at last, what all men *must* do, whose country labours under an insufferable yoke; and they did it with steady devotedness: But it must be remembered that the conqueror's star was then no longer in the ascendant; and that he had begun to give proof of that heaven-sent madness which is the harbinger of perdition. We have spoken of the corruption and backwardness of Austria: But Austria alone, under her great captain, the illustrious Archduke Charles, dared to stand up against Napoleon single-handed, while in the very height of his yet unbroken power. The truth is, that the whole country was feeble and languid, and, for a time, paralysed. Goethe says, in a letter dated 1804, 'The whole of Germany is 'divided among the mischievous, the timorous, and the indif- 'ferent.' Droysen's expression would appear to countenance the writers who assume a totally different moral condition in the people, and in the higher classes; always (need we say?) to the disadvantage of the latter. But Stein and W. von Humboldt, Scharnhorst and Gneisenau—the men who never despaired of their country, and at length saved it—were not men of the people; nor, admirably as the people obeyed their call, do we find any trace of an attempt at spontaneous movement among them. It is time that these class antipathies should be consigned to the same contempt as national antipathies—whenever they rest upon no better basis.

The only instructive inquiry is, what were the means, by which a nation, once conspicuous for hardihood and energy, had been brought into this state of feebleness and lethargy. Among the causes usually assigned, we find, long and fierce religious wars; frequent struggles between the nobles and the people; an exclusive municipal spirit, leading to the isolation of interests and sympathies; in short, the long and general distraction, by which the country had been physically and morally wearied, bewildered, and exhausted.

'For a long time,' says a German writer, 'the opulent and pacific inhabitants of the imperial cities had been well content to purchase immunity from all warlike toils, by hiring bands of mercenaries, led by noble, often princely, *condottieri*. Such a soldiery was, of course, eminently unnational, and consequently wholly without political ideas or attachments. Indeed, the character of the century extending from the Thirty Years' War to that of the French Revolution, was one of feebleness and indifference. Even the wars partook of this character. No great principle—not even an earnest popular feeling—was engaged in them. The French Revolutionary war once more showed the world how unconquerable is an army inspired by an idea.'

But it is impossible to form any just opinion of a country so ex-

tensively and profoundly subject to intellectual influences as Germany, without taking into account the state and tendencies of its literature. If it be true that the literature of a nation must always be the exponent of its character and sentiments, it is no less true that it powerfully reacts on them; and of this, we think, proof enough is not wanting at this day. It is important, therefore, to learn what literary tastes had been formed, and what literary influences exercised, at the period immediately preceding the French Revolution.

Towards the end of the last century, the higher classes of Germany 'had sunk their own nationality in that of France.' While the noble language which Luther had built up, was almost ignored by 'good society' and regarded as a plebeian dialect, Frederic the Great had done all he could to give currency and authority to the literature of France, then at the pinnacle of its brilliancy, and also of its profligacy. The result could not be doubtful; for Germany had little to oppose to the foreign torrent, nor could that little obtain a hearing among the more authoritative classes of society. So deeply seated, however, was the unchangeable dissimilarity of the two nations, that the views of life and society which were thus introduced, assumed a totally different colour in passing through their new medium. Licentiousness took a form in Germany suited to the speculative, poetical, and affectionate character of the people.

In all the Teutonic races, however otherwise modified, the paramount importance attached to domestic life and the domestic relations, is that perhaps by which they are most distinguished from the nations of Roman descent. Thus in France, marriage had come to be regarded without hesitation, as a matter of external convenience and utility. Making no appeal to the sentiments, and possessing no inward force or sanctity, it furnished the romance writer or the dramatist with a groundwork for the gay and amusing intricacies of his plot, or with an interminable theme for wit and satire, bright and hard as tempered steel. This ticklish question, once put upon the anvil for discussion, was very differently handled in Germany. The relation between the sexes there became the subject of refined analysis and intrepid logic. Writers and readers shrank from no novelty and no paradox. The imagination, feelings, and passions were systematically withdrawn from the control of reason, whose jurisdiction in 'affairs of the heart' was denied altogether; and from traditionary morality, which was regarded as blind and narrow prejudice. Almost every relation and condition of social life was called in question, and grave practical problems were propounded, more frequently (need we add?) than solved.

An institution or estate pre-eminently requiring the perpetual presence of good sense, self-control, moderate expectations, and a firm and humble preparation for evil and weary hours, was not likely to fare better in the hands of the speculative sentimentalists of Germany, than in those of the scoffing wits of France. Every form of tedium and unhappiness which marriage can bring, has accordingly been exhibited by them, and every conceivable mode of escape or mitigation, direct or indirect, suggested. They did not wait, till personal suffering had misled the most eloquent of living French writers into that *impasse*, or till the feebler herd of her admirers and imitators had invited the public to the spectacle of their sorrows and disappointments. A tone of whining sentimentality was thus given to books and men—the worst, because the most insidious form that selfishness can assume. 'The history 'of the human heart,' says an ingenious critic,* 'as it manifests 'itself in the individual, was held to be more important than the 'history of mankind. Vanity and affectation were called into 'play to enhance the effect of these new creations. The poison 'of sentimentality (*Empfindelei*), generated by peculiar circum-'stances in a body originally robust, spread, and caused an 'epidemy which is still not entirely eradicated from Germany, 'so prone to catch this disease, and to exhibit it under the most 'singular forms.' At the time of the publication of Goethe's *Werther*, the national mind was in a peculiarly morbid and susceptible state. What reader of German is not familiar with the strange appearances of the '*Sturm und Drang Periode?*' The discussion of public questions, the participation in public business, (at once the fruitful source, and the safe employment, of a nation's energy,) were forbidden to the people of Germany; yet it was impossible that they should not feel the vibration of that earthquake which shook the foundations of every received opinion and every established institution. The result was a sort of feeble fermentation; a morbid enthusiasm (*Schwärmerei*), of which the small world of self was the object;—an eternal 'subjective' study;—and, at the same time, an uneasy consciousness of weakness, and a dread of every assault of truth and reason, whence alone healing could come. Men seemed designedly to lay aside all virility of character, and to outdo the weakest woman in flaccid self-abandonment. Fortitude, energy, self-control, were treated as proofs of a hard, cold, prosaic nature, and were looked on with scorn. 'The influence of *Werther*,' says Professor Wolff, 'was

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* Wolff. Allgemeine Geschichte des Romans. Jena.

'incomparably greater on the life, than on the literature, of that 'period.'

The good sense which was pre-eminent among the many gifts showered on Goethe, soon led him to perceive all that was false and pernicious in his own work. With his usual 'subjective' way of looking at things (not to use a harsher word), Goethe always treated the production of *Werther* as a sort of morbid crisis—a means of throwing off certain peccant moral humours, of which he was well pleased to be rid. But he was implacable towards those who set themselves to ape and caricature what had burst from him as a real, and, as he declared, painful confession. The contempt with which he always spoke of the '*Literatur der Empfindsamheit*,' is well known; but, unfortunately, poisons operate more rapidly and more potently than antidotes; nor did all his scorn of the sentimental school correct the mischief done by his own beautiful creation.

The grace and power with which it is written are so incomparable, that it would prove little against a people to have been carried away by it; but what can explain or justify the success of such a book as *Woldemar*? This success would be the most astonishing thing in the world, were not the production of it by a serene and virtuous philosopher—Jacobi—more astonishing still. Such a symptom shows the height to which the disease had gone. The intense weariness and disgust with which we toiled through it, lead us to believe that very few of our readers have submitted to a similar labour. We may, therefore, be excused for dwelling a few moments on a work about which volumes were in its day written, and over which, no doubt, rivers of tears were shed. Its prime characteristic is falsehood. There is not a person who is natural or true, nor an action that is probable. The men, especially the hero, have no vestige of the manly character—not even manly vices; their 'normal state' is that of a nervous, fantastic woman; their emotions are paroxysms of hysterical and impotent violence; they weep, sob, kneel, fall on the sofa, on each other's necks, on the necks of all their pure and sublime heroines, sometimes for joy, sometimes for sorrow—sometimes, as it seems to us, without any assignable reason; for there are no tragical incidents, nor even any natural passions, to account for these demonstrations. All the distresses in the book are the offspring of selfishness and vanity, nursed into a sort of madness; and concurring with weak nerves, weak intellects, a thorough prostration of character, and a thorough perversion of views. We beg not to be understood to share the odious and cynical notion of the impossibility of friendship between persons of different sexes. Such friendships are, we know, not

only not impossible—they are not rare; but they must be established on reasonable grounds, and conceived by reasonable persons. The assumption that a passion called friendship, which absorbs the whole being, and renders life intolerable out of the sight of its object, can be entertained without prejudice to conjugal fidelity, or to maiden freedom and purity, is the thing which renders this book peculiarly absurd, mischievous, and, at the same time, characteristic. Licentious books, written by vicious men, are unfortunately confined to no nation; they are of the nature of open warfare, and he who reads them knows to what he exposes himself; but this complete mis-statement of every-day facts, these radically false and impracticable views of the nature, duties, and position of either sex, inculcated by a man of unblemished life, and not only acquiesced in, but admired by numbers of worthy people, is a national *Erscheinung* worthy of remark. The taste for such pernicious distortion is gone by; and so is the state of morals of which it was at once the offspring and the nurse. We are sorry we have not room for some admirable remarks upon *Woldemar* by Frederic Schlegel. And yet, who that reads them would believe that they are written by the author of a work so notoriously immoral, that we have seen its title used to qualify the lax and vicious period preceding the French invasion? The expression, *die Lucinde Zeit*—'the Lucinda time'—sufficiently marks the sensation it created, and the reprobation it called forth. In this case, however, the author's domestic relations, as well as those of several of his friends, were of the most irregular and experimental kind; and of these his novel may be taken to be a sort of defence. It enjoyed a degree of popularity, and excited a degree of controversy, which are totally inexplicable from any beauty or merit it possesses. Nothing, indeed, but the necessity of appreciating the state of the public mind indicated by its whilom reputation, would enable any one now to go through the task of reading, or trying to read it. It is now fallen into deserved neglect. We observe with satisfaction, that sensible people, who lived through those times, do not affect to separate public from private virtues, by the broad line sometimes attempted to be drawn between them. They perceived that the whole nation was enfeebled; and the self-indulging character of private life went far to prepare sober and far-sighted men for the public ruin.

Were we disposed at present to exhibit German sentimentalism on its ludicrous side, matter enough is at hand; but this is not the time or place for it. We cannot, however, refuse our readers one little trait recorded by Hoffmann, whose satirical spirit revelled in what was passing around him.

When he was in Bamberg in 1808, the Princess of Neufchatel, daughter of the Duke of Bavaria, who was residing there, came to visit her father. The director of the theatre wanted to celebrate her birth-day, and requested Hoffmann to write a prologue. He says—

'I threw together a heap of vulgar sentimentality, composed music to suit, and it was represented;—lights, horns, echoes, mountains, rivers, trees with names carved on them, flowers, garlands—nothing was spared. It took amazingly, and I received thirty carolines from the princess's mother, for the emotion I had procured her (*für die verschaffte Rührung*), accompanied with very gracious expressions. At a certain passage in the prologue—"I went—I flew—I rushed into her arms!"(an enormously fine climax)—the mother and daughter embraced weeping, in the ducal box! The prologue had also pleased the public, and was demanded for another day. The ducal personages again appeared in their box, and, at the same passage, wept and embraced with the greatest punctuality! whereupon the public testified their satisfaction by loud clapping of hands. My heart laughed within me.'

We cannot leave this subject without remarking, that these deplorable weaknesses were connected with some of the most admirable and engaging peculiarities of the German character. The days are coming, nay, are already come, when literature and philosophy will cease to play the great part in Germany which have long distinguished that country from all others—in how many respects to its infinite advantage! The days, however, we fear, are coming, when the free, natural expression of the affections will be 'unmanly,' and when the embraces and tears of a parting mother will be avoided, as 'a scene.' It is, we fear, true, that a great and widely diffused political activity, an exciting public life, are almost incompatible with the high station occupied in Germany by literature and art. They have been her queens; they must now sink into her playthings. The nation, like a jealous parent, will claim the thoughts of all her stronger sons, and will leave the culture of letters and arts to the less energetic. It is also, we fear, true, that virility and firmness of character are apt to degenerate into hardness, and that the feelings are not habitually suppressed without prejudice to their tenderness and force;—at any rate, to that child-like reliance on sympathy which has so great a charm. Germany—the Germany of our early love and our imagination—will cease to be: Her ingenuous weaknesses, and her towering superiority, will equally disappear. We could weep like the heroes of her novels, when we think that the singularities we have sometimes laughed at, and always loved, (springing as they do from sweet and noble sources,) will be swept away by the tide of 'public business.' But this is one of the

dilemmas which present themselves at every turn in human life; calling forth the fruitless lamentations of those who want to combine impossible conditions, which reasonable men weigh, when choice is within their power, accepting the inevitable alternative with resignation when it is not.

We anticipate a little in giving the following description of the influences of literature in Immermann's student-days, which fell within the period of the French domination, when higher and more earnest thoughts had begun to occupy men's minds:—

'Lessing was somewhat out of fashion. His adorers were to be found among men of a maturer age. But Klopstock was by no means so neglected. It was esteemed a sacred duty to have the Messiah by one, and, if possible, to master the first ten books. His odes gave us no trouble; they filled us with a sort of rapture. Wieland's elegant raillery passed with us for the flower of wisdom. Voss's *Louisa* was in high honour; above all, Schiller and Goethe, the former dead a year before the national downfall, and still beaming in the full glow of the sunset; the latter, living, and sowing the richest treasures in the furrows of the miserable times.'

He makes some very true and ingenious remarks on the origin and nature of German poetry; on its peculiar subjectivity, and the political causes which gave it that character.

'It was peculiarly adapted,' he continues, 'to be the consolation of an oppressed people. Goethe and Schiller were the two apostles whose preaching elevated the German people to courage and to hope. The relation in which the youth of Germany stood to their great writers, was one of passionate affection. They appeared to us saints, whose footsteps it was the highest happiness to behold. Criticism was not thought of by the young men of that day; nor were our eyes distracted. Literature formed our only intellectual food. The arts of design, which now occupy so many minds, were never even mentioned among us.'

Literature, at that dismal period, nurtured the progeny by which it is doomed to be dethroned. The youthful minds, which it exalted to heroism and strung for action, devoted their newly awakened energies to the deliverance of their country on the field of battle. The stimulus then given to the national spirit (unlike the vicious excitements of aggression and conquest) strengthened, instead of exhausting it; and from henceforth it will demand, and will obtain, the employment of its energies in the duties of public life.

The causes we have thus briefly glanced at, were in operation throughout Germany. We must now examine rather more closely those which were peculiar to Prussia; as that power must necessarily occupy the most prominent part in any history of the times.

Her faults contributed the most largely to the common ruin of Germany; and her energy, and unconquerable perseverance, to its emanciption. Her disgrace was the deepest, her resentment the most ardent, her triumphs the most brilliant. There is, we may add, another reason why Austria and Prussia, if equal in merit, will never be so in renown. Prussia has a hundred tongues, where Austria has one; and a taste for celebrity—her enemies say, for self-celebration—to which her stately elder sister is an utter stranger. The difference, the antagonism, between these two nations will probably never be effaced; nor is it to be desired that either should lose so much of its individuality as to resemble the other. At the time we are looking back to, however, it was not difference, but hostility, that prevailed between them.

'Germany,' says Arndt, 'had become a field on which the pretensions of the two great powers—the old and the new—the time-hallowed traditions of the empire which hung about Austria, and the vigour, enterprise, and ambition of the youthful kingdom of Prussia, were to be decided. They were decided in favour of the latter; but at what a cost of common national feeling! How many seeds of hatred and jealousy were then sown, the bitter harvest of which was abundantly reaped by the victor! South and Middle Germany, the fruitful mother of arts, poetry, and letters, saw with dislike and resentment the attempt to throw her into the shade. The forced fruits of the cold and sandy soil of the North, chiefly transplanted from France, were distasteful to them. Frederic the Great had established academies, and hired poets and philosophers; but most of them were foreigners, and the better and nobler among my countrymen could learn nothing from men they hated.'

Prussia had lost in popularity as much as she had gained in power. The part she took in the peace of Basel, the partition of Poland, and the acquisitions called indemnities, but generally regarded as spoliations, had alienated from her the hearts of Germany. Nor were the manners of her people, and especially of her soldiery, calculated to cast a veil over her offensive superiority, or to conciliate those whom she had injured and overborne. It is impossible to deny that even now Prussia is regarded with more respect than cordiality by Southern Germany. This feeling, we are convinced, really has its source in that 'incompatibility of temper' for which there is notoriously no cure; yet, at the time in question, the overbearing spirit, the manners at once unbending and coarse of the Prussian army, and the pretensions of the Prussian government, had heightened this incompatibility into fear and hatred.

'In 1792,' says the venerable Jacobs of Gotha, 'the first body of Prussian troops marched through Gotha to the Rhine—the first scene of what a tragedy! While in the common men the feeling of honour was

extinguished by servile treatment, and only habit and fear bound them to their banners, their officers, the majority of whom had never looked an enemy in the face, spoke with sneering contempt of Napoleon's army. "They havn't seen Prussians yet!" said they; "if this forced inactivity were now at an end, the victory would soon be ours—a victory probably only too easy to be honourable." To doubt of this was not permitted; any mention of the series of victories won by the French, was treated with scorn, and, if persisted in, punished with blows. I remember hearing that an old general in some company asked the ladies, with French *fatuité*, whether they would not favour him with some commissions for Paris?—and that a major, before the battle of Jena, boasted "that he would make that scoundrel Bonaparte his groom." Nor was this all. The officers behaved as if in a conquered country, without the least regard to decency or propriety, even towards the Duke of Saxe Gotha himself, or his capital. They lived in contemptible indolence and boundless debauchery; followed maid-servants in an evening into the very houses of their masters, and forced themselves by violence into private societies, where they created disturbances—all with the connivance of their superiors, who did not venture to listen to any complaint. On the 16th of October, the same boasters re-appeared in Gotha as prisoners, weary and disarmed, escorted by a small party of voltigeurs.'

One of the best and clearest accounts of the state of the Prussian court, army, and people, just before the breaking out of the war with France, is to be found in the Memoirs of Freiherr von S——a. It is to be regretted that the important matter contained in this very clever and interesting book is hung together by a sort of story, which diminishes its value, and gives to the most authentic statements and just opinions an air of fiction.

'It was,' says the author, 'extremely important at that time to ascertain accurately the dispositions of the Prussian court and people; for, even where the people have no constitutional character, their voice becomes of the greatest weight, as soon as their culture is so far advanced that they can hardly tolerate a government which does not share their own social and political character and ideas. This was now unquestionably the case in Berlin—among the people, upon whom the government of Frederic the Great had produced effects very different from those which he intended.

'I ask myself,' he continues, 'what the state of public opinion in Prussia at that time really was; and I find the answer very difficult.

'It has often been said that the French army had caught a sort of intoxication, together with ideas of true liberty, from fighting in America. The Prussian was in a wild ferment in consequence of having returned from the field without fighting. It was manifest that Frederic's times had given them an impulse, the motive force of which lay partly in the personal character of the great monarch, partly in the consciousness of the exertions by which success had been obtained. As this influence was no more, and the spirit which prompted those exertions had gradually subsided, whence should a people without public life, without that

daily excitement which is kept alive by a constitutional government, derive any permanent and genuine public spirit? A pride built on mere ancestry became the necessary substitute for it; and especially in the army, since Frederic II. had chiefly appealed to the feeling of honour peculiar to the officers, as men of birth. To this they clung; and an inert posterity regarded the glorious deeds of their ancestors in the Seven Years' War as a family inheritance. But this view of the matter, and the pretensions which they founded upon it, were wholly at variance with the spirit which had arisen towards the close of the century. Both as officers of the heroic age of Frederic, (which they assumed, though without any ground, to be,) and as nobles, they were exasperated at the rising military glory of the French. They took credit for whatever was brilliant in the short contest of Prussia with the French people, at the beginning of the Revolution; and the little tendency the result of this contest had to raise the reputation of the Prussian arms, was thrown on the incapacity of their leaders; but still more on the misconduct of foreign powers. "Let Prussia," said they, "but once enter the lists with France, and the superiority of her high-born officers, of the school of Frederic the Great, over the French bourgeois troops, would soon appear." Nobody even asked the question whether there was any spirit among the common soldiers. It is certain that the only enthusiasm felt by the troops had been for the person and the deeds of the great king. I am aware that such recollections long retain their influence over the common people—an influence which governments ought sedulously to perpetuate and strengthen by education. But mere recollections, however glorious, are not sufficient to excite popular enthusiasm; they are not even comparable, in this respect, to the feeling of ancestry, which is more concentred, and acts upon minds of greater refinement. The only means of working on the Prussian soldier, was through his hatred and contempt of the French; and even these had greatly subsided, since many seductive accounts of the new civil institutions, the constitution of the army, &c., in France, had reached the ears of the Prussian soldiers. The general spirit of the troops was, therefore, directly opposed to that of their officers—an opposition leading inevitably to fatal results in case of a war with France.

'But the disposition of the common soldier formed no element of public opinion in Prussia. How, indeed, could it find an utterance, where it had no constitutional organ, and where silent obedience was still exacted from the whole people? In this absence of all popular voice, the officers assumed, with the greater arrogance, to have their opinions regarded as constituting public opinion; and they succeeded the more easily, since the most aristocratic corps were quartered in Potsdam and Berlin. Such a mixture of bravery and insolence, of honour and debauchery, of attempts at elegant manners, and turbulent offensive behaviour, as was exhibited in the persons of these officers, must be witnessed to be believed—it cannot be described. The one thing which chiefly distinguished them all was, contempt of the middle classes; a fine horse they prized above the most estimable man; and

they thought they should have easy work with the French, because they were officered by *roturiers.*

'Strong as were the king's military tastes, he had nothing in common with this spirit. Every thing showy, noisy, and boastful, was utterly distasteful to him. He had no vanity, and least of all was he disposed to plume himself on the deeds and fame of his ancestors. He was, therefore, wholly unfit to be the hero of such officers; and though this certainly did him no dishonour, yet it had its disadvantages. He was too quiet and amiable to put down their inflated arrogance with a strong hand.

'There was, however, a prince of the royal blood who might be regarded as the impersonation of the officer spirit of that time. Brave to fool-hardiness—equally endowed with brilliant qualities, and prone to admire them in others—prouder of his personal advantages than of his rank, and yet very proud of being a Prince of Prussia—celebrated for his grace and address in all bodily exercises—highly gifted with the talent most fitted to charm society, music—a passionate admirer of women, and estimating voluptuousness above purity of morals—liberal often to munificence, but never restrained by a strict sense of justice—burning with military glory, rather than assiduous in acquiring military science, and regarding the new order of things in France with equal contempt and hatred—Prince Louis Ferdinand was most justly regarded by the officers of the guards, and those like them, as the ideal of a youthful hero and a Prussian officer. He was the loudest organ of what was then called public opinion in Prussia; and around him congregated all the various elements of society in Berlin, to whom hatred of the French served as a common point of attraction. Among them were the celebrated historian, Johannes von Müller,* and another historian, more known as a statesman and philosopher, Ancillon. Müller seems never to have possessed the smallest personal dignity. He submitted to be the butt of Prince Louis and his companions. This renders his subsequent career intelligible, and his fall less shocking than it would otherwise be. Ancillon, who, in virtue of his descent and his profession, affected a sort of polish, half clerical, half French, combined with German *Humanität,*" disliked Napoleon as he disliked Luther. He thought him vulgar, tasteless, and proud.

'It may easily be imagined, that a tone given by such a prince of the blood as Louis Ferdinand to a swarm of brilliant officers of the highest rank, and by two such writers as Müller and Ancillon—the organs of learning among the higher classes—was ardently caught by them, especially since it flattered all their interests and prejudices.

'No means were left untried to induce the queen to declare loudly her aversion to the French, and her views and habits of thinking natu-

* We shall quote hereafter a melancholy picture of this eminent writer, but feeble and unprincipled man, bowed to the earth under the shame of French favours and French decorations. M. Ancillon was descended from a French refugee family, and himself a Protestant minister. He was, as is well known, tutor to the present King of Prussia.

rally inclined her that way; but her disposition was too kindly and gentle for hatred, and the king's entire reserve on the subject imposed a restraint on her. It was not till Napoleon, who supposed her to be the leader of the party he detested, attacked her with bitterness and brutality, that she really became what he believed her. Till that time, the Princess Louisa Radzivil, sister of Prince Louis, might with greater justice be regarded as the soul of the female opposition to Napoleon in Prussia. Princess William,* incapable of taking any part in intrigue, might be considered the personification of the German nature, as opposed to the French. It was easy, from the manner in which a woman expressed herself concerning the court of St Cloud, to distinguish whether she belonged to the circle of Princess Louisa or Princess William. The former spoke with scorn and derision of the *parvenu* court; the latter, with the sort of shudder which an evil and impure spirit excites; and this difference, more or less, pervaded the whole female society of Berlin, which was almost without an exception eager for the war.

'Among the men, on the other hand, and especially the most respected and eminent statesmen, many were opposed to it. They weighed with prudent deliberation the civil and military condition of France against that of Prussia; they well knew that the spirit of Frederic the Great was extinct, and that all which he had kept in vigour and efficiency now subsisted in form alone, and they dreaded any kind of shock to so unsound a fabric. Men of this kind are never loud, and their voices were accordingly hardly heard in the storm of public excitement.'

Such representations of the moral state of the Prussian army extracted from the works of civilians might easily be corroborated by a hundred others. But we had rather give one from the pen of a thorough soldier. Trained in the preposterous discipline of Frederic William II., he had full proof what men reduced to the condition of machines are worth in the hour of peril. He not only witnessed, but shared, their inglorious overthrow; and he also lived to see coxcombs and puppets converted by misfortune into earnest and intrepid soldiers. At the age of seventy-one, Count Henkel of Donnersmark has lately published a simple and soldier-like statement of the facts which came under his own observation in the course of his long military career; relating nothing, as he expressly says, but what he himself saw and heard. He is, fortunately, entirely without literary pretension; and tells his story with a homely air of truth, and a genial mixture of earnestness and humour. His observations show good sense, and his sentiments are those of a brave, loyal, and humane man.

* Died 1846. A princess of Hessen Homburg—mother of Prince Waldemar. Thirty-five years after the period here referred to, she was still the perfect type of a German princess. It would have been equally impossible to mistake her country or her station.

Count Henkel was born at Potsdam in 1775, 'in the house 'next to the Garde-du-corps barracks, which belonged to my 'father.' His father was a Lieutenant-General;—the young man was born, as well as bred to arms. His memoirs begin with an exact account of the life of a young Prussian officer of his day. No discipline was ever better adapted to substitute the kind of intelligence which the horse-breaker or dog-trainer calls into action, in the place of human discrimination and reason. 'Politics were never so much as spoken of among the 'young officers; a newspaper seldom or never seen; remarks upon 'an order, let it come from what source it might, were not even 'thought of.' But if the mind was left completely waste and inert, the body and its covering were objects of the most elaborate care. 'The stock of three fingers'-breadth, the four curls 'on each side the head (frizzed and powdered of course), the 'pigtail with a large cockade, were indispensable.' How envied was that Captain von Schallenfels, of old Count Henkel's regiment, whose pigtail required seventy or eighty ells of ribbon to tie it, and trailed on the ground, so that he was obliged to tuck it into his coat-pocket on parade!

'We were always wishing for war,' says Count Henkel; 'with whom, was a matter of perfect indifference. It never occurred to any body to reflect what the government was, or ought to be. We stood far more in awe of the inspector than of the king; and the annual visit of the former furnished the subject of all the thoughts, conversations, hopes and fears, of our little world for the whole year. We hardly knew where Berlin was; Königsberg was the "residency;" and if any of us went thither on leave, he brought back all the news, and was regarded as a travelled man. There was a dragoon regiment quartered at Tilsit, a few miles from us; we never met; but that did not prevent our entertaining a mortal aversion to each other.'

This, then, was the training of the military youth of Prussia, at the time that France was tempering the spirits of her sons in the furnace of the Revolution!

But an enemy far inferior to the French would have proved an over-match for troops commanded by such officers as Count Henkel describes. In the year 1795, he says, he was present at a manœuvre where he became acquainted with all the staff-officers and *chefs d'escadron.* 'It is worth while,' he adds, 'to describe 'them according to their rank in the army, to give an idea what 'the state of it was.' His army-list begins thus:—'Lieutenant-'General von Marwitz had the gout very badly, loved his ease, 'and abhorred exercise. He was seventy.' Another had gout in both hands; another was obliged to be lifted on his horse; another was a corpulent *bon vivant,* 'sorely incommoded by a

'brisk pace.' As a set-off against the effeminacy of their habits, they never spoke without the fiercest oaths. The gouty General von Marwitz, in his easy chair and yellow satin slippers, received Henkel for the first time, with his customary preface, '*Mord* '*Schwerenoth Donnerwetter, mon ami,*' &c., &c.

'When King Frederic William II. died,' says Count Henkel, 'and Frederic William III. ascended the throne, the troops were assembled, as usual, to take the oath of allegiance to their new sovereign. Our colonel's speech on this occasion was remarkable. Here it is, word for word. "His Majesty Frederic William II. has been pleased to die. We have therefore to swear allegiance to a new king. What his name will be, whether Frederic William or Frederic, we can't exactly tell; but that does not signify. *Herr Gerichtschreiber*, read the oath aloud."'

When we read these things, and think that within the lifetime of one man, these coarse, inane, and (as it proved) cowardly caricatures of soldiers, have been succeeded by the brave and accomplished men by whom the Prussian army is now officered, we see not only that the whole presiding spirit of the monarchy has undergone a vast and salutary change, but also, in how short a time such a change spreads through the whole body of a nation. Indeed, rapid as the progress has been in most of the countries of Europe within the last half century, in none is it so striking as in Prussia. A retrospect of fifty years seems to carry us back centuries.

The vague restlessness which precedes great political tempests was already in the air.

'It was a very unquiet time,' says Count Henkel; 'people were all greatly excited, and did not really know about what. The army with its mass of invalid staff officers, and its very few efficient generals, was calculated to inspire any sober man with alarm. The younger officers, however, did not think of this; they only wanted war; and some of those who composed the society of Prince Louis Ferdinand, were certainly guilty of excesses, though by no means such as Napoleon was pleased to impute to them. Prince Louis, full of unemployed talent, and thoroughly debauched, was constantly offending the king, who treated him with the utmost indulgence and kindness, spite of disorders which often merited severe punishment.'

We have already given one portrait of this brilliant and highly gifted young man, of whom so much has been said and written by friend and foe. Whatever was the personal ascendancy he exercised, his historical importance is derived solely from his appearing as the representative of certain popular sentiments, which had a powerful and pernicious influence on the fortunes of Prussia. It is clear that the two cardinal points of man's character, good sense and principle, were wanting in his. His

life would have been less useful to his country than was his death: That gave the first salutary shock to the empty dreams of the army, which beheld in him the type of its own fancied invincibility. But far different qualities were required in the man who was to endure, together with the people, the long and dreary winter of calamity that was at hand; and these, notwithstanding some shortcomings, were found in their less brilliant, but far more estimable King.

'The lax and profligate reign of Frederic William II.' says a writer little inclined to king-worship, 'had left the finances in a state which it would have required all the order and frugality of his successor to retrieve, even in times of peace. Trade was trammelled by guilds and privileges; the peasantry in a state of serfage; the middle classes constantly irritated and humiliated by the wanton insolence of the army. Nobody was so sensible of these abuses as the King; but his integrity and good sense wanted the vigorous self-reliance of sovereign spirits: he was restrained by tenderness towards old servants, and by fear of the effects of change on the tranquillity of the country. Temperate, simple, and virtuous himself, he had not sufficient energy to stem the torrent of licentiousness which had invaded court and city, and which the dangerous example of his cousin, and the still more dangerous tone of the reigning literature, rendered irresistible.'

Even in the presumptuous season of youth, at the moment when every thing was doing to blind and intoxicate him, the late king showed the same cautious and anxious temper; the same distrust of, and distaste for, loud and showy demonstrations. He had a clear perception of the danger impending over his country.

'In 1806,' says Count Henkel, 'before the battle of Jena, the King had a foresight of what was to come. While the wildest presumption reigned on every side, he said to me and another young officer, "This cannot end well; the confusion is indescribable: the gentlemen (*die Herren*) will not believe this, and maintain that I am too young, and don't understand these matters. I wish I may be wrong." He was right. It was impossible we should not be beaten.'

But we must return to see what was passing at Berlin, and what were the diplomatic relations of Prussia with France.

'On the 15th August 1806,' says the Freiherr von S——a, 'the French ambassador gave a dinner to the diplomatic corps and the highest Prussian officers of state, in celebration of Napoleon's birth-day. Already might be heard the indistinct mutterings of that storm which broke over Prussia and the whole north of Germany in the autumn, and brought down upon the French government the curses of all German patriots. But, at this feast, Prussians and Germans drank to the Emperor Napoleon; though here and there the champagne passed untasted from the lips.

'The diplomatic corps at Berlin had at that time peculiar elements of coldness and dissension. At the beginning of the French Revolution,

the French embassy was regarded at all European courts as an inevitable evil, from which all shrank, and which all regarded as temporary; ridiculed with high-bred contempt, and looked at with curiosity to see how it was to end. Hence arose an unusual unity and cordiality among the other members of the diplomatic corps. But this was now entirely altered. Napoleon's ambassadors were no longer viewed as a passing evil, and many an envoy of the smaller courts already sheltered himself under their wings; while the ministers of the great powers behaved to them with such an overstrained politeness and suspicious friendliness, as I never saw at any other time. This ought, one might think, to have been peculiarly the case with the ambassador of Austria, whose position was the most threatening; but never did I see such an example of a brilliant address covering the profoundest policy, as in Count Metternich.

'The ambassador who was the object of all this suspicion, and the source of new divisions and coldness in the diplomatic corps, was, curiously enough, a man by nature inclined to peace, and delighting in frankness and honesty. M. Laforest was a Frenchman in heart and soul; but had not the slightest sympathy with Napoleon, and was irritated beyond measure at any attempt to ascribe the whole success of the French army to him. At bottom he felt much like his predecessor Bournonville, who, with military frankness or imprudence, repeatedly told the Queen of Prussia that he carefully preserved his cross of St Louis! But in spite of Laforest's frankness and sincerity, he was still regarded as the spy of a hated government, the organ of hated demands; every little advantage which he gave was eagerly seized; and of course this re-acted upon him, and his reports, both of the court of Berlin and the diplomatic body, certainly did not contribute to put Napoleon in good humour. The conferences between him and Haugwitz, the then minister of foreign affairs, must have been curious. Each sought to circumvent and mystify the other; and as the Prussian was as great a master of the art of spinning out smooth phrases, as the Frenchman was of solemn diplomatic declamation, and as France and Prussia were then trying *not* to understand each other, it is probable that these two statesmen often parted without being able to give their sovereigns any intelligible account of what had passed between them.

'Haugwitz might be taken as a sort of representative of the distractions of the time in which he lived, and of the struggle between the world which had been, and that which was to be. Alternately assuming the wildest debaucheries of the regency, and the most homely domestic life of Germany; driving into Italy with a coach-load of mistresses, and then sitting for months by the side of his knitting wife; he might be regarded as combining, in his own person, the social state which was in its last convulsive throes, and that which was to be born of ruin and suffering. Indued with talents which had had no proper training; too impatient or too indolent for science, he plunged into religious enthusiasm, magic, secret societies, intrigue, ambition, and sensuality, with all the desperate energy of ennui. Haugwitz had no political system; he had only one decided project, which was, to keep the French out of Northern Germany;—as if there was any corner of Germany secure

against French invasion, if all parts did not unite in repelling it! But he acted in contempt of his own principle, when he disregarded the pressing intreaties of Hanover for protection, and allowed that country to be occupied by the republican armies. This blunder was only less fatal or less disgraceful than the one by which it was succeeded—the yielding to the bribe offered by Napoleon, and making Prussia herself take possession of the Hanoverian territory. From that moment, Haugwitz's administration plunged the country into difficulties, from which nothing but a war with France, and all its train of disasters, could extricate it.

'The Queen, who was from the first eager for war,* never could endure Haugwitz, and always believed him to be a traitor. Probably had Hardenberg then had the direction of affairs, the Prussian army would have taken the field earlier, and the battle of Austerlitz might perhaps have been prevented.'

We refer our readers to our last number, and also to Lang's description, for the character of the able and accomplished Hardenberg. He was at this time the idol of the people of Berlin, who serenaded him, expressly 'because he had been for war.' He had just been accused by the *Moniteur* of being 'not 'insensible to English gold,' and had retired from office.

We have already seen that Napoleon, determined to put an end to the King's vacillations, had compelled Prussia to take possession of Hanover, as the only means of effectually embroiling her with England, and binding her to himself. The King, indeed, still irresolute, had changed the word 'possession' into 'temporary 'occupation and administration;' so that while, on the one hand, Count Münster quitted the country with a bitter protest, on the other, Napoleon was incensed at the change, made Haugwitz wait five days at Paris fo any audience, and then dismissed him—saying harshly, 'The treaty is good for nothing now; we must 'begin all over again.' He threatened war in case of disobedience, and the king had no alternative but to comply. England was incensed, as was expected, at the seizure of Hanover. George III. published a declaration of war, in which he expressed his regret that 'Prussia's ancient spirit of honour and bravery, was 'utterly extinct,' and he declared, that 'never, on no terms, would 'he cede a single village of his German dominions.' The animosity against Prussia, long intense in the South of Germany, was now become equally so in the North. We find traces of this in all the memoirs of the time. Chamisso, who was with the Prussian army of occupation in Hanover, relates the following incident, in

* We must defer to another occasion what we have to say respecting this remarkable woman. With respect to her inclinations, there is, we imagine, no doubt; though the testimony is very conflicting as to the degree to which she influenced, or sought to influence, the King.

a letter to Varnhagen :—'I have not told you yet the story of 'my host, the miller of Wicherhausen. He had been forced to 'put his horses before ours, and drive us into the Westphalian 'territory; the sturdy fellow flogged them with all his might, 'calling out—"Pull then! pull! pull as hard as you can!— 'you are dragging the Prussians out of the country!"'

Yet, while Prussia had thus alienated her natural allies, she had by no means succeeded in inspiring Napoleon with confidence. He began to see that he might lose his prey after all; he saw the reluctance of the king, and he knew the bitter hatred of the people. He threw out a new lure—a confederation of the powers of Northern Germany, with the King of Prussia at their head, and with the title of Emperor of Northern Germany. 'We too 'shall have our confederation,' writes Haugwitz from Paris. But the end of all these tempting promises was, that Napoleon, without even consulting the King, offered to restore Hanover to England. Indignity could go no farther. It was impossible that any body in Prussia could now deceive himself as to the real position of the country. But she had no right to complain; there was in reality enough to justify Napoleon's distrust.

At length, on the 6th October, the war so clamorously demanded from the hesitating and foreboding King was declared; on the 8th, the first engagement took place; on the 10th, the hero of the war party, Prince Louis Ferdinand, fell at the battle of Saalfeld; on the 14th, the King received Napoleon's celebrated letter, reproaching him with making 'an impolitic war without 'the shadow of a pretext.' This was on the battle-field of Jena.

Gladly leaving the contemplation of that and every other scene of carnage to those who delight in them, we will present our readers with one of the most faithful and instructive pictures we have ever met with, of the effects of war on the calm and sacred regions of domestic and social life. We shall see how they fare, trampled under the brutal feet of an invading army.

The amiable and excellent Professor Steffens, to whose autobiography we are indebted for these details, had been recently appointed to a chair in the University of Halle. He was living there with his young wife, in the peaceful cultivation of science, and in the enjoyment of the society of a small circle of friends and fellow labourers, the most distinguished of whom was the learned and eloquent Schleiermacher and his sister, afterwards the wife of the patriot poet, Arndt. In 1805, Steffens had become acquainted with several officers of high rank; and their character and conduct had already awakened his distrust.

'They were among those,' he says, 'who afterwards, panic-stricken by the war, betrayed the most disgraceful and disastrous spirit; but even then I must confess that their language alarmed me. It was not prompted by

that healthy enthusiasm which springs from the fresh and copious fountain of the heart; it was narrow arrogance, and a kind of superstition which attached miraculous powers to obsolete and rusty military forms. A courage like that of the English before the battle of Agincourt, as described by Shakspeare, would not have been blind to the impending dangers. But not one of these men seemed to have a suspicion of the tremendous strength of the brave army, which, having overturned all the existing theory and practice of war, flushed with victory, and sharing in the vehement excitement of a whole people, now threatened us with annihilation. The ghost of the Seven Years' War, they fancied, would strike terror into the enemy. The Prussian soldier, a slavish hireling, enjoyed no consideration among the people, had no national interest, and was only kept to his duty by the fear of punishment.

'The army,' he adds, 'was regarded rather as the enemy than the defender of the citizens. It was impossible for them to see without irritation the constant assumption, that honour was the exclusive property of the military class.'*

The moment of trial now arrived—

'The troops assembled in the neighbourhood marched out; the rumours of the approach of the enemy grew stronger, and it became certain that the field of battle would be in our neighbourhood. An anxious silence reigned through the city; the Duke of Würtenberg marched into Halle, and from that moment the inhabitants felt that they were involved in the fearful struggle. It is a singular and awful feeling to be obliged to surrender one's self, passive and without an effort, into the hands of a foreign power. We were still protected, indeed, by our own army; but we ourselves, inactive, had only to await the destiny in which that might involve us. Tranquillity and order were destroyed. Men and women wandered about the streets in a state of anxious excitement; for it was evident, from the position of the hostile troops, that a great battle was at hand. At length, a vague rumour, and then the certainty, of the unfortunate battle of Saalfeld, and the death of Prince Louis, arrived. His rashness seemed like the effect of despair, and this despair infected us all. The unfortunate 14th October drew near. An unquiet crowd filled the streets. The news of a great defeat came, heralded by the report of a great victory. The people exulted; the general joy even infected my friends. This lasted a whole day, during which one French prisoner was brought into the city. He was the first enemy we had seen, and his appearance excited an immense ferment among the people, who were with difficulty restrained from falling upon him. It seemed as if we had gained a great advantage.

'On the evening of the 15th, I ascertained that the battle of Auerstadt was lost, and concluded that the Halle reserve would be attacked.'

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* There is a domestic tragedy of great merit called 'Die Macht der Verhältnisse,' by Ludwig Robert, brother of the celebrated Rahel, which powerfully illustrates the consequences of this intolerable usurpation. It turns on the refusal of an officer (of course a nobleman) to fight a *roturier* man of letters, whose sister he had wronged and insulted.

On the morning of the 16th, Steffens heard firing, and looking from his garden, which commanded a view in that direction, saw that the troops were engaged.

'Very early in the morning,' says he, 'came Schleiermacher and his sister to be witnesses of the fearful sight. They were joined by several professors and others. To unskilled eyes, all appeared undecided; and so wonderfully blinded by the good news, so firmly trusting in the invincible character of a Prussian army, were most of them, that they saw in this attack of the French a victory. "The poor French!" said one of my colleagues; "I could find in my heart to pity them; they will soon be cut to pieces before our eyes."'

But this illusion did not last. The enemy was soon seen to advance; and scattered Prussians fled into the town.

'My dwelling,' says Steffens, 'in a distant unfrequented part of the town, was exposed to danger. We determined to take our infant, and seek refuge in Schleiermacher's house. Schleiermacher and his sister, and my wife, went first; I followed, by the side of the maid who carried the child, but the danger pressed. We had to hurry down the long Ulrich Strasse. Shots were fired in the streets, otherwise utterly deserted. The houses were all closed; only here and there was seen a workman hastily tearing down some tempting sign. The nurse was herself a mother; she wished to go to her child, but trembled, and could hardly walk. I threw her cloak over my shoulders, took the child from her, and hurried on. On arriving at the market-place, we saw our danger—the retreat of the reserve corps lay through the city, and we had to cross the whole tumultuous body at right angles. How we got through I know not. In such moments, consciousness is changed into a blind but powerful instinct of self-preservation. The enemy was pouring into the streets; a volley was fired in the direction of my flight; the bullets whistled about my ears. We were but a few steps from the place of shelter, but our retreat might every moment be cut off. At length we reached the house; the street was silent and empty; the closed door was hastily opened, and locked again;—for the moment we were saved.'

The tranquillity of the little party was not, however, of long duration. Three French soldiers soon broke in and plundered the house.

'It even now became evident that the Prussian power was annihilated, that the city and university were absolutely in the power of the enemy, and that the whole existence and prosperity of those connected with the latter were overthrown.'

On the 19th, Bernadotte published his proclamation, promising that the funds of the university should remain untouched, and the students unmolested; that it was the intention of his sovereign to protect the university of Halle. How these promises were fulfilled, we shall see anon. The minds of the inhabitants were, as may be imagined, far from tranquillised by them.

'At length Napoleon came. We knew that he was peculiarly embit-

tered against Prussia. Halle was the first Prussian city he had entered, and he remained here some days. I was still with my family in Schleiermacher's house. An *employé* of the French commissariat was quartered in it, and of course took the best rooms; so that Schleiermacher and his sister, and his friend Gass, as well as I, with my wife and child, were put to great shifts. None of us undressed for some time, none had a regular bed; we seized a few hours' sleep when we were exhausted and over-wearied. Bonaparte remained three days in Halle.'

The result of his stay was as follows:—

'German students were never celebrated for polished manners. It seems that some of them had thronged, like boys, to see the conqueror and his showy suite ride through the streets, and had made no obeisance. A student to whom Napoleon had spoken, when called on to answer in a foreign language, in the embarrassment of the moment had called him "Monsieur." Such were the causes which led to the dissolution of the university of Halle. Napoleon chose to believe the students in a dangerous plot against him; but the spirit which afterwards exhibited itself in so formidable and heroic a manner among the students in Germany, had as yet no existence. With the ignorance he so constantly betrayed of other countries, he imagined that the students lived in colleges, under supervision; and scolded because they were not shut up. He dissolved the university, and ordered the students instantly to quit the town, and go home to their parents.*

'The next day, towards morning, during an unquiet sleep, we heard a stir in the house, a running up and down stairs, a loud talking in the court, the stamping of horses in the stables. When we rose, the town was empty; the troops had marched out, the students having been driven out in the course of the former day. We, their teachers, remained behind in the deserted, forlorn city; our occupation was gone, our destiny all uncertain. The council of the professors met, and we now found that the funds of the university had been seized. A letter from Berthier had arrived from Dessau, in which he informed me of the Emperor's displeasure. Men of letters, he said, should not trouble themselves about politics; their only business was to cultivate and diffuse science (the old song!). The professors of Halle had mistaken their vocation, and therefore the Emperor had closed the university. The whole corps of teachers was thus left without an occupation, and the greater part of them condemned to poverty and want. The whole assembly sat in helpless consternation.'

The feeble and craven spirit which had been engendered in all classes, by the causes we have endeavoured to trace, now showed itself—to the disappointment and disgust of Steffens. It was proposed by some of the professors that they should endeavour to clear themselves in the eyes of the conqueror from any charge of disloyalty to him. The most abject apologies

* The re-establishment of the university of Halle, in 1808, was due to the intercessions of that accomplished scholar and critic, Baron von Rumohr.

were accordingly made; and made, as might have been foreseen, in vain. What follows is more to the credit of the academics.

'The newly-built church of the university, in which Schleiermacher preached, was converted by the French into a magazine for forage. Our salaries were due on the 1st of November, and that of the past months was all spent. The fees for my lectures were, however, due to me. On collecting these, I had about eighty louis-d'or in my hands. After paying all claims on me, I had just ten dollars left, and Schleiermacher not more. It was impossible to get immediate help from our distant friends; we were cut off from them by the enemy's troops.

'We determined to throw the little sum at our disposal into a common fund, and to form one household. Schleiermacher removed into my small confined dwelling. My wife, with her child and Schleiermacher's sister, slept in one very small room, which opened into a larger, while I and my friend slept in a similar room, and each pursued his studies in a common room. In a corner of this room Schleiermacher wrote his essay on the First Epistle of Paul to Timothy. We lived in great indigence, saw few people, scarcely ever left the house, and when money fell short, I sold my little plate.

'But though we lived so poorly, our minds were not subdued. It was our fixed persuasion that from this time the fate of our country lay in the firm and constant spirit of every one of her sons. *That* strengthened and elevated us; and, spite of our poverty, we assembled the friends and the young men who had the courage not to leave the town, around our humble tea-table. Luckily we had just laid in a stock of tea and sugar when the storm broke upon us.

'These evenings we shall certainly never forget. At first our minds were occupied with the fearful and wretched events of the day, especially the prompt and unintelligible surrender of Magdeburg.'*

To that new scene of defeat and dishonour, as described by the brilliant and graphic pen of Immermann, we must now transport our readers. Immermann was a native of Magdeburg. His grandfather had served under Frederic the Great, whom, to the day of his death, he called 'The King;' and the little boy had been nurtured in the belief of the unconquerable arms of Prussia. His description of the state of the public mind in his boyhood would be, as he says, incredible, were it not supported by ample testimony. But at length the day of preparation came—and what a preparation!—

'The city was soon the scene of a continued passage of troops. Regiments of horse and foot, ammunition, baggage waggons, and pontoons, which particularly struck us boys, marched for weeks in at the Brück, and out at the Sudenburger Thor. An army in movement had then very different appendages from what it has now. These imprinted themselves

* Shortly after, three opulent and eminent inhabitants of the town were carried off to France as hostages. One of them, Professor Niemeyer, has left memoirs containing an account of his residence there.

on our childish imaginations. The packhorses carrying the tents, with their intricate mass of linen and cordage, above which balanced the long poles, were obliged to go in single and interminable file. Then, still more strange, the red-striped kitchen-waggons of the generals and colonels, with great hen-coops hanging on both sides, from which were heard the cackling and screaming and gobbling of all sorts of live poultry, destined to secure to these heroes the accustomed pleasures of the table. This precaution astonished us children; and one of us naïvely asked, whether there were no chickens in the villages on the way? The light and gay Bosniacks and Towarskys formed a splendid contrast to this ponderous camp equipage.'

The fearful 18th of October at length came, to wake the Magdeburgers from their dreams of security. The dreadful truth was preceded, as at Halle, by the report of a brilliant victory. At length it came, bit by bit; and the wildest joy was succeeded by doubt, then by anxiety, fear, and, lastly, by the mortal certainty of despair. An expression of Immermann's father during the period of suspense, is characteristic. 'My God!' exclaimed he, with a deep sigh, 'Frederic's soldiers will surely do their duty!' And now came the spectacle of the shameful and disorderly retreat of these very soldiers!

'As the confused rout came in by the same gate through which they had marched forth, the people gathered in knots, looking on with alarmed but still incredulous wonder. "These are the first fugitives," I heard people say; "they are never in order; have patience, the regular regiments will soon come." But noon came—afternoon came—evening drew on, and the pell-mell had not ceased; the disorderly mob which *had been an army* still filled the streets. At length came some troops in marching order, as exceptions to the miserable rule;—covered were now the banners which had floated so proudly in the breeze. Most of them marched in in silence—once only the music sounded, loud and clear, like the laughter of despair. It was the trumpeters of a cuirassier regiment;—their regiment was not behind them—they were quite alone, and blew the Dessauer march, just as if all was in the best possible order. They looked well, too, and were mounted on high-fed horses. Indeed, generally speaking, the men did not look jaded, nor hungry, nor worn; and the contrast between their personal good condition with the general destruction, exhibited in the strongest light the depth of the calamity. In the evening every body knew that a Prussian army no longer existed. A helpless grief sat on men's faces. But even then, the indescribable spirit which characterised that period was not extinguished. I heard a man say to his neighbour, "that may be as it will; things have gone badly, no doubt, but we have lost with honour; for I heard just now that the Prussians didn't once lose the step through the whole battle."'

If the German character does not appear under very favourable colours in the foregoing description, the following incident shows it under one of its most noble and touching aspects. The great conservative principle of Germany—their attachment to

their princely houses—never shone forth more bright. In the midst of the wreck of his army and his fortunes, the King—the half-dethroned King—arrived, accompanied by one aide-de-camp.

'At the sight of him, the crowd broke out into a loud cheer. This sound was so unexpected by him, and in his present circumstances so affecting, that he lost all self-command. He put his handkerchief to his eyes, and walked on for some way with his face covered. He then withdrew it, and went to his lodging, bowing gravely to his people, who, moved by the tears of their leader, received his greetings in the deepest and most respectful silence.'

We have been told (for such things are oftener related than printed in Austria) that the *pendant* to this affecting picture was exhibited at Vienna after the battle of Austerlitz. The Emperor Francis, a fugitive, mounted on a sorry jade, attended by one aide-de-camp, defeated and almost dethroned, was about to make his inglorious entry into his capital: he was met by the citizens, who had of their own accord dragged out the state-carriage, and now seated him in it, and drew him, as if in triumph, to his palace. 'Why, what would you have done if your Emperor had been 'victorious?' asked a stranger. 'Oh! then we should not have 'needed to do any thing,' was the answer. It may be said, and justly, that Francis was not worthy of such sublime and delicate generosity; we reply, hardly any man can be worthy of it, and that this is not the question. The question is, whether nations will fare better under similar circumstances, who have no attachment to an Ideal—which is permanent precisely because it has no actual existence. Such an ideal is (to the old German sentiment) the 'Landesherr,' or 'Landesvater;' the hereditary sovereign, invested with that ancient patriarchal sanctity which, though capable of being heightened or diminished by the qualities of the possessor for the time being, is inalienable from the office. An attachment to institutions, formed after calm deliberation and on a full estimate of their value, is, no doubt, a far higher, manlier, and safer thing, than this attachment to a sovereign individual or house. We prefer the creed of Pym and Hampden, to the devotion of Ormonde and the Cavaliers. But until the reason of the masses can be appealed to with some chance of success, the tutelary force of habit and sentiment can ill be dispensed with. Of this the world has had proof enough.

The panic and rout were now complete and universal. We have a tragical picture of it from the hand of a poet—a man who, from the peculiar circumstances of his birth and education, tastes and character, saw the war (if we may be allowed to say so) from both sides. Chamisso was born a Frenchman, but had early adopted Germany, and more especially

Prussia, as his country, with more than the passion of a native. It is as a German poet that he is best known, and his romance of 'Peter Schlemil' is characterised by a thoroughly German spirit. At the beginning of the war he served in the Prussian army, but after the peace between France and Prussia, he thought himself bound to return to his native country, and to enter the French army. The following is extracted from a letter written by him to M. de Varnhagen, dated 22d November 1806, describing the disastrous and disgraceful capitulation of Hameln.

'Oh! my friend,' exclaims he, 'not for the salvation of my soul would I be one of those sinners. Anxious and embarrassed they stood before us, and gave us the shameful answer—that the enemy was already in Berlin—the king's power annihilated—that Magdeburg and Custrin, and Spandau and Stettin, and God knows what towns, had opened their gates. Why should they not do the same?—it must come to that; and —in a word—it was already done.'

The indignation of the troops, their burning desire to wipe off the stain, was not to be contained. Rhaden, a boy fresh from the academy of engineers, swore that he would stab the men who had signed the capitulation. 'Had we found a leader,' continues Chamisso, 'we should have kissed his feet.' He proposed to draw lots who should command them; to swear obedience to the new commander; to cry, Long live the king! and to rush on the enemy. Those who chose might remain behind. While he was speaking, the drums beat the alarm.

'The soldiers had learned that they were betrayed, and, in rage and desperation, broke out into the wildest excesses. They forced open the magazines, staved brandy-casks, got drunk, and plundered shops. In the midst of these scenes of disgrace and horror, one of Roman honour occurred. In Haâk's regiment there were two brothers of the name of Warnava, sons of a soldier, and themselves soldiers. They had vainly protested against the surrender of the fortress. Finding that there remained no other way of avoiding dishonour, each placed his musket on the other's breast, fired, and fell into each other's arms; in this strict embrace, they died.'

Chamisso describes the dismal morning after this fearful night —the German arms thrown into the mud by their despairing possessors—the old Brandenburgers weeping as they took leave of their officers, who stood stupefied, wishing that some stray bullet would hit them—other soldiers stupidly drunk. In the midst of this desolation, the Dutch troops marched in, jeering at the Prussians for not resisting their small numbers. 'Even with the sacri-
'fice of all he was worth,' says he, 'would many a German citizen
'have wiped out this dishonour to Germany.'

He concludes:—'I shall serve no more now. Perhaps, my friend, other times may arise when I may gladly grasp my sword again. *It may be good that things have taken the turn we see. I reckon not with the*

gods. Where a new building is to be erected, the ground must first be cleared and levelled. But, my beloved friend, may you rather lie on the battle-field, where one sleeps well, than witness what I have witnessed! Farewell.'

The effect of these tremendous reverses on the inhabitants of Berlin, is thus described by the Freiherr von S——a:—

'The battle of Jena was first announced to the capital by shouts of "Soult is beaten!" The fearful truth soon followed. Among the various emotions which this overthrow of the glory and the pride of Prussia excited, I observed numerous proofs of joy among the citizens and civil classes, that the arrogance of the soldiery had received so signal and ignominious a chastisement! Even then, the persuasion forced itself upon my mind, that there was no salvation for Prussia till its army should be completely merged in the mass of the people; and should rise out of it to a new life, and in an altered form.'

The disaster was officially announced to the capital by that ever-memorable proclamation, put forth by the governor, beginning, 'Tranquillity is now the first duty of every citizen.' We have heard eye-witnesses describe the effect it produced on all who had any feeling for the honour of their country. Some hid their faces, and appeared overwhelmed with shame; some shed tears of rage; some seemed stupefied with despair. Yet the mass of the people had at that time so little idea of what awaited them under the French domination, that when, on the 27th October, Napoleon entered Berlin, 'he seemed,' says Droysen, 'to be 'regarded rather with curiosity than with sorrow.'

'The Berliners,' says the Freiherr von S——a, 'had reckoned on help from Russia with such confidence, that when the first French chasseurs rode through the Potsdam gate, the people, seeing the green uniforms, exclaimed, "The Russians are come! the Russians are come!"

'The easy careless air of the French troops formed a singular contrast with the stiff pedantry of the Prussian. The French were fuller than usual of vanity and insolence. They ascribed their victory at Jena solely to their own valour, and the high reputation of their enemy made them regard this victory as something gigantic. Very few of the officers had the candour and good sense to see that the main cause of their success was to be found in the antiquated organisation of the Prussian army.

'Napoleon made his entry into Berlin on a lovely day of October, to the sound of those same bells which had so often announced the wonderful and saving victories of Frederic the Great, so often awakened the national pride of Prussia. He entered with unequalled military pomp. But this did not make the impression on the Berliners he expected; there was something ostentatious and tawdry in it, which is not to the taste of Germans. They felt as if they were looking at a troop of equestrian performers. Bonaparte was evidently much impressed by the memory of Frederic. It was clear that he thought the people of Berlin would compare him to their hero. In this he was completely mistaken. The Berliners are little given to admiration; and if it is extorted from

them, they pay it to the dead, or to those whom they regard as their own property. They had exhausted it on Frederic; and many now turned their whole practised talent for ridicule against Napoleon. Most of them, however, hated him with gloomy earnestness.'

Here we must pause. We are arrived at the crisis at which the work of regeneration is about to commence. A long and dreary night is before us; but in that night the German nation will recruit itself, and arise like a strong man refreshed. We have still to witness great sufferings; tragical destinies of the high and the lovely; we have still to see in some of its multiform details what it is to be a conquered people. Six years of such sights as these are before us; painted by those who lived, suffered, and acted in the midst of them.

'The truth,' says Arndt, 'is beyond all power of description. We look back as upon a black dream, and are amazed at what we have seen and suffered, and can hardly believe it. Years must elapse before it can be described, nor will our grandchildren then believe what was the state of Germany in the years 1808, 9, 10, and 11. The base and the bad openly triumphed and domineered; the indolent and the cowardly served with hopeless and thoughtless obsequiousness; many of the good despaired; only a few noble spirits still hoped.'

But the hope of those few noble spirits, far different from the presumptuous and inane confidence which is the forerunner of destruction, contained within it the germ of deliverance. It rested not only on their own conscious energy and determination, but on experience of human things, and observation of the ways of Providence. They saw that their oppressor was sowing the dragon's teeth, and they knew that the harvest of armed men would not long be wanting. They saw that the chastisements of heaven were doing their work in the hearts of the German people, and they placed a just reliance on the result. This is admirably expressed by Steffens.

'The more all prospect of external help vanished, the more threatening the aspect of things around us, the stronger became our internal confidence, our firm conviction that the Holy and the Good, the germs of which were springing up in Germany, could not be annihilated by the rude trampling of a conquering soldiery. In this view, I often ventured to express what was the guiding principle of all my thoughts so long as the French occupied the land, even in those days of despair. I maintained that the battle of Jena was the first victory over Napoleon,* for that it had destroyed the weaknesses which were his best allies, and had awakened a spirit which must in the end arise and conquer. The certainty that I should witness his fall never left me.'

* The converse of Börne's equally true paradox, that the battle of Jena was lost by Frederic the Great.

ART. IV.—*The Progress of America, from the Discovery by Columbus to the year* 1846. By John Macgregor, Secretary to the Board of Trade; author of *Commercial Statistics*, &c. &c. 2 vols. large 8vo. London: 1847.

THESE volumes contain by far the most valuable store of facts which has ever been collected respecting the commercial and social history of the New Continent. It requires, indeed, some courage even to glance over the enormous mass of details, which these 3000 closely printed pages present to the eye. But a very brief examination dispels any doubt as to the serviceable and practical character of the work. Mr Macgregor is so thoroughly conversant with the art of dealing with statistical figures, and long habit has rendered him such a master of arrangement, that an inquirer even moderately familiar with such studies will find himself easily enabled to turn to the particular pigeon-hole in which the materials he is in search of, are deposited. The first volume embraces a general sketch of the history of discovery in the New Continent; its more recent political annals; the separate history and geography of British America, Brazil, and Spanish America; and the statistics of the two latter countries, together with those of Hayti and the foreign West Indies. In the second volume, Mr Macgregor returns to the statistics of the United States of North America; and this is by far the most complete part of the work, as the subject is more important, and the materials more trustworthy.

We do not understand on what principle the British dominions in America are left out, or rather treated of in part only; a sketch of their history and geography being given, while *the statistics* both of British North America and the West Indies are wholly omitted. Perhaps Mr Magregor was of opinion that these regions, forming part of the British empire, would be more properly included in compilations treating of our own domestic affairs. Perhaps he intended at some future period to supply the omission. If otherwise, we cannot but regret it; not only on account of the peculiar interest which those parts of America possess for the British reader, but also because Mr Macgregor is personally familiar with them. He illustrated their condition some years ago in his 'British America,' of which the statistical part is already antiquated, from the rapid changes which the subject-matter has undergone.

'The enthusiasm,' says Mr Macgregor, 'which accompanied me in my youth to the British settlements in America, was first inspired by

the writings of Robertson, Charlevoix, and Raynal—by poring over Hakluyt and Purchas, and the more recent collections of voyages and travels; and an ambition, entertained on perusing with delight the travels of a near relation, the late Sir Alexander Mackenzie, to the Arctic shores, and afterwards across the broadest part of America to the Pacific. The more I study the progress of the European settlements in America, the more thoroughly am I convinced of an infallible truth, that the history of navigation and commerce is the history of civilisation.'

To enthusiasm of this order, the history of American progress affords the most ample nourishment. The visions and speculations of the people of a new country are almost wholly of a material order. Wrestlers against nature, conquerors of the wilderness, their chief attention is concentrated on a struggle which, among inhabitants of the Old World like ourselves, is long ago over, and forgotten; and excites only the interest of romance. We have become settled in our present condition. There are many among us—nay, most of us, in some mood, have shared the feeling—who could be content to remain stationary, and to be neither more numerous, nor wealthier, nor more advanced in our command over nature, than we are at present, provided only the rest of the world could gain no advantage by slipping past us. Our cherished dreams are generally of other conquests and glories than these, and are not easily kindled by statistics; but statistics constitute the favourite excitement of the imagination of most Americans, and of Mr Macgregor no less. He evidently enjoys himself amidst the long array of figures, which prove the rapidity of past advance, and illustrate the laws of future development.

A very large part of his first volume, however, contains matter more attractive to ordinary readers, being composed of extracts and summaries of modern travels, after the fashion of Pinkerton and other compilers; and here Mr Macgregor has drawn very largely on American stores with which we were previously unacquainted. This is particularly the case in relation to Mexico, the old 'Internal Provinces,' so long unvisited, but now opened by the commercial and military enterprise of the Anglo-Americans—California, Oregon, and the interior of Brazil. Many of the sources from which he has derived this part of his collections are almost inaccessible to English readers in general.

As to the Spanish-American republics, Mr Macgregor appears to have been perplexed between the necessity of making his work as complete as possible, and the extremely worthless character of the materials with which in their case he has had to deal.

We place very little reliance on his political arithmetic respecting these regions, which, feebly disclosed to us in the personal narratives of a few occasional visitors from Europe and the United States, are sinking, for the most part, back into the darkness which concealed them from the eyes of the civilised world during the century before their emancipation; and are left as it were aside in the rapid movement of the rest of Christendom. As to these, the statistician has to elicit his results from a multitude of old, ill-arranged, and contradictory authorities; and it is not altogether to be wondered at, if, with that propensity, which certainly belongs to his class, and from which Mr Macgregor is not wholly free—to prefer collecting to analysing—to fling down cart-loads of figures on the desk, and trust to chance for the arrangement—his tables are often not only inaccurate, but sometimes inconsistent in their details.* These portions of the work, however, will be consulted more as matters of curiosity than utility; except the commercial returns from the various ports of South America, which appear to rest, for the most part, on better authority, and to be compiled with great labour from sources generally unattainable.

As matters of political interest, the chapters relating to the United States constitute the main value of the work. Mr Macgregor is well known in this country as the laborious and steady champion of the cause of free-trade. He has had a share, and no trifling one, in directing the movement of the last few years. To many minds, his figures have brought stronger conviction than all the eloquence enlisted on the same side, both in and out of Parliament. And now that the battle is won (or nearly won) in his own country, there is no more glorious victory left to be achieved, than that which must ultimately be won, over the party prejudices and class-interests which still govern the commercial legislation of the great republic. That legislation may not be worse than what still prevails in many European countries; but it stands in more striking contrast with the character and the other institutions of a people so shrewd and far-sighted in all matters concerning their interests. Nor has it arisen, as in less enlightened states, from the successful intrigues, or the arbitrary exercise of power, of

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* *E. g.* Lima, at vol. i., p. 955, is made to contain 54,096 inhabitants, with an average of 2350 deaths annually. At p. 956 it is stated to have a population not exceeding 45,000, with 3500 interments in the year; a mortality at which even Mr Chadwick would stand aghast. We are ashamed to notice such trifles in a work of this magnitude, but we might have multiplied instances; and the hint may direct attention in some future revision.

a protected class of monopolists. Nothing is more clear, to any one who has studied the history summed up in Mr Macgregor's pages, than that the 'American system' of protection arose from political and not from commercial motives. We are ourselves the fathers of it. It began in a desire of just, but impolitic retaliation on England. Once implanted in the state—according to the uniform history of such evil growths—it struck its roots too deeply in popular feeling to be eradicated, so long as the close balance of parties, and the difficulty of conducting the government, might render it an object with statesmen to bid for the votes of a protected class, strong in united self-interest rather than numbers.

In 1785, Mr Adams, then the United States' minister at the Court of St James's, proposed to place the navigation and trade between the dominions of Great Britain and all the territories of the United States upon a basis of complete reciprocity. The proposal was not only rejected, but 'he was given to understand 'that no other would be entertained.' Mr Adams, accordingly, advised his countrymen (in a letter to the Foreign Secretary, Mr Jay):—'You may depend upon it, the commerce of America 'will have no relief at present; nor, in my opinion, ever, until 'the United States shall have generally passed Navigation Acts. 'If this measure is not adopted, we shall be derided; and, the 'more we suffer, the more will our calamities be laughed at. 'My most earnest exhortations to the States, then, are, and 'ought to be, to lose no time in passing such acts.'

Advice to adopt a measure of retaliation, so justly provoked, however questionable its real policy might be, could hardly fail of being received with favour. The difficulties which the then constitution of the United States interposed in the way of unity of commercial legislation, prevented Mr Adams's suggestion from being acted on for a few years. But, in 1789, on the adoption of the new Federal constitution, Congress passed a navigation law, which has since led to reciprocity treaties between us and them. Unfortunately, pursuing the same policy, they enacted in the same year their first tariff—innocent, indeed, in comparison with its successors, but the commencement of a series of legislation most mischievous to the people of both countries.

It is therefore but too true, as Mr Macgregor shows, that 'the American government, at the outset of its independent exist-'ence, would have agreed to commence and maintain an inter-'course which would have enabled England to enjoy every pos-'sible advantage which could be derived from the United States, 'if they had remained colonies; and all those advantages, with-'out either the perplexity or expense of governing them. The

'advances made with respect to such wise policy by the United 'States, were unhappily rejected.' The first consequence of our selfish and sulky policy was a famine in the West Indies; of which Bryan Edwards gives the details with just indignation—the slaves, and poorer class of the free inhabitants, being deprived of their old supplies of food from the revolted colonies. The ultimate results were embargoes and restrictions; the almost civil war of 1812-15; the war of tariffs, which has continued ever since, though now happily one-sided only; and the crippling of our commerce with those who possess almost a monopoly of one article of the first necessity to us, and great advantages in the production of others.

Once commenced and set on foot, the 'American system' of protecting domestic manufactures was far too tempting a delusion—flattering the prejudices of many, harmonising with the honest but mistaken theories of some, and serving the interests of an acute few—not to enlist on its side a large party, and become a great political bond of union. Mr Hamilton, a great name in America—though we never could exactly ascertain the basis on which his reputation is founded—presented to Congress his elaborated 'Report 'on Manufactures' in 1791: a species of essay, embodying the favourite principles of the protection theory. But the breaking up of old political parties which followed the French Revolution, and the subsequent war with England, adjourned the execution of his recommendations until the year 1816, when an avowedly protective tariff was for the first time established. It is a curious fact, that this bill and that of 1824 were carried *against* the will of the New England States. In 1816, 'nearly two 'thirds of the New England members voted for a reduction on 'the proposed duties on cotton manufactures; while out of 43 'members from New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania, who 'voted on the question, nine only were in favour of it.' In 1820, a very able speech indeed, in favour of free-trade, was delivered at Faneuil Hall. Neither Say nor Ricardo could have uttered sentiments more to the purpose; and the doctrines of these abstruse philosophers were clothed in plain, home-thrusting, popular oratory, of the best order. 'For his part,' the orator declared, 'he believed, that, however derided, the principle of 'leaving such things very much to their own course, in a coun-'try like ours, was the only true policy; and that we could no 'more improve the order, and habit, and composition of society, 'by an artificial balancing of trades and occupations, than we 'could improve the natural atmosphere, by means of the con-'densers and rarefiers of the chemists.' The speaker was *Daniel Webster.* Since that time, unhappily, falsehood has made its

converts as well as truth. But the orator was on the popular side; for principles of freedom as yet commanded a majority among those whom Webster then addressed. On the introduction of the tariff of 1824, the votes of the New England States were fifteen for, and twenty-three against it: while those of the States of New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Kentucky, and Ohio, stood seventy-eight for, and only nine against. And in the discussions on the tariff of 1828, the same proportion still continued. While, therefore, that portion of the American people which alone possessed much manufacturing industry, and which has always evinced the greatest aptitude for commercial pursuits, continued hostile to restrictions which could by no possibility do good to any but themselves—while they, the only parties who could derive a share of profit from monopoly, continued to repudiate it—it was literally carried through by the votes of the farmers and planters of the Central States, whose predilection for the 'American system' was simply suicidal!—a curious proof, among many others in the history of commercial legislation, how often mere ignorance, or mere party spirit, has done the mischief ordinarily attributed to self-interest.

Once started, however, in the cause of protection against their will, the New Englanders soon became converts to its doctrines; and no wonder. To them the benefit was immediate, at the expense of all their fellow-citizens; the loss contingent and ultimate only. We find, on analysing the tables of Mr Macgregor, that the six States of New England, containing one-eighth of the population of the whole republic, produce two-thirds of its cotton fabrics, three-fifths of its woollens, nearly half its leathers, and other articles in almost the same proportion. The single state of Massachusetts owns one-sixth of the manufacturing capital of the nation. As far, therefore, as protection can confer benefit on the producers of the monopolised articles, they, and they alone, have reaped it. The remaining eighteen millions of the proudest and most irritable nation upon earth—men to whom a dollar paid by way of salary to a priest, or civil list to a king, appears an oppression to be resisted to the last drop of blood—are content to disburse for the benefit of their Yankee brethren, a tribute which, in all probability, would defray the civil expenditure of half a dozen small European monarchies—nay, they have pressed and compelled the modest and reluctant Yankees to accept it!

How much those worthy descendants of the Pilgrim Fathers have gained by the advantages thus forced upon them, we may by-and-by endeavour to estimate. In the mean time, the burden has been usually borne by the tributary States with that stolid patience, or rather that exulting and self-applauding self-denial,

with which large bodies of mankind are in the habit of offering up their contributions to the cunning few. But this has not been uniformly the case. In the year 1828-32, the Union was in greater danger of disruption than at any period before or since, from the nullification movement of South Carolina, in which Georgia, and even Virginia, very nearly participated. It cannot be wondered at that the Southern planters, amidst their exhausted fields and decaying ports,* and suffering severely under the competition of the newer soils of Louisiana and the Mississippi, felt aggrieved by the pressure of duties, which at once narrowed the market for their commodities, and increased their cost of production. The report of the Carolinian committee, to inquire into the power of the judicial government, declared 'all legis-'lation for the protection of domestic manufactures to be uncon-'stitutional, as being in favour of a local interest, and that 'Congress had no power to legislate, except upon subjects of 'general interest'—a difficult proposition to answer on political principles, whatever reply American jurists may be able to make to it. The movement failed, however, as it deserved to fail, because, with an unfortunate perversity, the people of South Carolina chose to include in the same proscription, as unconstitutional, 'all legislation for the purpose of meliorating the condition of the 'free coloured and slave population of the United States:' mingling with one of the most righteous, the basest purpose for which men could band themselves together. Their opponents gave up the cause of the negroes, and preserved that of monopoly. The Carolinian demand was met by Mr Clay's 'compromise bill,' which adroitly relieved from duty those articles only in which no American competing industry existed. But the 'compromise' was again set aside by the prevailing party in 1842, when its minimum duties were about to come into operation, and a new and more stringent tariff enacted; carried rather by the spirit of party, says Mr Macgregor, than by the influence of the manufacturers; in which we believe he is perfectly accurate. An attempt was made to reintroduce the 'compromise' in 1844, but without success; the later modifications of 1846 hardly deserve notice; and America remains burdened with a system which would be ruinous to countries of less energy and resources, though in her case it may be rather inconvenient and absurd than seriously oppressive.

Taking a comprehensive view of the subject, we may say

* The exports of South Carolina have remained stationary for the last thirty years. Charleston, its capital, is the only large American town of which the population diminished between 1830 and 1840.

that the causes of American progress are so poweful and rapidly operative, that even the commercial measures of her government cannot materially retard it, as assuredly they have hitherto done nothing to promote it. With that perfect freedom of internal trade which prevails throughout the vast Republic—with those admirable inventions for facilitating and accelerating inter-communication of people, traffic, and thought, of which no country in the world (England herself not excepted) has availed herself so largely or so wisely in proportion to her means—a few vexatious restrictions, more or less, on foreign commerce, can scarcely affect the development of her social wealth with any vital injury.*

But there is quite enough of immediate loss—more than enough, unhappily, of substantial political injury—to avenge the cause of free-trade on its unreasoning enemies. The American citizen pays from 95 to 178 per cent for his window glass, 75 to 150 per cent on articles of manufactured iron; 'embracing,' says Mr Maeduffie, the senator, 'most 'of the tools and implements necessarily used on every farm 'and plantation in the country;' 133 per cent on salt, 75 to 150 per cent (by the help of deceitful modes of valuation) on the prints and calicoes 'of which every female of the mid-'dle and lower classes is a consumer.' In order that he may enjoy these and similar benefits without fear of interruption by the smuggler, he pays for 'steam revenue cutters' to cruise among the islands and sand-bars which fringe the free Atlantic along his coast: and far larger sums towards the hopeless experiment of closing a land frontier of 1200 miles against the Canadians. To maintain the same 'American' cause, he has suffered the seeds of disunion, and of just but fatal antipathies, to grow up between those sections of his commonwealth, which, under the most favourable circumstances, and with the nicest endeavour to preserve the equipoise, it is most difficult to keep in harmony under the same government.

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* If the following details are to be depended upon, they are curious, as showing the effect of improved internal communications in renovating the trade and wealth of a city, which, had it not been for them, were in a course of partial deterioration. They are taken from the Comptroller of New York's Report, quoted by Mr Macgregor at vol. ii. p. 217.

	Inhabitants.	Real & Personal Estate. Dollars.	
In 1816 New York city had	95,000	82,000,000	862 per head.
In 1825 (Erie Canal opened)	166,000	101,000,000	609 „
In 1835	270,000	218,000,000	807 „

There is also another mode in which the tariff has given a secret but very serious blow to the stability of American institutions. The Whig party are the true Conservatives of America, and their influence in the long-run is the main check which exists on the tendency of its social system towards anarchy and dissolution. But the Whigs, by their fatal alliance with monopoly, have at once made themselves the enemies of large and really injured classes in their own country, and lost great part of their claim to the sympathy and encouragement of those in foreign nations, who were of old their natural allies. What effective counterpoise can be expected to the influence of ultra-democratic opinion, from a party pledged to a course of policy which, in the Old World, has in every instance hitherto ended by weakening and ultimately ruining its supporters? The Whigs may be assured, that their attachment to monopoly will break up their party at last, and with it, perhaps, the constitution of their country. So long as the American farmer chooses to feed himself and his cattle upon taxed salt, to work on his land with taxed iron, to dress his wife and daughters in taxed calicoes—not to preserve national honour, to plant the rapacious eagle on the towers of Cortes, or to humble the obstinate 'Britisher'—

> 'Non ut superbas invidæ Carthaginis
> Romanus arces ureret,
> Intactus aut Britannus ut descenderet
> Sacrâ catenatus Viâ'—

but simply that the world may admire the 'factory girls' of Lowell, and that a few Yankee speculators may get rich in the towns of New England, and a few scattered capitalists in and near the great cities of the rest of the Union—so long these statesmen may enjoy a poorly-acquired popularity; but the dispelling of that delusion will place them at the feet of their enemies, unless they extricate themselves beforehand from the false position which they now occupy.

There has been, however, a different line of apology sometimes adopted for the American system of protection, which justly deserves to be considered and weighed by those who have not persuaded themselves into so completely one-sided a view of the subject, as to reject at once all protective regulations, without inquiry or discrimination. Admitting that all protection involves a sacrifice of national wealth, it has been argued, that some sacrifice may nevertheless be reasonably endured, in order to secure such a distribution of it as shall best suit national interests. It may be conceded, for the sake of argument—such is the language of those who employ the reasoning of which we speak—that the loss which the

protection of American manufactures occasions to the scattered millions who raise the raw produce of the Republic, is greater than the gain to the manufacturers and operatives. But the chief weakness of America lies in the dispersion of her population. The tendency of her agricultural classes to spread and scatter themselves over an enormous extent of territory, prevents the rise of cities, the growth of habits of order and respect for law—the progress, in short, of civilisation. There may therefore be good policy in fostering at their expense the industry of the older, more populous, more conservative portions of the Republic; the influence of the wide unsettled West being already far too great, both on the balance of political power, and on the moral character of American society.

These certainly are not the doctrines of Jefferson, who looked forward with alarm to the rise of American cities: But they may not the less deserve a fair investigation; and those who hold them will not be persuaded out of them by ordinary free-trade arguments. It happens, however, that they will not stand the test of figures. Mr Macgregor's tables are not compiled with any view to meet this particular line of argument, of which he does not indeed take any notice;—the evidence which they furnish against it is therefore the more satisfactory. If we examine, in the first place, the progress of population in the five old New England States, Connecticut, Massachusetts, Vermont, Rhode Island, New Hampshire, which alone deserve the character of manufacturing districts, and where, if any where, the protecting system should operate in drawing together and concentrating greater numbers of inhabitants—we find the following results:—

	1830.	1840.
Massachusetts, -	610,408	737,699
The other four States, -	944,930	985,367

It appears, therefore, that while Massachusetts has undoubtedly made a considerable, though by no means a remarkable advance, the other manufacturing States, during the ten years in which the tariff was most operative, actually increased in population at a lower rate than average English counties. If we examine the table of exports, the deductions to be drawn from them are precisely similar. Comparing the years 1822 and 1842 (which appear to be fair average years) we find the results, in round numbers, to be, that Massachusetts exported, in 1822, to the value of four millions of dollars; in 1842, 6,700,000. The other four States, in 1822, 1,500,000; in 1842, only 1,400,000; in other words, they have remained stationary during the period in which, if there were any truth in the doctrines of the American system, they ought to have made the most decided

progress; possessing, as they do, every facility for manufacturing purposes in a higher degree than any other part of America. Massachusetts alone has gained; and, without denying that protection may have given some stimulus to the cotton manufactures of Massachusetts, it would be a libel on the people of that energetic state, to believe that the real source of their high prosperity lies in the tribute which their monopoly draws from their brethren.

We apprehend, therefore, that this argument, the most plausible which we have met with in favour of the tariff, entirely fails. Protection has not girt the New England States with Mr Wakefield's belt of iron;—it has not checked, in the slightest degree, the Westward movement and dispersion of their population;—it has had no effect whatever in determining the progress of society, or giving the much-desired principle of cohesion to the people or institutions of any part of America. It is, in short, as politically worthless as it is economically false; and Mr Macgregor's is the only sound conclusion from the long and possibly tedious detail into which we have entered.

'If there be one course of policy more than another which we would advocate, to which we would devote our endeavours, in order to aid in obtaining the only certain guarantee of peace and of friendship between two great nations, who in language and race are one people—that course of policy is to establish the least possible restriction on the interchange of the commodities of the one country in the other—upon the arrival, remaining, and departure, of the ships and citizens of America, in every British port and place in the universe—of British ships and subjects in every port and place within the American regions. If ever the history of the world presented two states in a position and condition to do each other the utmost possible good, or the greatest possible evil, such are the actual positions, and actual conditions, of the United Kingdom and United States.'

Would it, however, be desirable, supposing it were possible, to accelerate the progress of the United States towards fixity of population?—to counteract the tendency to dispersion, by promoting the growth of cities, the head-quarters of civilisation, wealth, and order, the correctives, if such are to be found, of American ochlocracy? The truth is, that if this object be among the political requirements of America, canals and railways are already achieving it, with a rapidity which confounds all the estimates of statesmen and statisticians alike. Mr Macgregor has quoted largely from a series of articles on the internal trade of the United States, by Mr Scott of Ohio; a speculator of the true American cast, indulging in views of future greatness sufficiently bold and comprehensive; but of whose prophecies some 'per-centage' will no doubt be realised,—enough perhaps to secure for their author the credit of second-sight among

the swarm of nations which will one day be assembled in the valley of the Mississippi. The following are some of his calculations on this subject:—In Massachusetts, from 1830 to 1840, more than half the increase of the population of the whole State took place in the nine principal towns (66,000 out of 128,000.) In the same period, the increase in the whole State of New York was 27 per cent; in the fourteen largest towns, 64½ per cent; in the State, exclusive of these towns, only 19 per cent; and yet in New York there are still whole counties of nearly unoccupied land. Pennsylvanian enterprise in the same period suffered materially from the 'crash of her monetary system:' But even in Pennsylvania the nine largest towns exhibited a gain of 39¼ per cent; the whole State, of only 21¾ per cent. In Ohio, the great agricultural State, the eighteen largest towns increased 138 per cent; the State only 62 per cent. The increase of the twenty largest towns of the United States, from New York to St Louis, inclusive, was 55 per cent; that of the whole country less than 34 per cent. If the slave-holding states were left out, the result of the calculation would best ill more favourable to the towns.—(Vol. ii. p. 750.) The most ardent well-wisher for the concentration of American population could hardly desire more rapid results than these; and yet the impulse from which they proceed may be said to have scarcely begun its operation. America is fast becoming a country of great cities.

And, to pass from subjects of American interest to such as more nearly concern us in Europe: this last circumstance, the great and disproportionate growth of her town population, and the certainty that the ratio will continue to increase, is very important to be borne in mind, in considering the question of the future ability of the United States to supply our demand for articles of food. As to the idea, prevalent to a certain extent among ourselves, and trumpeted forth by the American press with its usual grandiloquence, that the existing surplus of the agricultural produce of the United States (on the breadth of cultivation existing in 1845 and 1846,) was sufficient to fill up the deficit of an European famine, or even to make any great impression on our enormous need, had Providence continued the scarcity among us, or afflicted our grain harvest with blight in addition to our potatoes—never was any thing more fallacious. Commercial exaggeration reached its height, in the recent anticipations of cereal imports from America. And since the adage, *omne ignotum pro magnifico*, is in no instance more true than in the matter of markets, it may be worth while to give, as briefly as we can, the results of Mr Macgregor's statistics on this important subject.—

(Book ii. c. 5.) Mr Macgregor, we must state, or rather his authorities, are answerable only for the figures; the calculations are our own.

Mr Macgregor gives at vol. ii. p. 489, the following 'estimate 'by Mr Ellsworth,' (he does not farther describe his vouchee) of the crops of the United States in 1844:—

	Bushels.
Wheat, ...	95,607,000
Indian Corn,.....	421,953,000
Oats, ...	172,247,000
Rye, ...	26,450,000
Buck Wheat, ...	9,071,000
Barley,.....	3,627,000
	728,955,000

But as it should seem from other calculations (see vol. ii. p. 961), that the export of wheat in the same year (including flour) amounted to nearly 8,000,000 of bushels (and this was rather below the average), the total amount for home consumption and seed must be taken at 87,000,000 bushels: that is, about four and a half bushels per head, the whole population being taken at nineteen millions and a half. In the United Kingdom, in the same year, it is probable that about 160,000,000 bushels were required for consumption and seed: that is, more than six bushels per head. The Americans, therefore, profuse and even wasteful as they are in their subsistence, consume considerably less *wheat* per head than the inhabitants of the United Kingdom. This is perfectly conclusive as to the impossibility of their supplying any great or sudden European demand for wheat, unless there should take place some large increase in its cultivation. But this is by no means the whole of the case. Of the 95,607,000 bushels of wheat produced in the United States, nearly one half is raised west of the Alleghanies: chiefly in the rich plains of Ohio and Indiana, and even in the far north-western clearings of Michigan. These supplies will no doubt become available in seasons like that through which we have just passed. But the western farmer, in estimating how much he can raise with a profit, does not rest his practical calculations on exceptional demands, such as that of 1847. And to how great a height must prices rise in this country, before supplies raised a thousand miles beyond the Atlantic can compete not only with our own produce, but with that of Poland and Prussia!

The same remark applies to the quantity of Indian corn which America has to send. Enormous as her production of this grain appears to be—about 20 bushels per head, according to Mr

Ellsworth's estimate—it is not, nor is likely to become, an article of regular consumption in Great Britain, and the populous countries of Western Europe. Scarcity alone creates a demand for it. The cultivator, therefore, cannot take this demand into his estimate: And it must be supplied, not from the stores of merchants, but from savings out of ordinary consumption: and these are slowly collected and slowly forwarded. When the demand is at the strongest, the supply will be short and the price enormous, as was the case for some weeks last spring in Ireland. But, by the time that the farmer has learned to stint his pigs, and spare his waste, and the accumulated savings of some hundred thousand little households find their way to the Atlantic, prices have fallen, merchants are ruined, and farmers must be long-sighted indeed to keep themselves in readiness for a similar emergency, which may not recur for many years.

This is a subject at the present moment of so much interest, that we venture to subjoin a long extract from papers quoted by Mr Macgregor (vol. ii. p. 493), from the *Philadelphia Commercial List* of 1842. It will be seen that the calculations vary in some slight degree from our own, but the conclusions are the same: of course they were compiled when no anticipation existed of European scarcity.

'It is very generally believed abroad, that wheat is of very general culture in our country; but such is not the fact. This table' (alluding to an elaborate one which we omit,) 'divides the states and territories into three districts. The first embraces the six New England states; the second, the states in what may be called the "Wheat District," extending from latitude 35° to 45° north, and from longitude 5° east to 15° west of Washington; and the third, states south of latitude 35°. The cultivation of wheat was commenced in the New England states at quite an early date after their first settlement, and with sufficient success to supply the wants of the colonists; but it could not be continued with profit when Pennsylvania was settled, and its lands (more congenial to wheat) subjected to the plough. Then the hardy and adventurous sons of the Puritans found it their interest to "cultivate" the "ocean," and, by exchange of its productions, purchase flour and grain from the descendants of Penn. The efforts made since the Revolution, and by aid of bounties, even to within three or four years, to revive the cultivation of wheat in the eastern sections, have proved alike unsuccessful; and the agricultural pursuits of New England will, doubtless, in future be confined to the more suitable products of Indian corn and potatoes, with pasturage of cattle, and increased growth of wool, in parts more remote from the sea-board.

'With the states south of the wheat section, we have included North Carolina; for, although a great part of this state lies north of 35°, and

wheat is cultivated towards its northern parts, the soil in general is better adapted to Indian corn, and the quantity cultivated is large.

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'To the north of 45° north on this continent, the length and severity of the winters will prevent the cultivation of wheat to any material extent. This opinion will appear remarkable in England, when it is considered that the most southerly point of Great Britain is near north latitude 49°, and that the culture of wheat is successfully extended to north latitude 55°. But that island has an open ocean to the north and west, and the North Sea to the east; whereas the American Continent towards the north-west is unbroken to the Polar Sea; and to the north, and towards north-west, is indented with immense bays, covered by ice for nine months in the year.

'To the west, longitude 15° west of Washington, commence those extensive prairies extending to the Rocky Mountains, on which it is not likely the cultivation of wheat will be extended, nor any permanent settlement made, except along some of the water-courses, for years to come. The want of wood and water on those plains will stop the advance of civilisation in that direction, and leave them to the buffalo and the Indian. How far it will be practicable to cover them with sheep, horses, and cattle, controlled by man, as on the steppes of the Banda Oriental, remains to be ascertained by experiment.

'The wheat section within 10 degrees of latitude, and 20 degrees of longitude, embraces about one-half the surface of the states, or one-fourth that of the states and territories, but within this there is abundance of untouched land of the finest quality awaiting the invasion of the cultivator. Nor can that be delayed; for the wants of a population constantly increasing both within and without this district, and not regarding foreign countries, demand a rapid increase in the growth of wheat. If our estimate is correct, that the United States and territories will number 22,000,000 inhabitants in 1850, the additional quantity to be raised in that year over 1840, to supply an increase of 5,000,000 consumers at home, and leave seed, &c., must be about 22,000,000 bushels, equal to the whole crop raised in 1800. To bring the cultivation up to this point, it becomes necessary that for ten years 130,000 acres of new land per annum should be put under wheat culture alone, and three times that quantity under culture, in corn, rye, oats, or in pasturage. To accomplish this will require that the labour of full one-third of the whole increase in population be directed to agricultural pursuits in this district.

'On reference to Table No. 8, it will be observed that we have stated the consumption of wheat to be at the average of three bushels and a half per head in the eastern district (New England States), four bushels and one twelfth per head in the wheat district, and two bushels per head in the southern, or cotton and sugar district. Those very low estimates will appear remarkable to England, where the consumption of wheat is estimated at six to eight bushels per head. It is easy, however, to account for this difference, which arises from the more general consumption in this country of Indian corn, rye, and buckwheat, for

culinary purposes. In the eastern states, Indian corn and rye are generally used; and in parts more remote from the sea-coast, wheat bread is almost unknown. In the middle and western states, with the agricultural population in particular, more than half the bread is made of corn and rye meal; and buckwheat is also extensively used. In the southern and south-western states, corn becomes the leading article, and in some, rice is an important auxiliary; but to the coloured population (full one-half in those states) wheat is unknown. This will account for the very low estimate of two bushels per head which we have given for the consumption of wheat in the southern district.

'Throughout every part of the United States, Indian corn is raised. It is used both green and ripe, is easily prepared for food, and fully as nutritious as wheat. Its usual cost per bushel in the interior is about one-third that of wheat; and for human nutriment, one bushel of Indian corn is perhaps equal to one bushel and three-fourths of barley, or three bushels of oats. It is not therefore surprising, that the use of this invaluable grain should be so general, and that of oats and barley unknown—but for animal's food and the brewery.

'The population of Pennsylvania has not increased so rapidly as that of New York, and although her surplus of wheat is not, perhaps, so great as twenty or even thirty years back, it is still very considerable; but as little good land now remains unbroken in eastern Pennsylvania, and labour is fast seeking mining and manufacturing employments, this surplus will gradually diminish, and the time is not very remote when our metropolis will have to rely on the country beyond the Ohio for wheat bread. In all the old wheat districts in the states of Delaware, Maryland, and Virginia, the land is so completely exhausted by continued cropping, that it must be abandoned for years, until restored to vigour by the reoperative powers of nature, or transferred to another population, better qualified to recover it by art and industry. In the upper section of those states, and towards the western parts of Maryland and Virginia, a different agricultural system prevails; and there the cultivation of wheat is still on the advance.

'If we make a natural line of the Mississippi to the confluence of the Ohio, and up this river to Pittsburg, and thence draw an imaginary line north to Lake Erie, and continue it round the northern and eastern frontiers of the United States, it will be found that at this time the wheat raised in all this section of the United States, is about equal to what is consumed in it, and that the whole surplus shipped from the United States to foreign countries, including Canada, is in fact produced in the states and territories north and west of the Ohio river. We have stated the whole export in 1840, to September 30, at 11,208,365 bushels, and the wheat and flour of the crop of 1839, which left those states, &c., for Canada, or came to the Atlantic cities by various outlets, the Ohio and Mississippi rivers, the canals and railroads of Maryland, Pennsylvania, and New York, was about equal to this quantity. . . Now, it is a striking fact, that this surplus, in fact the disposable surplus of the United States, is furnished by that section of our country the most remote from our Atlantic seaports, and with the aid of all the

natural or artificial communications existing, it cannot reach those ports from the places of shipment, much less from the farmer's door, at a less charge per bushel than forty or fifty cents, freight, insurance, commission, and wastage included. . . What, then, does the farmer in those states get for his wheat when the price in our Atlantic cities is one dollar per bushel? *Is it not a matter of serious consideration, whether, with our rapidly increasing population, the consumption of wheat has not already approached too close to its production?* not leaving a sufficient margin to meet the contingency of a bad crop, which might make it necessary again to import from Europe; and under circumstances not so favourable to obtain supplies as those which existed in 1837 and 1838. It is evident, from the experience of the last fifty years, that the increase in the cultivation of wheat merely extends in proportion to the wants of the home population, not giving any increase in the surplus for export, unless in years of over-production, or when the home consumption is lessened by high prices arising from unusual demands for other countries.'

But, secondly, although these observations apply only to the present, and although the possible amount of produce to be raised from such a breadth of fertile land as the Americans have only begun to furrow, must be left to imagination, yet those who anticipate a very rapid increase of exportable food would do well to bear in mind what has already been said of the disproportionate increase of their town population. The following speculations of Mr Scott will appear extravagant only to those unaccustomed to American statistics. However large the figures may appear, they are suggested by the very reasonable assumption that the existing ratio of augmentation, in towns and rural districts respectively, will merely continue. According to English experience, the disproportion ought *to increase* in favour of the towns; and it must also be remembered, that towns-people are peculiarly a wheat and meat consuming class of the community.

'Of the 10,500,000 now inhabiting the Mississippi valley, little more than 500,000 live in towns: leaving about 10,000,000 employed in making farms out of the wilds, and producing human food and materials for manufactures. Even since the late period when these remarks were written, many of the interior towns have greatly increased in population. When, in 1890, we number 53,000,000, according to our estimate, *there will be but one-third of this number* (to wit, 18,000,000) employed in agriculture and rural trades. Of the increase up to that time, being 42,500,000, 8,000,000 will go into rural occupations, and 34,500,000 into towns.

'Should we, yielding to the opinion of those who may believe that more than one-third of our people will be required for agriculture and rural trades, make the estimate on the supposition that one-half the population of our valley, forty-seven years hereafter, will live on farms, and in villages below the rank of towns, the amount will stand thus:

26,500,000, being the one-half of 53,000,000, will be the amount of the rural population: so that it must receive 16,000,000 in addition to the 10,000,000 it now has. The towns in the same time will have an increase of 26,000,000, in addition to the 500,000 now in them.'—(Vol. ii. p. 751.)

In the next place, although this vast town population be as yet matter of anticipation only, yet the number of the people of America who must be set down as non-producers is very much greater than is usually imagined—so great as to make a most essential distinction between her and the grain-raising countries of the East of Europe, in which all the inhabitants, from noble to serf, with very few exceptions, are engaged in the cultivation of the soil. The emigrants form one division of this class. Every year sees a number of hungry mortals disembarked on the shores of the States, all, or nearly all, accustomed by the habits of the Old Country to the consumption of wheaten bread, of which, as we have seen, native Americans consume comparatively so little. All these additional mouths must be provided for out of the common stock; and they are amply and superabundantly provided for. During the first year in all cases, often during the second also, they can raise nothing for themselves.

There are few phenomena so striking to our eyes, or so suggestive of reflection among all the great social occurrences of this age, as the continuous emigration which takes place to the American continent. Few have fixed their eyes steadily upon it: few have estimated the depth, and width, and volume, of the vast and regularly increasing flood of population, which pours, not from England only, but from all Western Europe, into that huge reservoir. Professor Tucker, in a memoir cited by Mr Macgregor (vol. ii. p. 84), estimates the whole number of European emigrants to the States, from 1800 to 1840, at about a million persons. We suspect that the number is very greatly underrated; but whatever be the case as to the early part of the century, the increase since 1840 has been so prodigious as to render such calculations unimportant, except for historical purposes. The report of our Colonial Land and Emigration Office gives 82,239 as the number of British emigrants to the United States in 1846: being about 20,000 higher than that of any previous year. In the same year, 42,439 went to our North American colonies; and it seems to be established that the interchange of emigrations between Canada and the States, pretty nearly balances itself. The next great source of foreign population is Germany, which, if Dr Wappæus is to be believed (*Ueber Deutschen Auswanderung und Colonisation*) now sends her laborious sons to America from the banks of the Maine and Neckar, to the number of 60,000 annually. Add to these the miscellaneous emigrants of other

countries; and last year's swarm from the old hive to North America, colonial and independent, cannot be estimated at much less than 200,000 persons. In the present year of scarcity, the number will probably exceed 300,000. But to this influx must be added a still greater sum—that of the migratory population of America itself. We must remember how many thousands of her agricultural families are annually engaged, not as producers, but simply as pioneers: a number which no statistical returns will enable us to count, but of which some idea may be formed, from the circumstance that three or four thousand square miles are said to be reclaimed from the wilderness every year. And next must be taken into account the vast numbers whom America employs in her public works; the construction of railroads alone absorbing a quantity of labour which may be conjectured from the fact, that 1600 miles had already been completed before 1837. All these different classes, like some vast standing army, form a burden on the land, and put in their joint claim to support from its produce, before a single vessel can carry the surplus to the shores of Europe.

There seems to be a growing disposition on the part of some classes of Americans to undervalue the advantages which they derive from the constant accession to their population from Europe, and to fence themselves with a kind of national feeling against the emigrants whom they receive.* Mr Macgregor is but

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* It is most pleasing, however, to know, that these feelings have in no degree chilled the sympathy or arrested the active beneficence by which the Americans have so nobly distinguished themselves in relation to the recent sufferings of Ireland. In the city of New York, on the contrary, a government commission has been appointed, for the sole purpose of attending to the condition of the destitute emigrants, who are still landing by thousands on their shores—and which, we have reason to know, has proceeded in the exercise of its painful and onerous functions with the most exemplary humanity and unwearied diligence. We have now before us a letter from a leading member of this commission (a native American), dated in the middle of August, in which he says, 'Out of the great number of sick and destitute which it has been the duty of our commission to take charge of, *not one*, I am happy to say, *has been neglected*. The most distressing feature in the case is the number of orphan children thrown upon our hands. The story of these helpless little creatures is simple and uniform enough. They left home with their parents; and *the fever* killed them on the passage—or they have since died in the hospital! We are now trying to find some better place than the alms-house and hospital for these poor little things, where they may be *more tenderly nurtured, and properly educated*.' This is above all praise: and when we add, that most of these gentlemen are

repeating language familiar to the 'native' party when he says that 'the inundation of human beings consists, generally, of an 'accession which diminishes far more than it adds to the morals 'of America.' That some political inconvenience attends the exercise of the electoral franchise by so large a body of strangers, admitted at once to the freedom of the great democracy, is beyond dispute. The Irish form a compact body, acting under influences peculiar to themselves, and scarcely conceivable by the rest of mankind. The Germans hang equally together, and vote doggedly for the democratic 'ticket,' with a decided leaning towards repudiation, and other anarchical principles; and the new-comers, generally, are apt to take a hot and violent part in political movements, of which they have not learned to understand the real bearing. But these are annoyances, not substantial evils. The root of the mischief lies in the constitution itself; and were emigration to cease, party spirit among native Americans would produce similar results. As to morals, there is something ludicrous in the notion of our farmers and artisans corrupting the innocent citizens of their adopted country. Nor can we treat much more seriously the supposition that the influx of emigrants is preventing the American people from fusing into an uniform body, actuated by one national spirit. The cohesion of the miscellaneous inhabitants of the States depends on that very looseness of organisation, and want of uniform spirit and character, which such objectors deprecate. The bond holds fast, only because it is so slight and unoppressive. It would be difficult to point out where the American nation, properly so called, is to be found. The descendants of the Puritans form a people, and a great one; but they are not the nation. The English Puritans—the chief of men, whom it is the paltry fashion of this day to decry—divided their vast inheritance between them in the reign of Charles I. One body remained at home, and established the English constitution; one crossed the Atlantic, and founded the American

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actually denying themselves the recreation of their usual summer retreats, and remaining, apart from their families, in the unhealthful heats of the city, rather than hazard the neglect of these duties, we do think that they are entitled to be rewarded, not only by the grateful admiration, but by the prompt imitation of all other countries; and that the concluding exhortation of the letter from which we are citing should, from such a quarter, have the authority of a command—'Do urge, whomever it may concern, on your side of the water, *to insist* upon these poor people being better provided on their passage. They are so crowded, and so poorly fed, that they very frequently reach our shores in an absolutely dying state!'

republic—the two greatest achievements of modern times. According to the historian Mr Bancroft, about 22,000 landed in New England before the assembling of the Long Parliament, and they received few accessions afterwards. The same author computes that their descendants have now increased to about four millions, including nearly half the population of New York and Ohio; but omitting those who are scattered over the other parts of the Republic, and may be said to have amalgamated with the remainder of its population. There is something also of the character of a distinct race, very different from the former, in the white inhabitants of the Southern Atlantic States. Another exists in the valleys of the Alleghanies, where the German blood prevails. All these, and many more loose and floating masses, if such they may be called, of population, are held together by the slightest possible political union. If the inhabitants of each canton or district grew up into a fixed compact body—if they were not cemented together, as it were, by immigration from without and intermigration among themselves—sectional interests would, in all probability, soon prevail, and the Union would fall in pieces. Grievances would accumulate, and Repealers would arise wherever the province was forced to give way to the community, were not the population itself, in most parts of the country, renewed too rapidly to admit of local sentiments growing to a head. And the succession of emigrants from Europe, while it keeps up that circulation which seems essential to the life of the American constitution, at the same time has some effect in keeping up a common feeling of kindred amidst these fluctuating multitudes. It appears, therefore, that the European strangers, besides fighting the battles of the Americans, manning their ships, and constructing their public works, perform an important part in the political mechanism of their commonwealth.

Meanwhile, the great movement of European emigration itself offers to the mind's vision a spectacle of the same silent and sustained grandeur with which the eye is impressed in watching the everlasting flow of some deep and powerful river. It brings forcibly home to our imagination, that which the continual bustle of superficial politics is apt to make us forget, the force of the great under-currents which move society—influences, so strong and uniform as to resemble the instincts of gregarious animals, and yet of which governments know little or nothing; which assemblies cannot control by their rhetoric, nor more powerful journalists arrest or quicken with their pens. The endless procession moves ever from East to West, without regard to the counsels, or prophecies, or speculations of statesmen—an exceeding great army, in which the masses, acting without concert or

knowledge of each other, accomplish their purpose as effectually as if one will actuated the whole—

> 'Ein lang' und breites Volksgewicht,
> Der erste wusste vom letzten nicht.'

The last ten years have witnessed the putting in practice of very ingenious theories of colonisation. We have, by dint of great efforts and extensive agitation, achieved the result of sending out as many as 30,000 emigrants by government aid in one year (1841); and it was thought, with great reason, a wonderful exertion, with which it has been found impossible to keep up since. Meanwhile, the unassisted, unnoticed emigration of every year trebles or quadruples that amount—so little can the laborious efforts of government keep pace with the gigantic operations of masses of men acting on private motives. Colonial affairs have excited for some time past an unusual degree of interest and stir on the surface of society. Much has been done towards rendering our settlements attractive to emigrants. Not only government, but powerful combinations of capitalists have been unsparing in their inducements and promises. Repeatedly has it been shown by economical argument, that the United States, on the other hand, condemned the emigrant to poverty by selling their land too cheap. Yet, if we look at the tables of emigration, we find that these noisy blasts and counterblasts had absolutely no effect whatever upon it. They neither affected its numbers no its direction. Indeed, emigration to the United States has increased greatly in the last ten years, while that to our American colonies has, on the whole, fallen off, and was much greater in 1831, before Mr Wakefield was heard of, or systematic colonisation began to be preached, than it has ever been since. As the progress, so the quality of emigration, so to speak, has been always so steady as to show the permanent nature of the causes which produce it. Notwithstanding the supposed attachment of Englishmen to their own habits and political institutions, these ties seem as inefficacious to keep them on this side of the republican border, as the doctrines of political economy. For many years past, English emigrants to the New World have gone almost wholly to the States: of Irish, a considerable majority to Canada; while the Highland Scots retain an odd predilection for the fogs and rocks of the lower colonies, so resembling their own. Connexion, no doubt, is one main cause which perpetuates these hereditary tendencies of the great families of our fellow subjects: neighbour lends neighbour a helping hand to lift him across the Atlantic: families are transported piece by piece, like ready-made houses; the stone cries out of the wall, and the beam from

the timber answers it: and the correspondence between districts at home and abroad, once formed, is continued through many generations. But there is more than this in the economy of the great movement—much, as we have said, of which governments and political reasoners know nothing. What do these multitudes care for theories of civil government? American politics have been as unpopular in this country for some years past as they were formerly popular: but emigration, as we have seen, has increased steadily all the while. What, indeed, are Church and State, and ancestral institutions to them, more than the baronial honours of the nobleman to the deer who break out of his overstocked park? what are slavery and repudiation, and all the black spots which European observation traces on the disk of that Western sun which lures them across the ocean? They seek the land of promise; and in nine cases out of ten, they find it a land of performance. America is at this day, more than ever, what it has been for centuries, a great providential blessing to an overpeopled Old World: the greater, because not indiscriminate: because it offers nothing except to the industrious and energetic—it is to the brave man only that every soil is a native country.

Nor has it entered into the calculations of ordinary thinkers how essentially the peculiarities of American government and society are calculated to further this great design of Providence, by rendering the bounties of nature as open and as attractive as possible to the host of new-comers. We have had condemnation enough expended of late on American institutions; let us now look a little at the favourable side, not in respect of those democratic theories which for the moment have gone to sleep in this country, but as to actual every-day practice. The States might by this time have acquired a church and aristocracy of their own—or have fallen under a military monarchy—or have remained under English colonial dominion. And let it even be assumed that they would have enjoyed more of respectability and decency under either form of government,—would they have been as attractive to the emigrant? If so, why is it that, notwithstanding all the obvious advantages of our colonies, almost the whole of the unassisted English and Lowland Scotch emigration across the Atlantic—that is, the emigration of the better provided and more thoughtful class—goes to the States instead of Canada? Again, the Southern provinces of Russia offer, to the German emigrant, equally vast tracts of unpeopled and fertile land, more manageable for purposes of settlement, on account of the absence of forests, equally healthy, and nearer at hand; and every possible inducement is held out by the Russian government to German colonists; they are fostered and cared for, by nobles and

authorities, like exotic plants purchased at great cost. And yet, after sixty or seventy years of experiments, the German colonists in Russia, and their descendants, are said by Mr Kohl not to exceed a quarter of a million, and appear to receive very few recruits. The hardy Swabians and Franconians prefer to cross the ocean and take their chance in America, where they are just as much strangers as in Russia; with this difference, that their adopted countrymen care not one straw for their success or discomfiture, and they are left to sink or swim. For every German subject whom the Czar acquires, Pennsylvania and Ohio gain nine or ten citizens.

It is idle to suppose that this marked preference on the part of the more substantial classes of emigrants, arises from exalted political theories, or exaggerated expectations of wealth. Were such the case, the bubble would have burst long ago. People go to America, because in the long-run those who went before them have found it answer. Nor is it superior fertility of soil, or advantages of climate, which have produced these results. They are owing, in the first place, to political institutions. Emigrants require neither patronage nor encouragement to flourish. They are not needed by the industrious man, if tolerably fortunate in his position: they can do nothing for him when located on ungrateful soil: and to the idle man they are simply injurious every where. Justice and freedom alone are necessary. Not the nicely-balanced and well-considered justice, administered by careful lawyers under venerable codes, which men enjoy in countries of older civilisation; but rough, practical justice, administered by men who may not be always sagacious, or always incorruptible, but who understand his case, and are guided by usages which have grown up along with the outward circumstances to which they are applied. Not freedom, as understood by a political theorist, or a philosophical poet, or a wandering Arab: but simply the license to do as nearly as possible what a man pleases, provided he do not interfere with the rights of neighbours in similar circumstances with himself, or oppose those passions of the multitude with which his own generally coincide. Of all this he is certain from the moment he touches American soil. What has continental Europe to compare with this? What has even England, with all the ancient liberality of her institutions, cramped, as she inevitably is, by the necessity of maintaining existing orders of society in a struggling and restless position, and by the complex rights of property, which as necessarily arise in a space so densely crowded? Let us not deceive ourselves. The ultra-democratic career of America may be a warning to our statesmen. Her social and political deformities may be, and we

rejoice that they are, fully appreciated by the educated classes of our community, and justly animadverted on by the ordinary guides of popular feeling. But, notwithstanding all this, America is still to the bulk of our population the land of requital and redress—the distant country in which oppressions cease, and poverty grows full-fed and bold, in which fortune opens her arms to the courageous, and the least adventurous looks forward to the achievement of independence and contentment before he die.

The direction of the great current of emigration, both of newcomers from Europe, and wanderers from the Eastern states, appears to undergo gradual changes, like every thing else in that land of mutability. The desertion of the Eastern sea-board, wherever the population has not acquired some degree of cohesion by the growth of trade and towns, is said to go on as rapidly as ever; and although attempts have been made of late to re-people some abandoned lands, more years than the period of their brief cultivation must probably elapse, before they recover their fertility, and become once more attractive to emigrants. The great valley of the Ohio, to the north of that river whose left bank is blighted by slavery, is still the main recipient of emigration, as it has been for about thirty years. But already there are symptoms of a change of direction: it seems that of late years the current has set more decidedly towards the Southern shore of the Canadian lakes; a region less magnificent in its vegetation, but farther removed from slavery, possessing a healthier climate, and enjoying means of transit and commerce, to the production of which nature has contributed a larger share. Cleveland,* or Maumere, or Sandusky, or some other spot on the banks of Lake Erie, say the speculators, will be the great growing American city of the latter end of this century. Next in order comes a similar, but less favourably situated region, the States of the far North-West, Iowa and Wisconsin, already receiving a considerable proportion of the annual immigration.

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* In 1842, 'of the articles of flour, pork, bacon, lard, beef, whisky, corn, and wheat, New Orleans exported to the value of 4,446,989 dollars; Cleveland, 4,431,799.' 'If we suppose,' adds Mr Scott, 'what cannot but be true, that all the other ports of the upper lakes sent eastward as much as Cleveland, we have the startling fact, that this lake country, but yesterday brought under our notice, already sends abroad more than twice the amount of human food that is shipped from the great exporting city of New Orleans, the once vaunted sole outlet of the Mississippi valley.'

Within these limits, assuredly magnificent enough, the principal future expansion of the white population of America is probably to take place: For the 'Far West,' however attractive to the imagination of Americans, is not the destined seat of a community resembling that which they have at present constructed. Nature, so lavish in her bounties to them, has nevertheless set them her own definite limits, which they will not profitably overstep. From a line drawn parallel with, and one or two hundred miles west of, the Mississippi, the prairie region extends uninterruptedly to the Rocky Mountains; and this region, though embracing many fertile tracts, is not in general adapted for the settlement of a great agricultural people. As the dense population of China is hemmed in to the north and west by the almost unpeopled territory of the Tartar nomades, or as that of ancient Mesopotamia and Egypt was closely girt by the Desert, so that a mere line separated the land cultivated like a garden from the solitude of the Arab; so likewise, though with somewhat less marked contrast, the populous Mississippi valley will border westward on the land of pasturage. It is true that nature has been bountiful to the Anglo-Americans, even in the character of their deserts. These are only reached gradually. Nature dies by slow successive changes, as the traveller passes from the banks of the great river to the Rocky Mountains. First comes the tract of scattered wood; then the uniform and level prairie; then the sandy waste; and even this is interspersed with remarkable spots of fertility, the 'parks' and 'pens' of the Western trappers and hunters. But, speaking generally, the character of extreme aridity prevails throughout the central belt of North America, from the region of snow to that of eternal sunshine. New Mexico, for example—just now the object of the fierce rapacity of a people possessing more fertile unoccupied land than any other upon earth—is but a narrow valley, in which rain rarely falls, kept in a productive state only by the greatest economy of water, under the Spanish system of irrigation. Its great Rio del Norte, which looks so imposing on the maps, is said to be seldom above knee-deep, in a course of fifteen hundred miles to the tide-water. After the Rocky Mountains have been passed, the country to the westward, making due allowance for fertile intervals, appearing far more luxuriant to the eyes of tired travellers than sober reality warrants, seems to preserve the general aspect of barrenness. The great Columbia rolls a volume of sand and gravel through shattered mountains of volcanic rock; its waters are said to 'have no fertilising qualities, but to deteriorate and 'exhaust the land which they overflow.' South of this river,

and far beyond what is, or was recently, the Mexican frontier, the face of the continent appears to exhibit a labyrinth of sierras and sandy or snowy deserts; including vast basins without an outlet for their waters; a configuration like that of the surface of the moon seen through a telescope. Captain Fremont's narrative of his desperate winter-march from the Columbia to the Bay of San Francisco, reads like that of a nightmare journey in a dream. But a very great part of this region is still unexplored. There are few things in recent travel more spirit-stirring than the same traveller's account of his arrival on the banks of the Great Salt Lake of the Eutaws, the Caspian of America, the subject of endless superstitious fables, both Spanish and English, but on which boat had never been launched before;—'*He* was the first that 'ever burst into that silent sea.'*

But there is little reason to suppose that these mysterious recesses conceal any thing more attractive than what is already known and visited by explorers. It is true that the shores of the Pacific, from the Columbia to the San Francisco, contain here and there magnificent tracts; regions which invite the wanderer from the East, over thousands of leagues, to bask under a softer climate, amidst a grander vegetation than even his own mother country can furnish. Nevertheless, we still retain the doubts expressed in a former Number, upon the settlement of the Oregon question, whether emigration *en masse* will be directed to that quarter from the eastward for a very long period to come, even should the Americans acquire California, as by this time they possibly have done. We read much of the colonisation of Oregon in their newspapers: nevertheless, it seems that most of the few settlers as yet established in that quarter, are not regular farmers, but hunters and trappers, who have tired for a while of their wandering life, and taken up the axe and the spade with the usual readiness of their countrymen; but who are pretty sure to quit them again, so soon as the fit of civilisation passes off. The caravans of emigrants which have reached it, have in many instances gone through extremities of privation and suffering. Miseries, such as Indian tribes flying from starvation out of their dispeopled hunting-grounds, or African clans from the *razzias* of civilised conquerors, have rarely endured, are voluntarily borne by wandering colonies of Anglo-Americans in the mere spirit of adventure. It is not long since a party of five women and two men arrived at an outpost in California: they were the survivors of sixteen, and had lived for

* *Captain Fremont, quoted by Mr M'Gregor*, vol. i. 577 and 624.

weeks on the bodies of their dead companions. The party had been sent forward for assistance by a band of emigrants who had been surprised, with their families and cattle, by the snow in the Sierra, under which, no doubt, they lie buried. Our astonishment at the extraordinary energy, and no less extraordinary restlessness of character, by which these obstacles are overcome, may be taken as a measure of the enormous impediments which they offer to the advantageous extension of American empire to the Pacific.

The wide region west of the Mississippi will therefore present, in the course of years, the aspect of an immense pastoral country, resembling Australia and the states of La Plata in modern times. Such, at least, must be its general character, though diversified by the cultivated valleys of its great rivers. Among the many varieties of industry to which the versatility of American genius has been applied, the rearing of stock has hitherto been the least favourite. It is not a national pursuit. It is now chiefly confined to the unfavourable climate of New England and New York: and is perhaps the least forward branch of agriculture throughout the States. Although population has begun to spread over the prairies for the last twenty years, scarcely a beginning appears to have been made in the art of turning them to that purpose which they are so peculiarly calculated to serve. But the time must arrive when these plains shall become the greatest sheep and cattle farms of the world—swarming with domesticated animals, as they once swarmed with wild, before the hunters of the East had made a solitude of them, and introduced that interregnum of desolation which now prevails. The Indians, indeed, must first have disappeared, or be in some way reclaimed from their predatory habits; but the former catastrophe seems fast approaching. The addition of this new component part to the existing members of the great Republic may give rise to some curious political speculations. It should seem that this species of industry cannot be carried on—at least, it never has been—except by large proprietors of flocks and herds; and the pastoral form of society has ever partaken of the patriarchal. Even in the wild republics of South America, the free Guacho lives in a sort of clannish dependence on the great proprietors. Nothing can be conceived more contrary to the habits and feelings of the Anglo-American race; and, should the present form of the Republic last so long, it will be curious to see how a polity, whose extreme elasticity already enables it to comprehend the traders and manufacturers of the East, the farmers of the North-west, and the sugar and cotton planters of the South, within the same voluntary associa-

tion, will be affected by the introduction of an element so new, and so unlike any thing at present included in its dominion.

But the great Federation has withstood trials quite as severe. While the combination of surrounding political circumstances seems to indicate that it is only on the threshold of its momentous destiny, there is a force and profusion of life in all its functions which bespeaks it equal to the occasion. Without apparent root in the soil, without any hold on traditional observance, such as ancient monarchies possess; without that strength in its executive, by which newer political bodies usually seek to supply their want of moral power; it has already withstood tempest after tempest, and outlived successive prophets of ruin. A mere handful of provinces, casually united in resistance to England, and on the point of falling to pieces when the necessity of resistance ceased, it acquired at that critical moment a new constitution, which knit the disjointed members firmly together. A second war, undertaken against the will of one-third of its component states, appeared to threaten it afresh with dissolution; it ended in strengthening the Union, through a new infusion of national spirit, and by rousing a common sentiment, which absorbed sectional jealousies and passions. Next came the consummation of the victory obtained by the democratic party in their long struggle with the federalists—a victory which seemed to threaten with speedy destruction the bond, which it had been the principle of the latter to vindicate and maintain. But Providence overruled this danger also to a contrary issue: for the state authorities, which could not long have endured the stricter yoke intended by the federalists, submitted easily to the modified control which the disciples of Jefferson vested in the central government. The nation overflowed across the bounding Alleghanies, and spread over the wide valley of the Mississippi and it was pronounced by friends, as well as enemies, that the extension of empire would inevitably lead to disruption. Contrary to all anticipation, this very extension has preserved the unity of the Republic. The growing separation of North and South, divided in interest, and hostile in feeling, was prevented from coming into direct collision by the introduction of the new Western States. This third and powerful element kept the others together in compulsory harmony; and, in the same manner, every subsequent addition has tended to strengthen the fabric rather than to bring it down. The wider the dominion of the federation spreads, the greater the number of local interests and populations comprehended within its boundary, the less appears to be the probability that any particular local interest can threaten the general weal—that dissensions between particular

sections are destined to endanger the security of the Union. It has withstood the shocks of commercial distress, and the extravagance of commercial prosperity; it has not been enfeebled by the impulse given to party spirit under a long and idle peace; it seems to encounter no material danger from the questionable successes of a war of invasion and of conquest; for wars waged, like those of the Carthaginians, by hired armies and jealously-controlled generals, are not very likely to produce a Cæsar or Napoleon. As far as human sagacity can foresee, the clouds, which enveloped the birth of the confederacy, have cleared away. There is no peculiar political danger now impending, which has not been incurred and surmounted already, and of which American statesmen cannot estimate the amount, and may not be expected to guard against the shock. Yet the changeful aspect of the times fills the mind of the calmest observer with misgivings; and, while he gazes with admiration and awe on the portentous fabric of American greatness, he shrinks from founding any confident speculations on its permanence. There is a secret enemy within, who noiselessly saps the strongest institutions. If the North American republic should fall to pieces in our day—and we believe that every friend to human happiness must now wish the catastrophe averted—it will probably be neither from conquest nor defeat, external prosperity nor adversity, but from moral weakness at home. The corruption of the administrative departments of a government is one of that class of evils which are submissively endured for many years, until they appear to have become a part of the very constitution of society; but against which, sooner or later, public indignation suddenly rises, shattering to pieces the whole edifice in its impatience of the rotten materials. It is not for strangers to estimate the real amount and pressure of danger of this description on the institutions of a foreign country. They can but compare and balance the statements of native observers; and, in doing so, they are bound to make great allowances for the exaggerations both of honest patriots and disappointed partisans. Nor would we willingly give vent to the gloomy anticipations which must inevitably arise, were we to adopt too literally the descriptions given by Americans themselves, of the recent workings of some of the most important parts of their system. For the day, which shall see that vast dominion parcelled out between independent and jarring states, imitating, with ampler means and fiercer resolution, the mutual hatred of the wretched republics of Spanish descent—however that day may be invoked by oppressed neighbours and by political enemies—will retard, for generations to follow, the progress of America, which is the progress of the human race in its widest and freest field of action.

ART. V.—1. *The Doctrine of Development and Conscience considered in relation to the Evidences of Christianity*, &c. By the Rev. W. PALMER, M.A. of Worcester College, Oxford. London: Rivington: 1846. 8vo.

2. *An Essay on the Miracles recorded in Ecclesiastical History.* By the Rev. J. H. NEWMAN. Oxford: Palmer: 1843. 8vo.

3. *A Discourse of Matters pertaining to Religion.* By THEODORE PARKER. London: Chapman: 1846.

ON a former occasion (No. CLXIX. Art. 8), we adverted to the close connexion which we believe subsists, however little it may be generally acknowledged, between the spirit of unbelief and the principles really involved in the mystical pretensions of a prevalent theological system, apparently of the most opposite kind. We dwelt also on some of the difficulties which the study of Christian antiquity presents, when viewed in connexion with that system; and which were seen to bear directly on the evidences upon which the proof of Christianity itself ultimately rests. These difficulties can only be removed by a stricter examination into the actual nature of the Christian evidences, than many are willing, or than some even think it right, to bestow. The study of them, however, is always obligatory on us: While at the present day, to be at all commensurate with the gravity of the subject, it must be conducted with special reference to the views and the objections which characterise our times. Every age has its own points of view.

It is characteristic of a theological system like that which now assumes the title of 'Anglo-Catholicism,' that it bases the whole of Christian belief, and the authority of the New Testament itself, on the traditions and legends of the early church; and that it derives its principal doctrines from accumulated precedents, the prescriptive teachings, and successive developments, of Fathers and Councils. Such a system of necessity reduces the evidences of the Gospel, as a Divine revelation, to the lowest standard. And, whatever may be its name and outward profession, it must end in one or other of the opposite extremes —pass onward into the schools of modern rationalism, or take refuge under the ancient mantle of infallibility, spread out for mankind at Rome.

Such was our argument. If it needed confirmation, confirmation will be found in the publication by Mr Palmer, which we have named at the head of the present article. Its author is attached to that section of the Anglo-Catholic school, which,

having at first adopted the principle of church authority in its utmost extent, became suddenly alarmed on discovering the fearful consequences to which their principle was inevitably tending. As soon as their eyes were opened by the 'Developments' of Mr Newman and others, they set to work to find some sort of safe midway position, where they could stop, or appear to stop.

'The authority of the church,' it is now ascertained, contains within itself tendencies subversive of true belief: and the very 'stewardship and developing office' confided to it (once not to be impugned without heresy) are seen to have betrayed their trust. The right of private judgment (once so decried) is therefore now asserted. No other barrier can be relied upon as capable of stemming the current which they had let loose, but could not guide; and which was setting so fast towards the dark unfathomable abyss, in which both Reason and Revelation disappear.

With Mr Palmer himself, such an attempt was particularly hazardous. Having, as we pointed out before, (No. CLXIX. p. 212,) formerly upheld church authority and tradition, to the extent of *staking the whole credit of Christianity and its evidences* upon that principle, it could not but be a difficult and delicate undertaking to contradict or modify it. Yet we have the satisfaction of seeing him, in the present publication, adducing all his stores of theological erudition in support of the very same conclusion which we before indicated. A considerable portion of the work is devoted to the formal establishment of the newly-discovered inference, that the systems of development and of rationalism are one; and that, in discarding all rational evidence, the various forms of mysticism are in reality undistinguishable from scepticism. Grateful for Mr Palmer's assistance in our general argument, we must decline, however, always accepting his application of particulars. He is a writer of unwearied theological research; but his philosophical studies have not pre-eminently qualified him to sit in judgment on systems professedly based upon philosophical principles. He is accordingly too prone to condemn them in the mass, under the obnoxious name of rationalism. But, to justify the use of the term Rationalism in any obnoxious sense, it must be confined to speculations which, when treating of religion, dispense with those securities which, according to all principle and all reason, are our only certain means of arriving at the truth, in any case whatever. We are no advocates for unreasonableness of any kind; and rational religion, we willingly admit, may have as much to fear from hypotheses which involve the Gospel in one universal cloud of

myth and fable, or which seek no further ground for belief than sentiment and feelings, as from the 'developing office,' or arrogant infallibility of any church.

In our former article, we made some remarks on the close connexion subsisting between the scheme of Catholic authority, and that (at first sight apparently so little connected with it) which refers every thing to internal emotions and spiritual impressions; while both agree in superseding and discarding rational evidence.* This kind of religion, consisting of internal and spiritual emotions, takes, with many, the form of referring every thing to the direct and irresistible influence of the Divine Spirit imparted to the faithful. But, with others of a professedly more philosophical turn, ideas of a very similar kind are traced to internal persuasions, natural impulses, or implanted aspirations, supposed to belong intimately to the very constitution of man. In a word, while, according to the former class, Christianity is viewed as the gift of grace to God's elect, according to the latter it is accepted

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* The attempt to relieve mankind from the responsibility of their understandings, and to substitute something else, as the appropriate fulfilment of the obligation by which we are required to be able to give a reason for the faith that is in us, is of long standing. Wherever the attempt has been honestly made, it must have proceeded upon the supposition, that there is a higher certainty in religious belief required from every body—and that a surer way to religious truth is accordingly to be found—than what can be obtained by an intelligent use of such means and opportunities (different in different persons) as God may have placed within our reach. Hume has recognised and welcomed these suppositions; and attempts to find in them an approximation to—amounting almost to a coincidence with—his own scepticism. 'The famous Mons. Nicole of the Port Royal,' says he, 'in his "Perpétuité de la Foi," pushed the Protestants very hard upon the impossibility of the people's reaching a conviction of their religion by the way of private judgment, which required so many disquisitions, reasonings, researches, eruditions, impartiality, and penetration, as not one in a hundred, even among men of education, is capable of. Mons. Claude and the Protestants answered him, not by solving his difficulties (which seems impossible), but by retorting them (which is very easy). They showed that to reach the way of authority, which the Catholics insist upon, as long a train of acute reasoning, and as great erudition, was requisite, as would be sufficient for a Protestant! We must first prove all the truths of natural religion, the foundation of morals, the divine authority of Scripture, the deference which it commands to the church, the tradition of the church, &c. The comparison of these controversial writings begot an idea in some, that it was neither by reasoning nor authority we learn our religion, but by sentiment; and, certainly, this were a very convenient way, and what a philosopher

by man, merely as the best exponent of his moral nature: And a certain school of theological writers at the present day has been characterised by attempts to draw out the same leading ideas into a recondite system; and to establish, on metaphysical and psychological grounds, a formal theory, pretending to embrace nothing less than the entire compass of religious belief, in all its forms, and traced up to all its original sources, which are considered to be certain common elements universally present to all mankind. This was the spirit of Blanco White. But as perhaps the most complete specimen of this kind of speculation which has hitherto appeared in our language, we have named the work of Mr Parker of Boston, U. S. Into so very wide a field as this, however, we cannot now pretend to enter in detail, but we must content ourselves with recommending the work to our readers' notice, as one of a remarkable kind, which cannot be fairly judged of by detached extracts. A remark or two, however, may be interposed on its main principle.

On an analysis of human nature, all religion, it is supposed, may be traced to certain ultimate principles in our constitution, of which, objective faith, or formal belief, are but the outward and occasional manifestations. Thus the first germ of all religion is represented to reside in a sort of intuitive sense of infirmity, helplessness, and dependence: to this is superadded a natural feeling of awe and veneration for the vast and the unknown, which of course directly leads to the sentiment and practice of adoration.

The conception of a Deity, and the sense of his perfections, are in like manner elaborated out of similar rudiments, existing or implanted in the human faculties. The elevated emotions of faith, devotion, duty, beneficence, and the like, may be equally traced to their elements; and in their true form and essence are purely internal, influential, practical *sensations*—taking a great

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would be very well pleased to comply with, if he could distinguish sentiment from education. But, to all appearances, the sentiments of Stockholm, Geneva, Rome, ancient and modern Athens, and Memphis, have the same characters; and no sensible man can implicitly assent to any of them, but from the general principle, that, as the truth in these subjects is beyond human capacity, and as for one's own ease he must adopt some tenets, there is most satisfaction and convenience in holding to the Catholicism we have been first taught. Now, this I have nothing to say against. I have only to observe, that such a conduct is founded on the most universal and determined scepticism, joined to a little indolence; for more curiosity and research gives a direct opposite turn from the same principles.'—BURTON'S *Life of Hume*, i. 325.

variety of external forms, according to diversities of circumstances and individual conditions.

Out of these principles, existing in the constitution of man, Mr Parker conceives that he has elicited one simple combination, which constitutes the highest and purest kind of religious sentiment. In this consists his notion of an absolute and elementary religion: which, resting on necessary philosophical grounds, must properly claim a superiority over all others; or rather, it is that which really pervades all forms of faith, though in some it is almost completely hidden in the mass of external adjuncts, while in others it stands out less obscured. In all cases, however, its degree of disclosure, more or less perfect, is the test by which the merits of all particular or outward religious systems must be judged. This apparently is the sense in which Mr Parker, in his third book, explains the relations of his principle to Christianity, which is shown to be nearly identical in its essence with his pure and absolute standard. In right of this identity it appeals at once to the internal principle in the hearts of all men, is irresistible with all really possessed of that principle, and in their case supersedes the necessity of all external evidence.

Mr Parker is a very original writer—but, on such a subject, it is impossible not to be in the track of former speculations. In some particulars he has reminded us of Lord Herbert of Cherbury, of De Wette, and Schleiermacher; and, much more so, of a once celebrated work, 'Christianity as old as the Creation;' though we think he has been more immediately indebted to a well-known publication by the late Benjamin Constant.

Whatever Christianity has in common with Natural Theology, must of course be reproduced in a system which professes to be based on a conformity to human nature. On the other hand, all that has been called 'the peculiarities of Christianity' must, almost as necessarily, be left out of it, and will remain to be accounted for upon other grounds. A highly poetical religion, no doubt, is here set before us, and is described with fearless and glowing eloquence. But, instead of recognising in it the religion of the New Testament, we feel that we are looking at a series of dissolving views, which, even while we are gazing on them, make themselves air. It is in vain that we are handed over to metaphorical interpretation—that universal solvent. Christianity is a historical religion, with supernatural attestations. Its external facts have to be verified, as well as our spiritual nature to be lifted up and set at rest. The questions still recur—what was the actual origin of Christianity? what its actual claims? and how upheld?—questions, which no mere

Theory of human nature or mental impressions can possibly dispose of.

The scope and character of what have been called treatises on 'the Evidences of Christianity,' have varied extremely in different ages—following the nature of the objections which for the time seemed most prominent, or most necessary to be combated. Thus, the primitive writers of this class were 'apologists'—pleading in defence of the believers against their heathen opponents and oppressors, rather than calm investigators of questions of abstract evidence. In later ages, as the authority of tradition and pretensions to infallibility gained ground, to discuss evidence became superfluous; and, accordingly, of this branch of theological literature the mediæval church presents hardly any specimens. At the Reformation, Roman Catholics and Protestants were agreed, or rather were compelled to take their ground of quarrel lower down the stream. The general truth of a system must be assumed by both parties, before they can be eager to take away each other's lives on differences of interpretation. If burning zeal is above reason, offensive profaneness and polite indifference are below it. And all of these had their turn. Sceptical controversies came last. Their memorials still remain upon our book-shelves, in the form of metaphysics, at once ponderous and subtle;—but they remain only as memorials, representing the singular contentions of former times—strange in their subject-matter, and strangely carried on.

If we look to those who, in our schools and colleges, have been regarded as the standard authorities on 'the Evidences' for the last two centuries, how great has been the change, and how indicative of the progress of opinion! From the erudite folios of Jackson and Stillingfleet, or the more condensed arguments of 'Clarke on the Attributes,' and 'Grotius *De Veritate*'—the universal text-books of the last century—how entire was the transition in the present to Butler and Paley! and, notwithstanding the aid furnished by the writings of Douglas and Watson—of Horseley and Porteous—not to mention a host of other powerful champions—how general is the admission at present of their insufficiency, and of the want of a standard work suited to our times! * New polemical schools have recently risen up, and require to be met on their own grounds. In this state of things,

* Two books have been lately published—one in England, the other in America—in which the necessities of minds strongly contrasted in their order and their training, are presumed. The first is anonymous, and is powerfully written—but is, at the same time, both narrow and

it is but a poor policy in English writers to keep aloof—from the fear, apparently, of doing more harm, by bringing a new class of religious difficulties before the public, than good, by resolving or refuting them. But discussion can not and ought not to be avoided; and any future manual will fall short of our reasonable expectations, in case the young student of divinity shall not find in it the whole argument displayed, in all its strength and with all its weakness, in a manner worthy of the subject and the age.

On proceeding to examine into the reality of the claims of Christianity as a Divine revelation, the primary subject of inquiry must necessarily be that of the authenticity and authority of those written records, to which at least the majority of Protestant advocates appeal, as the sole depositary of the Gospel. This is a question which is unavoidably mixed up, as well with reference to Christian antiquity, and to the necessity for drawing a line of demarcation between the New Testament and the Apostolic Fathers, on the one hand, as with the establishment of the intrinsic claims and historical evidences of these sacred records, on the other.

Now, nothing can be more injurious to the cause of truth, than the disposition, which has been far too common, to overstate the testimony; and to strain beyond all rational bounds the argument derived from it. We must be content to accept the evidence such as we find it; and so far only as we are guided by its strict tenor, shall we succeed in finding substantial grounds for a belief in the authority of the New Testament, or be able to form a distinct and rational idea of its nature. The transmission of the New Testament to the present times, is a question of precisely the same kind as that of any other ancient writings which have come down to us. The evidence is manifestly of such a nature as cannot be stated in any summary manner. It comes from

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latitudinarian: latitudinarian in its criticisms, narrow in its Church-of-Englandism. It is entitled 'A Vindication of Protestant Principles, by Philoleutherus Anglicanus'—and appears to have been composed by way of encouragement to the study of philology among members of the Church of England. The other work is by Professor Greenleaf, long colleague to the late Mr Justice Story, and himself author of the best American treatise on judicial evidence. It is entitled, 'An Examination of the Testimony of the Four Evangelists, by the Rules of Evidence administered in Courts of Justice; with an Account of the Trial of Jesus;' and it is expressly dedicated to the members of the legal profession, on the ground of the special obligation attaching, in this respect, to a profession, one of the peculiar studies of which is the law of evidence.

almost every quarter. It depends on accumulated arguments furnished both by external facts and internal confirmations—on the labour of archæologists and interpreters—the resources of criticism and philology—and, above all, on the moral judgment, trained and exercised to discover the stamp of genuineness, and appreciate the marks which distinguish reality from fable, or truth from imposture.

Our critical difficulties in this case are the same as necessarily recur in all appeals to antiquity—neither more nor less. We have to rely, of course, on the presumed ability and honesty of an unknown series of transcribers. But, after this reliance is granted or assumed, there will remain occasional deficiencies and exceptions in the critical evidence for the received text. The best critics are found to differ in opinion, both as to the general state of the text, and the reception of particular passages. There are sometimes variations, sometimes suspicions, concerning existing readings—and, in some instances, doubts as to larger portions, too serious to be overlooked in a dispassionate inquiry.

The testimony to the books of the New Testament, derived, whether from the quotations of a long series of early Christian writers, or from the attacks of the adversaries of the faith, or from the common appeal of controversial disputants, collected by the industry of modern research, undoubtedly proves the authority attributed to them in the conspiring opinion of those ages. That opinion, however, must itself be amenable to the critical judgment of modern times; and documentary evidence has been too often found fallacious, not to justify modern criticism in relying mainly on the internal evidence in the case of the Scriptures—evidence at once so abundant and so decisive.

Indisputable, though slight peculiarities of style, manner, allusion, opinions, habits of thought, afford indications which mark the age and country of the writers, and cannot be mistaken by the critical scholar. Minute circumstances, undesigned coincidences, even trivial contradictions, the visible influence of national prejudices and popular belief, all carry back the reader into the immediate presence of the writers.

It is now, indeed, admitted, nearly on all hands, that the preponderating mass of attestation, external and internal combined, affords a satisfactory authentication of the New Testament as the production of the Apostolic age. The more the case is examined into, the more strongly does it appear that the record it contains, though perhaps imperfect in its details, and in some parts uncertain in its origin, is the only ground on which we can form our conclusions respecting the nature and design of the original institution of Christianity—the more irresistible is our

impression of their distinct pre-eminence in character and authority over the other remains of Christian antiquity, sometimes so imprudently advanced to almost a level with them.

And it is only on the same critical grounds on which the general authenticity of the New Testament rests, that we can establish *the exclusiveness* of its authority; or maintain that no other authentic records of the Apostles or first founders of Christianity have come down to us. For, to say nothing of such acknowledged forgeries as the Apostolic constitutions and liturgies, and the several spurious gospels, the question of the genuineness of the alleged remains of the Apostolic Fathers, though often overlooked, is very material. Any genuine remains of the 'Apostle' Barnabas (Acts xiv. 14, ix. 24, xiii. 1), of Hermas, the contemporary (Rom. xvi. 14), and Clement, the highly commended and gifted fellow labourer of St Paul (Phil. iv. 3), could scarcely be regarded as less sacred than those of Mark and Luke, of whom personally we know less. It is purely a question of criticism. At the present day, the critics best competent to determine it, have agreed in opinion, that the extant writings ascribed to Barnabas and Hermas are wholly spurious—the frauds of a later age.* How much suspicion attaches to the 1st Epistle of Clement (for the fragment of the second is also generally rejected), is manifest from the fact, that in modern times it has never been allowed the place expressly assigned to it among the canonical books prefixed to the celebrated Alexandrian MS., in which the only known copy of it is included. The remains of Ignatius and Polycarp are perhaps better attested; but, though called Apostolic Fathers, they have no claim to rank among the first founders of Christianity.

The importance of the question of the genuineness of the remains of the Apostolic Fathers, is often strangely overlooked; nevertheless, as regards the actual companions of the Apostles, the least consideration shows, that even those writers who have been most anxious to draw a line, do so with a very feeble hand. Take, for example, the statement of the strenuous advocate of Scripture, Dr Stillingfleet:—

'Well might Scaliger complain, that the interval from the last of the Acts to the middle of Trajan, in which time Quadratus and Ignatius began to flourish, was a 'tempus αδηλον,' as Varro speaks—a mere chaos of time filled with the rude conceptions of Papias, Hermas, and others, who, like Hannibal, when they could not find a way through, would make one either by force or fraud.'—(*Irenicum*, p. 297.)

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* See Neander's *Ecclesiastical History*, ii. 329, *transl.*

These expressions, strong as they are, are scarcely sufficiently significant of the real distinction. So, though somewhat more definite, the assertion of a later writer:—

'The remarkable difference,' observes Dr Neander, 'between the writings of the Apostles and those of the Apostolic Fathers, who are yet so close upon the former in point of time, is a remarkable phenomenon of its kind. While in other cases such a transition is usually quite gradual, in this case we find a sudden one. Here, then, is no gradual transition, but a sudden spring—a remark which is calculated to lead us to a recognition of the peculiar activity of the Divine Spirit in the souls of the Apostles.'—(*Hist. of Church*, ii. 329, *transl.*)

If we desiderate a stouter protest against the Apostolic Fathers, it is because of the height of their pretensions. For, it must not be forgotten that Ignatius expressly lays claim to inspiration (*Ep. ad Eph.* xx. and *ad Tull.* iv. v.)—that Irenæus quotes Hermas as Scripture, and Origen speaks of him as inspired (in *Ep. ad Rom.* lib. x.); while Polycarp, in modestly disclaiming to be put on a level with the Apostles, clearly implies there would have been no essential distinction in the way of his being ranked in the same order (*ad Phil.* § 3.) But the question is, how are these pretensions substantiated?

Our divines do not appear to have been sufficiently aware of the importance of the question. In fact, it is only in later times that criticism has been at all exercised on the subject. Catholic editors, like Cotelerius, were of course precluded from these embarrassing discussions; but it is difficult to understand the state of mind of a Protestant, as in the instance of Archbishop Wake, who, in his 'Apostolic Fathers,' includes the 'Shepherd' of Hermas, and the 'Epistle' of Barnabas, apparently entertaining no question as to their authenticity, while yet he does not regard them as a part of the New Testament. We are tempted to ask, in such cases, what is the notion held of Scripture? The only adequate announcement of the distinction with which we are acquainted in any English divine, is that so forcibly expressed by Jortin. He is referring, indeed, immediately to the case of the so-called Apostolic constitutions; but his words are equally applicable to the parallel case of the Apostolic Fathers, supposing that we profess to believe that there is any peculiar claim to divinity in the New Testament:—

'If genuine, they are a sacred treatise, and of equal authority with the New Testament; if they are not genuine, they are an infamous imposture; for which the forger well deserved the punishment inflicted by the Roman laws on Falsarii.'—(*Remarks on Eccl. Hist.* i. 229.)

When we pass to examine the contents of the Scriptures them-

selves, and analyse the nature of our convictions, we must remember, that the very notion of *evidence* offered in support of any thing, implies that it is of a nature cognisable to our faculties. Whatever is adduced as a proof, must be amenable to the laws of rational belief, and to the analogies with which we are conversant. If not, it fails in its object. A mystery proved by another mystery, is the old cosmogony of the elephant standing on the tortoise. A witness who is not to be cross-examined, does more harm than good to the cause in which he is produced. By the same great principles, all inductive knowledge is acquired, by means of which we learn the laws of belief, and how to estimate the credibility of testimonies, and to proportion our conviction according to the amount and quality of the evidence, and the nature of the facts which are to be proved. The Christian religion is an historical religion. But all historical testimony challenges a critical examination of its object and character; and after the general credit of any historical record has been established, the credit due to any supernatural statements which they may contain, will not only justify, but demand, a distinct examination.

Few questions have been more debated, than the place which properly belongs to supernatural events among the general proofs of a revelation; and more especially, what is the place assigned to them among the general proofs of Christianity? A change in this respect appears to have come over our own writers in later times. We think that it is now generally acknowledged, that Paley took too exclusive a view, in insisting on Miracles as the *sole*, or even the principal evidence of a Divine revelation. The difficulty of the question may be conceived, when we find a professed advocate for *miracles*, even to the extent of those of the ecclesiastical legends,—no less a person than Mr Newman, expressly contending that very few of the Scripture miracles fulfil the precise tests laid down by Leslie, Lyttleton, Douglas, and other writers, whose arguments he discards as altogether unsatisfactory.—(*Essay*, 107, &c.)

But in all these discussions, there is a fundamental question —What was the general antecedent credibility of supernatural interposition? Among the older writers, that point was but little thought of. The most philosophical confine themselves to estimating the value of testimony, and the general laws of the probability of its failure. in some instances drawn out into mathematical computation of chances, while, for the most part, they enter immediately on the details of evidence. On the other hand, the recent rationalistic speculators begin, by assuming, with equally little notice or examination, the incredibility of any proper supernatural interposition, at least in external events, and

to the extent of superseding the ordinary laws of nature. Thus Strauss* speaks of the 'impossibility' of miracles, as a point almost admitted; yet, in any really philosophical discussion of the subject, this fundamental question must take precedence; while it can only be investigated to any useful purpose, by writers thoroughly acquainted with both metaphysical and physical philosophy. In applying their philosophy to the special case of Christianity, its own learning will be also required; that is, a critical knowledge of the New Testament, and of the speculations by which, on whatever principles, the nature of the interposition represented by it, has been attempted to be explained.

Another ground of antecedent improbability has been relied on, from the supposed imbecility of human nature. When all other objections are overcome, it may still be suggested, that our faculties, which are strong enough to justify a belief in natural religion, are not strong enough to bear us out in the belief of a revealed. It will be mortifying, indeed, to be obliged to fall from our aspirations, after a more close communion with a higher nature than our own, upon this sort of objection; and to be kept out of possession of this great inheritance, only in consequence of being incapable of understanding the evidence by which our title to it is supported.

This last consideration has been treated with great ability by Mr Bentham, in his work on Evidence, and by Mr John Mill, in his work on Logic: And modern divines have become aware of the necessity of anticipating the difficulties which belong to it. Hence the principle adopted by Dean Lyall (*Propœdia Prophetica*), of distinguishing between the occurrence of an extraordinary or unaccountable event, and the opinion that it was occasioned by Divine interposition; hence Döederlein's remarks (*Inst. Theol. Christ.*, § 9, 10) on the difficulty of determining what is a supernatural event;—hence Mr Penrose's argument, concerning such acts as are understood to be the effects of superhuman power, which yet are not necessarily or directly shown to be Divine. (*The Use of Miracles in Proving a Revelation, &c.*) The necessity of these distinctions will appear, when we recollect that the Jews and early opponents of Christianity did not deny the fact of the Christian miracles, but ascribed them universally to magic and evil spirits. Henry Martin was met in the same way by the Persian Mahommedans. A people is proof against miracles, when it once believes that its own sheiks have the power of raising from the dead.

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* *Life of Jesus*, Introd. § 13.

In all cases of moral evidence, the importance of a due philosophical discussion of the question of antecedent credibility, is more clearly seen, the more we reflect on the actual grounds of belief. In ordinary affairs, and even in scientific conclusions, our convictions, to a much greater extent than is commonly thought of, depend more on our impressions as to antecedent credibility, than on the actual details of testimony, or an examination of the assemblage of facts. Such examination is often very slight—just enough to give some exemplification, or little more, of the truth; which we embrace at first, under a previous general impression of its probability, or from its accordance with established analogies.

In order to obtain any satisfactory view of the probability of a revelation, or of the proof of it which we are entitled to expect, we must have recourse to an enlarged apprehension of the general evidences of the Divine perfections, especially as manifested in the providential and moral government of the world. It must be upon a due appreciation of the comprehensiveness of the Divine operations in the guidance of the moral as well as the physical creation, that we can alone form such worthy conceptions of the modes and means of interposition in the regulation of human affairs in general, and of God's spiritual manifestations in particular, as are more immediately implied in the disclosure of a revelation of the Divine will and purposes, for the salvation of the human race. The evidences of natural theology rest on the proofs of unity of design, derived from the harmony and order of the natural world; and the reasoning mind cannot doubt, that the moral world is in reality governed by laws of equal uniformity and universal adaptation, though comparatively little open to our examination.

On such general principles—on the same broad basis as that on which the evidences of natural theology repose—on the ground of there being no real breach of *some* great laws of uniformity, however unknown to us—the most philosophic defence of Revelation has been supplied; and views of the case nearly similar, in principle at least, have been adopted by some of the most approved advocates of Christianity, even of very opposite schools;—formerly recognised by Bishop Watson (*Third Letter to Gibbon*), it has been in different degrees upheld by Dr Arnold (*Modern Hist.* 137), and by Dean Lyall (*Prop. Proph.* 392)—advocated by a learned dissenting divine, Dr Pye Smith (*Scrip. Geol.* 88, and *note*, 161, 1st ed.)—illustrated by mathematical analogies by Mr Babbage (*Ninth Bridgewater Treatise*, p. 99)—and, moreover, apparently admitted by Mr Newman.

Such a view disencumbers the subject, not only of the ques-

tion of antecedent credibility of miracles, but of many other difficulties, which have been made matter of cavil and objection. In a coincidence with the pre-established order of events, appealed to as concurring with the disclosure of a moral and religious revelation, and as combined with, and corroborating, the testimony of a multitude of other proofs, external and internal, we trace design, and thence evidence of a common origin; and are led to acknowledge Divine manifestations, accrediting the Divine word, to those to whom it is addressed, according to their moral capacities to receive it.

Granting its possibility, supernatural agency, it may be suggested, might be interposed in a variety of ways, by providences as special as the providential government of the Jews, without the world at large, or even the parties principally concerned, whether nations or private persons, being made aware that it is taking place. For instance, God has promised to keep open communications between the Holy Spirit and the soul of man: But we have no promise that the communications shall be made in such a manner as to be capable of proof. On the contrary, in the instance of a revelation, adequate proof of the Divine authority under which it issues, is an indispensable condition. In what a dilemma would any other supposition leave the human race! Responsible, on the one hand, for receiving a false message—on the other, for rejecting a true one—yet no sufficient means provided for discerning which was true, and which was false! Now, when with this view we examine the evidence adduced in behalf of the Christian dispensation, it will be seen, that miracles are only partially relied on, and that many things are to be attended to, to enable us to set a proper estimate on their value.

A long list of precautionary rules has been provided for us by many eminent writers, not so much, perhaps, in the character of criteria of truth, as of guards against fraud and error. We must take care, in our investigation of the Scripture miracles, not to lose sight of the distinction between signs and wonders; that is, between the intrinsically marvellous nature of an event, and its being made the symbol or attestation of an inspired announcement. Another distinction, that according to which the Jew and Gentile are respectively appealed to, by the particular signs and evidences best suited to their apprehensions and condition, involves a principle of equal importance in its application. But the rule of rules, which approaches as nearly to a test as the nature of the subject seems to allow, is the rule which makes the force of evidence from miracles, depend on their conjunction with internal evidence, and on their conspiring with a high and

hy object.

Dean Lyall has entered largely into this important qualification of the evidence, in connexion with his general argument. He also commends the answer given by Origen and Tertullian to the pretended miracles of Apollonius—not directly denying them, but pointing out that they had no object, or connexion with other evidence (*Prop. Proph.* 441). We must fall back on Dr Johnson's limitations:—'Why, sir, Hume, taking the proposition simply, is right; but the Christian Revelation is not proved by miracles alone; but as connected with prophecies, and with the doctrines, in confirmation of which miracles were wrought!'

Dr Arnold indeed carries this view of the question still further: he not only contends for the *combination* of the different branches of evidence, but places miracles altogether in quite a secondary position. 'Miracles,' he says, 'are the natural accompaniment of the Christian Revelation.' . . . 'But miracles must not be allowed to overrule the Gospel; for it is only through our belief in the Gospel that we accord our belief to them.'—(*Lect. on Mod. Hist.* 133, 137.) It is difficult to perceive any grave distinction between these views and the argument of Döederlein, that 'the truth of the doctrine does not depend on the miracles; but we must first be convinced of the doctrine by its internal evidence.' A similar conviction must have been at the bottom of Pascal's declaration—'Je ne parle pas ici des miracles de Moïse, de Jésus Christ, et des Apôtres, parcequ'ils ne paraissent pas d'abord convainçans, et que je ne veux mettre ici en evidence que tous les fondemens de cette religion Chrétienne, qui sont indubitables, et qui ne peuvent être mis en doute par quelque personne qui ce soit.'—(*Pensées*, Par. ii. Art. xvii. § ix.)

The necessity for a *combination* of the evidence of miracles with that of the doctrine, was admitted even under the Jewish dispensation. We read *there* of false prophets who might 'give signs and wonders' which might 'come to pass;' but this was still to be subjected to the test of their doctrine (Deut. xiii. 1), and was to be rejected if they led their hearers 'after other Gods.' In like manner, St Paul warns the Galatians against 'another gospel,' if preached even 'by an angel from heaven;' (Gal. i. 8), and, even according to Christ's admonition, '*false* Christs and *false* prophets should show signs and wonders, such as might deceive, if possible, the very elect' (Matt. xxiv. 24.) The strength of the battle in behalf of a Revelation must be centred, therefore, in its internal evidence; from which it necessarily follows, that, as the main ground of the admissibility of such attestations is the worthiness of the object—the doctrine, to receive them, its unworthiness will discredit even the most dis-

tinctly alleged apparent miracles: and such worthiness or unworthiness depends solely on our moral judgment of the consistency of the doctrine with other acknowledged truths. Thus Archbishop Whately, in relation to the character of Christ, as conspiring with the external attestations of his mission, strongly remarks (speaking of some who would ascribe a double doctrine to him), 'If I could believe Jesus to have been guilty of such 'subterfuges . . . . I not only could not acknowledge 'him as sent from God, but should reject him with the deepest 'moral indignation.'—(*Kingdom of Christ*, Essay i. § 12.)

We have said above that it was necessary (and it was fortunately by no means difficult) to draw a line between the canonical Scriptures, and all other writings of the Apostolical age. For the same reasons, it is equally fitting to separate ecclesiastical miracles from Scripture miracles, and, perhaps, equally important.

The continued existence of supernatural powers, however occasionally dormant, in the Christian Church, it is well known, has been a belief upheld not only (as a matter of course) by Catholic writers, but even by some of the most eminent Protestant divines, as Grotius (*Comm. on Mark*, xvi. 17), Barrow, Dodwell, and others. Yet they do not seem to have observed how obviously this admission might recoil on the received views of the evidence of Revelation. But, from the time of Middleton's celebrated publication, the difficulties of the question have been better appreciated. And on the received views of the evidence, Campbell and others have contended, that these miracles, if admitted, must be received as the attestation of continued new revelations—further developments, in short, of Christianity; and, by necessary consequence, setting aside the finality of the New Testament: which is precisely the light in which they are now so much upheld by the traditionists. Mr Newman's Essay on the Miracles recorded in ecclesiastical history will not restore the thaumaturgical credit of the early Church with any who feel themselves at liberty to dispute it. The danger is, lest, by pressing too hard on our credulity, he should bring the Scripture miracles themselves into question also. Accordingly, Mr Newman himself suggests the inquiry, why the supposition of craft and enthusiasm, if it be applied to the miracles of ecclesiastical history, should not be equally applicable to those of the New Tesment?—(*Essay*, p. 86, 7.)

But the miracles most insisted on belong to an age when they were altogether in the hands of a dominant body, and favoured its pretensions, among the willing and ignorant votaries of increasing credulity and superstition. They are derived from the

circumstantial legends of Gregory and Eusebius (see Newman's *Essay*, 102, 44); while those of an earlier age depend only on the more vague, general, and indirect statements of Origen (Cont. Cels. iii. 24. xiii. 420); Tertullian (Apol. 23); Justin (Apol. ii. 6 i. 45); and Irenæus, (Adv. Hær. ii. 32, 22), indefinite in their tenor, and in no case reported on the credit of eye-witnesses. While, going back still earlier, more remarkable is the fact (which has not been enough dwelt on) that *not one of the Apostolic Fathers* —neither Ignatius, nor Polycarp the disciple of St John, nor Clement the fellow-labourer of St Paul, make the smallest reference to miracles as existing in their age. For, that Ignatius puts hypothetically the case of working miracles (*Frag.* ix), that the 'Martyrology of Polycarp' (whose author and date are quite uncertain) details some prodigies attending his death, and that Clement appeals to the miracle, as he believed it to be, of the Phœnix (παραδοξον σημειον, I. Ad. Cor. § 25), we suppose will hardly be regarded as exceptions. That the stream should thus be most defective nearest its source—the chain broken at its very commencement—remains to be accounted for.

The Scripture narratives, on the other hand, present an obvious meaning to the ordinary reader. Nevertheless, considerable difference of opinion has always prevailed respecting the interpretation not only of particular passages, but of the whole account of the Scripture miracles, and even of the narrative itself which includes the record of them.

In the case of the Scripture miracles, some have been led to adopt the principle of endeavouring, in each particular instance, to seek for an explanation derived from the operation of known natural causes. Such a mode of interpretation had indeed been carried on with reference to detached portions of the sacred narrative, by some of the German theologians of earlier date. But Semler (about the middle of the last century), who may perhaps justly claim the honours of the founder of the Rationalistic school, attempted a more connected application of it, especially as to the case of the demoniacs. His views were taken up by numerous coadjutors and disciples, until they received at last their most fully systematised development in the labours of Paulus, the yet surviving patriarch of the older Rationalism.

Polemical divines, both in England and on the Continent, have been too prone to ascribe an irreligious spirit to all such speculators; which, in some cases at least, is quite unfounded. The 'Autobiographic Sketches' of Paulus, for instance, present a very different picture of the spirit in which his inquiries were carried on. He appears to have been throughout animated by the most sincere desire of vindicating the truth of the New Testament,

whatever may be thought of the wisdom or prudence of the mode in which it was attempted.

The publication of the celebrated Wolfenbuttle Fragments, under the name of Reimarus (1773–8), ascribed to Lessing, was perhaps not unjustly considered as one of the most formidable attacks which the cause of Christianity had sustained; since it directly impugned, on critical grounds, the entire credit and authenticity of its records, especially the miraculous portions of them. There can be no reasonable doubt of the sincerity with which Paulus presented himself as the champion of Christianity. He grounded his argument upon the broad principle (in itself so readily admissible), that those portions of the New Testament which have a special reference to the age and the parties among whom it was written, may, and ought to be, carefully distinguished from those which are of a more general and permanent import. But in following out this idea, Paulus included miracles under the former class. According to his view of them, they were events which were regarded as miraculous in that age and country; but which ought to be regarded in a very different light by the more advanced intelligence of our times. We ought, therefore, to construe them into extraordinary natural events; or into results whose causes have been simply omitted in the narrative; or into the mere effects of superior skill and knowledge, which the Evangelist has described, in the popular language of his day, as supernatural interpositions. Or, we may suppose them to have really been nothing more than those 'symbolic actions,' or 'acted parables,' which were familiar to the Jews, as merely illustrative of some doctrines, though the nature of them was afterwards misconceived. No wonder the Christian world was a little startled, when Paulus first set before it a complete system of Gospel history composed upon these principles, in his *Commentary on the Gospel* (1800), and his *Life of Jesus* (1828).

But, on examining in any detail the various explanations, distinctions, and assumptions advanced, for the purpose of reducing every miraculous incident to the standard of known natural causes, most readers must have felt that there is something extravagantly forced and puerile in the character of many of these interpretations; even where the attempts may not be justly open to the graver charge of wilfully distorting the obvious sense of the narrative. The objections become more serious, when it is perceived that the system is carried out to the length of an universal theory, with the professed object of affording a rational view of the whole series of Christian miracles.

Under the generic name of Rationalism, many systems have been included; but it would be difficult to find any two sections

of the same nominal school more entirely opposed to each other, even in their first principles, than those of the older and later rationalists;—the disciples of Paulus and of Strauss;—the advocates of the 'Natural' and of the 'Mythic' system;—the interpreters of the Evangelic narrative regarded as historical, but explained in its miraculous events, by natural causes;—and the philologists, who on critical grounds deny the historical character of the incidents, and represent the narratives as intrinsically fictitious; and as a mere mythical invention for exalting the Messianic character of Jesus. Of the last school, the most distinguished supporter, if not the originator, is Strauss. No other writer has approached him, in the clearness with which he has laid down his principles, the acuteness with which he has argued out the critical data, and the uncompromising boldness with which he has applied to every part of the Gospel narrative, his universal solution of all its difficulties, the hypothesis of its mythic origin. This idea had confessedly been applied by some earlier writers, as Rosenmuller and Anton, to certain portions of the Gospel; and, so limited, was even alleged to possess the sanction of some of the Fathers. But Strauss was the first to apply it generally; and to justify it on the strength of general considerations, derived from the *probable* circumstances under which the Gospel narratives were produced, and from the absence of direct evidence of their origin. The argument in behalf of this singular hypothesis is supported by a searching examination of each successive portion of the history. The most vexatious resources of criticism and hypercriticism are employed to bring out, in their strongest contrast, every circumstance of discrepancy between the different narratives, and the different parts of the same Evangelist. Having exaggerated every difficulty, he proceeds to account for them on the supposition of divers versions having been formed out of a collection of traditions. On these were engrafted 'myths,' originating in the character and attributes which the Jews expected to find in the Messiah;—all of which, accordingly, the followers of Jesus persuaded themselves were to be found united in his person.

We need not enter into details with the English public, and scarcely with any description of English scholars, on an hypothesis of this kind. Whatever plausibility may be given by learning and ingenuity to some of its details, the first impression of the improbability of the hypothesis will only deepen more and more into an insurmountable conviction, with every reasonable person, that, as a whole, it can never be a true representation of the actual state of the case, of the real design of the Gospel, or of the sense in which its records are to be interpreted.

To declare that the whole Evangelical narrative is but one continued fable, that the writers of the Gospels intended them to be received as avowedly fictitious compositions, is much more like a caricature of the audacities sometimes attributed to German speculation, than a possible example of the degree to which a scholar, overmastered by an idea, can ever have bewildered himself, or sought to bewilder others.

While German literature has become of late much more familiar to us—though not yet quite naturalised—German theology, one of its most important branches, has never had justice done to it. A work like the present will increase the prejudice against it. For, whether Strauss's *Life of Jesus* be presented to us as the triumphant exercitation of a scholar, bent on trying what can be made by sufficient learning out of the most hopeless hypothesis, or as a grave philosophical dissertation set down in sad and sober earnest, we are satisfied, that, in either case, it lies as far beyond the visible diurnal sphere of English comprehension as the philosophy of Hegel. The wide circulation of a French translation, and the more recent appearance of an English one, prove only our curiosity about a book which has naturally been much talked about, and our wonder at a people among whom it is understood to have assembled a following, and almost raised a school. We are, on principle, averse to treating with scorn, or even with indifference, any man's serious convictions on such a subject. Nevertheless, in this instance, we are stopped on the threshold by a preliminary objection, which must be first removed, or we can have no serious object in proceeding further. We shall state our objection in the words of Dr Arnold:—

'What a strange work Strauss's *Leben Jesu* appears to me, judging of it from the notices in the *Studien und Kritiken!* It seems to me to show the ill effects of that division of labour which prevails so much amongst the learned men of Germauy.

'Strauss writes about history and myths without appearing to have studied the question; but having heard that some pretended histories are mythical, he borrows this notion, as an engine to help him out of Christianity! But the idea of men writing mythic histories between the time of Livy and Tacitus, and of St Paul mistaking such for realities!'*

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* A single passage from the *Vindication of Protestant Principles* goes as far in dealing freely with a single case of interpretation, as most Protestants will feel inclined or obliged to follow:—'It must be obvious to every one who is not wedded to the untenable hypothesis, that the

Yet, of all our theologians Dr Arnold was perhaps the least timid—the least sensitive to the peril of loosening old associations, or of laying bare the walls of our Zion, by taking away the venerable ivy which, in the course of centuries, may have overgrown them. Witness his views on the kindred question of inspiration, and his expectations of what Coleridge—a prophet whom, we confess, we should be slow to trust in—might bring to pass:—

'Have you seen your uncle's 'Letters on Inspiration,' (he asks Mr Justice Coleridge), which I believe are to be published? They are well fitted to break ground in the approaches to that momentous question, which involves in it so great a shock to existing notions—the greatest, probably, that has ever been given since the discovery of the falsehood of the doctrine of the Pope's infallibility. Yet it must come; and will end, in spite of the fears and clamours of the weak and bigoted, in the higher exalting, and more sure establishing of Christian truth.'

Of the mystery of speculations truly there is no end. But meanwhile, and above all, let us be tolerant and gentle in judging each other's faith. As it is the acknowledged distinction between moral evidence and demonstrative, that the former admits of degrees, so it is also a further characteristic, that the same moral argument is of different degrees of force to different minds.

The Christian evidences are not only of various kinds and degrees in themselves, but each particular class of proofs may present its peculiar claims, as well as its peculiar difficulties, with very different force to different apprehensions. Thus, the external evidences, the nature of miracles, the application of prophecy, the circumstances of the promulgation and preservation of the faith, are one and all open to a variety of judgment. The proofs on the one hand, and the objections stated on the other, will weigh very unequally on different minds. This is still more true

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Evangelists were supernaturally enlightened, in regard to the *facts* which they narrate, that the details of the Temptation could only have been communicated to them by our Lord himself. ..... The narration is nothing more than a statement, in the peculiar phraseology of Jesus, of the conflict between his higher and lower nature. ..... We do not think it necessary to suppose with Schleiermacher, that the story of the Temptation is an instructive parable;—with the Rationalists, that it was a trance, or a conference with a priest;—or with Strauss, that it was a mythus, constructed *more Rabbinico*. It appears to us to have been a true recital, coloured by the peculiar phraseology of the narrator, of a mental struggle which he really underwent.'

with regard to internal evidence. The reasonableness and sublimity of the Christian doctrines—their practical excellence, their consistency with the Divine perfections, and with the moral relations of man, and the power with which they come home to the conscience, will undoubtedly be felt in extremely unequal measure, and be regarded in very various lights, according to the feelings, views, and attainments of those who examine them.

Neither let Christianity be made more difficult than it really is, by insisting upon unnecessary particulars. We are told, that concessions had been made to the Jews, in consequence of the hardness of their hearts; and Christianity itself may be found to have been brought into the world, in some respects, under the shelter of existing prejudices, and clothed in the peculiarities of established systems, which might be necessary for its successful introduction, under the actual circumstances of the case. Again, the strength of Christianity consists in the multiplicity of its evidences,—there are some a child may handle—some which will task a giant. Among the controversies which the weaker parts of our nature are constantly maintaining with our reason, we must recognise the propensity, of which we are all more or less sensible, to struggle after an infallible assurance for our faith. Some seek to find it in a Church which cannot err; others, in spiritual impressions, which must not be resisted. But infallibility is not for man. Rational belief does not require it. And, while the votaries of superstition and fanaticism may, with some sort of consistency, join in persecuting all who believe either more or less than they do,—*sæviant illi*:—More humble Christians, who pretend to no higher warrant than evidence and reason, are well aware, not only what reverence is due to the rights of charity and conscience, but that, wide as we may rove under unbounded freedom of inquiry, knocking at each and all of the hundred gates of error, yet it, and it alone, can lead us to the truth. There are three kinds of religion: The religion of the intellect, the religion of the imagination, and the religion of the heart. We are far from thinking that the first, by itself, is entitled to the highest place; but it is invaluable as a security to the others, and is plainly the only one with which the study of the Evidences can have any close connexion or concern.

ART. VI.—1. *Verhandeling over de Stoombemaling van Polders en Droogmakerijen.* Door G. SIMONS, en A. GREVE. (*A Treatise on the Steam-Pumping of Polders and Artificially dried Lands.* By G. SIMONS and A. GREVE.) 4to, pp. 198, Rotterdam: 1844.

2. *Gedenkboek van Neerlands Watersnood in Februarij* 1825. Door J. C. BEŸER. (*Memorials of Netherlands Water-danger in February* 1825. By J. C. BEŸER.) 2 vols. 8vo. Te s'Gravenhage: 1826.

3. *Algemeen Verslag van de Doorbraak in de Droogmakerij van Bleiswijk en Hillegersberg voorgevallen den* 26 *December* 1833. (*Account of the Breaking of the Dyke in the Drainage* (*Drymakery*) *of Bleiswijk and Hillegersberg on the 26th December* 1833.) 8vo, pp. 50. Rotterdam: 1836.

4. *Algemeen Verslag wegens den Staat van den Landbouw in het Koningrijk der Nederlanden gedurende het Jaar* 1845. (*General Sketch of the State of Agriculture in the Kingdom of the Netherlands during the year* 1845.) 8vo, pp. 153. Te Haarlem: 1846.

5. *Over de Noodzakelijkheid van de Beoeffening der Natuurkundige Wetenschappen voor den Landbouw in Nederland.* Door A. H. VAN DER BOOM MESCH. (*On the necessity of the Practical Application of Natural Science to Agriculture in the Netherlands.* By A. H. VAN DER BOOM MESCH.) 8vo, pp. 59. Te Amsterdam: 1846.

6. *Die Marschen und Inseln, der Herzogthümer Schleswig und Holstein.* Von J. G. KOHL. (*The Marshes and Islands of the Grand Duchies of Schleswig and Holstein.* By J. G. KOHL.) 3 bänd 8vo. Dresden und Leipzig: 1846.

7. *On the Great Level of the Fens, including the Fens of South Lincolnshire.* By JOHN ALGERNON CLARKE. 8vo, pp. 54 (in the Journal of the Royal Agricultural Society of England. Vol. VIII., Part I.)

SPEAKING of the fall of Venice, Mr Rogers observes—'There 'was in my time another republic, also a place of refuge for 'the unfortunate—and, not only at its birth, but to the last hour 'of its existence—which had established itself in like manner 'among the waters, and which shared the same fate;—a repub-'lic, the citizens of which, if not more enterprising, were far more 'virtuous; and could say also to the great nations of the world, '"Your countries were acquired by conquest or by inheritance,

'but ours is the work of our own hands. We renew it day by 'day; and, but for us, it might cease to be, to-morrow!"—a 'republic, in its progress, for ever warred on by the elements, 'and how often by men more cruel than they! yet constantly 'cultivating the arts of peace, and, short as was the course 'allotted to it (only three times the life of man, according to 'the Psalmist), producing, amidst all its difficulties, not only 'the greatest seamen, but the greatest lawyers, the greatest 'physicians, the most accomplished scholars, the most skilful 'painters, and statesmen, as wise as they were just.'

The heart had been eaten out of the Italian Venice before her fall; and she remains an exception and a scandal to the north of Italy. Far different were the merit and the fortune of the Dutch Venices, of Rotterdam and Amsterdam. Their republic indeed is gone; but not its spirit, at least in its first, most creative, and characteristic development. It will be our business on the present occasion, after showing how Holland was the work of the hands of its citizens, to show how the necessity of renewing it day by day has descended on their successors; and with what ability and resolution this obligation is still discharged.

The Rhine, escaping from the Alps of the Grisons and the Lake of Constance, flows northward through six hundred miles of varied country—receiving by the way many minor streams —and descends through the Rheinpfalz and the Rheingau to the low country below Cleves. Here its muddy waters, struggling for an exit, divide into two main arms—the Waal and the Lower Rhine—which wind through the flat land between the moor of Cleves on the left hand, and that of Gueldres on the right.

The right arm, or Lower Rhine, soon sends off a branch—the canal of Drusus—into the Yssel at Doesburg, and through this river to the Zuyder Zee. Lower down it is called the Leck, and the Oude Rhÿn, the Kromme Rhÿn, and the Lower Yssel, form partial outlets for its waters—the main body becoming incorporated with the Maese, before it reaches the city of Rotterdam.

The left arm—the Waal—passing Nÿmegen, through a flat alluvial country, descends to Gorcum, and loses itself in the Biesbosch. Meanwhile the Maese, coming from the borders of France, through the forest of the Ardennes and the romantic scenery above Namur, has passed Liege and Maestricht, skirted the southern border of the moor of Cleves and the kingdom of Nÿmegen, and in its windings gently touched on the Waal at the head of the Bommeler Waard, till, mixing finally with its waters above Gorcum, it falls with it into the Biesbosch.

Below this point it is impossible to convey by words any clear idea of the maze of streams and outlets which intersect the scarcely dry land, and every where inosculate with each other. The Biesbosch, formerly a lake produced by one of the great river floods, is now nearly silted up, and forms a rich marsh-land, traversed—or irrigated rather—by the innumerable fingers into which the main arm of the river here divides itself. The scene, in which land and water, lying to the eye on the same level, are scarcely distinguishable from each other, is most interesting to look upon. The name of the Maese is preserved to that portion of the waters which escapes from the Biesbosch towards the north and west, and which, swallowing the Leck in its course, passes Rotterdam, and falls into the sea at the so-called mouth of the Maese. The larger portion, which flows southward and then west, forms the Hollandsche Diep, and, winding among the many low islands and slimy banks which make up the province of Zealand, mingles partly with the waters of the Scheldt, before it loses itself in the sea.

In brief, the great east and west valley which lies between Dutch Brabant on the south, and the high land of Utrecht and Gueldres on the north, is covered by a network of streams and streamlets, channels, canals, and dieps, which partly receive and partly transmit the flowing waters of the Rhine and the Maese. Loaded with mud, which they cheerfully deposit in every stiller part of their course, these streams have often filled up their own beds; have in consequence frequently shifted their channels, and, through lapse of time, have not only raised the general level of the valley, but have extended their deposits seaward, forming the numerous islands and the low coast-line of the Netherlands.

Thus the lower provinces of Holland are chiefly a gift of the river—ποταμου δωρον—the slowly accumulated deposits of sand and mud and slime, which long years have segregated from the mingling river and tidal waters, and at length solidified into habitable land.

The physical geography of the country, and the nature of its soils, are indicative of such an origin. Could we cast our eyes back to the time when it lay in a state of nature, undisturbed by those monuments of human labour which have since so remarkably changed its surface, we should see in the existing kingdom of Holland, which, since the partition, is still generally denominated the Netherlands, a succession of elevated sandy heaths or moors, girt along their lower slopes by fringes of fertile mud; and beyond these, towards the north and west, a flat expanse of marsh and bog and lake, with low firm islands interspersed, and here and there a sandy knoll; and at the ebb of tide long stretches of

swampy slime, confined on their western border by a high ridge of wind-driven sand-hills, a self-erected barrier against the fiercer inroads of the German Ocean. Through and among these heaths and marshes the rivers wound their way, here dividing their errant waters, there uniting them; here resting awhile stagnant, there pouring over their banks and scooping out new channels, but gradually lifting up their own beds and the surface of the land along their course.

As time went on, the peat-bogs deepened and extended, and what had been shallow lakes became a surface of deceitful moss or quaking heather. The tall reed spread its impenetrable jungle over the accumulated silt, and human abodes here and there appeared above them. The lakes and creeks had become fewer, and the river islands larger. Hills of drift sand had penetrated far into the country, from certain parts of the coast; and on the moors of Guelderland and East Frieseland, an atmosphere, ever loaded with moisture, had encouraged the growth of vast thicknesses of the spongy hill-side peat, which now cover and enrich them. Modify this picture by the prolonged exercise of human skill, especially by the energetic perseverance of a free people, and the surface of modern Holland is before our eyes.

The geologist still distinguishes the sites of broad lakes and marshes in the wide polders,* as also the ancient beds and changing courses of the rivers in the ribbands of rich alluvial soil which wind through the marshes towards the sea. The actual surface divides itself before his eyes into the sandy downs that border the sea, and here and there, within the land, display their round and flitting forms—the sandy scanty-herbage-yielding moors of North Brabant, Gueldres, Groningen, and East Frieseland—the alluvial, sometimes sandy, but most frequently clay deposits which skirt the actual course of the rivers, or occupy the long lines of their ancient beds—the rich warp or sea-sludge that forms the islands at the extreme mouths of the Maese and the Scheldt, fringes the shores of the Zuyder Zee, and lines the inner coasts of the Texel and of the entire necklace of islands which guard the northern limits of this inland sea—the low mosses (laage veenen, or *fens*,) which yield the hard black peat, the favourite fuel of Holland, and the extensive higher bogs (hooge veenen) from which the light brown peat of Frieseland is obtained.

These distinctions of the geologist serve the purposes of the

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* A polder is a tract of land generally below the low-water level of the adjoining sea or river, surrounded by a dyke, and only kept dry by artificial pumping.

agriculturist also. The limits of each variety of surface are defined by the former on his map; the same limits indicate to the latter where agricultural skill, and of what kind, is capable of being applied with economy and advantage; how far the capabilities of each tract have hitherto been understood; and to what extent, and by what new means, their productiveness may be yet increased.

Of the natural causes to which the low country owes its existence, the river and the sea are the principal. Each has in many places acted independently of the other; and yet an interesting fact has lately been established, which shows how the conjoined action of the two has been necessary to the production of the most valuable parts of the existing surface. The rivers traverse long tracts of country. They wear away rocks and soils of various kinds, and hurry the particles along with them. In their stages of more rapid movement, these particles move along with them. But they are deposited, more or less completely, during the periods of comparative rest. These deposits form the alluvial soils of river banks; and in producing them, the streams perform a merely mechanical part.

The quantity of matter which a river thus brings down, and, consequently, the rapidity with which it may form such deposits, varies with the length of its course, the volume of its waters, the nature of the country through which it flows, the velocity of its own upper current, the quantity of rain which falls in a given time in the regions from which its waters come, and the violence or rapidity of descent with which they fall from the heavens. Thus, a thousand gallons of the waters of the Oxus, when in flood, are said to hold in suspension two hundred and fifty pounds* of mud (Burnes); of the Yellow Sea, fifty pounds (Staunton); of the Ganges, twenty-two pounds (Everest); of the river Wear, in flood, 16 pounds (Johnston;) of the Mississippi, six pounds (Riddell); and of the Rhine, at Bonn, two-thirds of a pound, according to Mr Horner.

There is, no doubt, considerable uncertainty as to the correctness of any of these numbers. They show, however, that the transporting power of rivers varies very much, and is sometimes much greater than we should have supposed or could anticipate.

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* This quantity is probably a great deal too large. Much, however, depends upon the nature of the country. We have ourselves found a hill stream in a clay country to contain, in time of flood, upwards of one per cent of solid matter dried at 300° Fahrenheit, or 108 pounds in the thousand gallons.

Even the small proportion of matter brought down by the Rhine is equal to 146,000 cubic feet of solid matter in twenty-four hours; or in two thousand years it would form a bed of rock three feet thick and thirty-six miles square. It is by this sediment that the low banks of the Rhine, in its upper course, where it is beyond the reach of the tide, have been gradually raised—and the channels filled up, and the islands at its mouth in great part formed.

We say in great part, because in these two latter operations the sea performs an important, and what we can hardly help considering as a truly wonderful, co-operative part. In the waters of the river, but especially in those of the sea, there exist vast numbers of minute microscopic animalcules, called by Ehrenberg infusorial animals, which are fitted to live each class in its own special element only, and which, therefore, die in myriads where the sweet and the salt waters mingle. It is almost incredible to see how densely the water is sometimes peopled by these creatures, how rapidly they multiply, in what countless numbers they die. Their skeletons and envelopes, consisting of calcareous and siliceous matter extracted from the water, are almost imperishable. They commix with the mud of the river, and come, with it, to form the deposits of slime that fill up the channels, raise the growing islands, or add to the belt of most fertile land which increases seaward, where the waters are still. As the tide advances up its channel, the waters of the river spread and flow over the surface; so that far up the stream, where the upper waters are still sweet, the salt or brackish under-current carries the living things which float in it to certain death, and leaves their bodies behind it, to add to the accumulating mud. The extensive mutual surfaces of river and sea water which in this way are made to meet, insure a more rapid destruction of infusorial life than could in almost any other way be brought about.

Experiment has shown that as far up as the tide reaches, the so-called alluvial deposit in and along the channel of the river abounds with the remains of these marine animalcules, while above the reach of the tide none of them are to be found. In the Elbe they are seen as far as eighty miles above its mouth. About Cuxhaven and Gluckstadt, which are nearly forty miles from the open sea, their siliceous and calcareous skeletons form from one-fourth to one-third of the mass of the fresh mud, exclusive of the sand; while farther up the river they amount to about one-half of this quantity. In the Rhine, the Scheldt, the Mersey, the Liffey, the Thames, the Forth, the Humber, and the Wash, the same form of deposit goes on; so that in the mouths of all tidal rivers there are to be superadded to the me-

chanical debris brought down by the upper waters, the more rich and fertilising animal spoils which the sea thus wonderfully incorporates into the growing deltas, and the banks of rising mud. And thus it is seen that river islands encroach upon the ocean, not merely in proportion to the quantity of solid matters held in suspension by the descending water, but in proportion also to the richness of the sea in microscopic forms of life, and to the volume of fresh water which the river can bring to mingle with it.

Such is the origin of the alluvial soils of this country—properly so called—and of the rich sea-bordering clays formed of mixed mineral and animal matter, the almost fabulous fertility of which every where tempts men to brave disease and rapid death, and the sickening effects of swampy climates, and to expend unwearied toil in snatching them from the watery dominion, and defending them by huge dykes.

Thus naturally formed, geologically constituted, and physically placed, this country is exposed to numberless physical accidents. The waters of the rivers gather above, and come down in floods, which the loftiest and strongest dykes fail to resist—or the breaking up of the ice under the influence of a rapid thaw, dams up the stream, and the melted snows collect and burst for themselves a new channel. It is the tendency also of the rivers, as we have seen, to fill up their beds, so as after a time to become unable to convey to the sea with sufficient rapidity an unusual volume of water, which must therefore seek for itself a new and unusual outlet. Then the west, the north-west, and the south-west winds, both drive back the river itself, and urge into its mouth the waters of the German Ocean, by which the banks are overflowed, broken through, or for considerable distances entirely swept away.

Nor are such accidents confined to the neighbourhood of the river. Along the coast high downs generally exist; yet the sea occasionally makes large encroachments upon them, or forces itself entirely through them, and spreads terror and destruction over the inner land. The Zuyder Zee also is raised far above its usual level when the waters of the Atlantic pour into it, and, driven by the wind towards its eastern and southern shores, expend their fatal fury upon the costly sea-walls of unhappy Frieseland. Thus, from the Dollart westward, round by the Zuyder Zee, on the inner shore of North Holland, along the main sea-coast, among the mouths and channels of the river, and up its banks even beyond the Biesbosch and the Upper Betuwe —the whole Dutch sea and river border is, more or less, at the mercy of the fluviatile or oceanic waters, and has times withou number sunk before them.

The work of Beyer, of which the title is prefixed to the present article, contains a notice of the more remarkable recorded floods which have devastated the Netherlands from the commencement of the Christian era to the great flood of 1825. We have carefully gone over his long introductory chapter on this subject; and we find mention made of no less than 190 great floods occurring between the years 516 and 1825, besides numerous minor floods, which were attended with disastrous effects upon life and property. This gives, on an average for the last thirteen centuries, one severe inundation every seven years. Of course these floods have often been local; and hence, though much destruction was caused by each, yet a longer breathing time than seven years has generally been given, before a fearful deluge recurs in the same locality. In recent times the years 1776, 1808, and 1825, are distinguished by the occurrence of great calamities over similarly extended areas.

Of all the United Provinces, Friesland and Groningen have suffered, and continue to suffer, most from these floods. Exposed to the full rage of the north, north-west, and west winds, the waters of the angry Atlantic and Polar Seas rush towards these provinces, pour through the inlets of its barrier reef—the Helder (Hels-deur—hell's door), the Vlie, and the more northern gates—heap them up in the inland Zuyder Zee, burst or overtop its dykes, and spread themselves over the country, sometimes to the very borders of Hanover. Thousands of men and cattle perish, the gates of the barriers become widened, and the dominion of the inland sea enlarged.

Thus, in 1230 a hundred thousand men perished, chiefly in Friesland. In 1277 the tract of land which now forms the Dollart was swallowed up. In 1287 the Zuyder Zee was enlarged, and eighty thousand persons destroyed, with cattle innumerable. In 1395 the passage between Vlieland and the Texel was greatly enlarged; and in 1399 that between the Texel and Wieringen so widened, that large ships could sail to Amsterdam. In 1470 twenty thousand men were swallowed up, nearly all in Friesland; and in 1570 an equal number in that province alone. In the latter year the water rose six feet above the dykes, covered even higher parts of the country with seven feet of water, and in Groningen destroyed nine thousand men and seventy thousand cattle. In 1686 it rose eight feet above the dykes, destroyed six hundred houses, dug the dead out of their graves, and converted Friesland into one wide sea. The seventh Christmas flood, in 1717, caused still wider damage in these northern provinces—burst through most of the dykes—laid the town of Groningen several feet under water, and destroyed

twelve thousand men, six thousand horses, and eighty thousand sheep and cattle.

Nor has the elemental struggle ceased—the storms still rise as high and rage as fierce as ever. Even the more improved and now loftier dykes fail to resist them; and though millions of florins are annually expended in maintaining them, wakefulness and fear still prevail, and frequent loss occurs. The danger to these coasts arises not so much from the intensity of a single wind, so to speak, as from the successive attacks of alternate or changing winds. The waters which rush forward from the Atlantic, or from the Polar Sea, before a north-west wind, break strongly against the shores of Holland; but they are deflected by these coasts, and escape towards the south, causing comparatively little damage when the dykes are sound, unless they happen to accumulate so as entirely to overtop them. But if the wind has been blowing fiercely from the north or from the south, compelling the waters into the German Ocean, and, while the current is still strong in either of these directions, it chops suddenly round to the west, it then forces the accumulated wave towards the Dutch and Danish shores, occasions a tide of unusual height, dams back the rivers—the Scheldt, the Maese, the Elbe, and the Eyder—and overbears all human resistance. Or if, blowing first from the south, it wheels still further round, gathering up the waters as it were with one of those huge whirling sweeps which storms are now known to make, and then, coming steadily from the north-west, pours in the Atlantic and Polar tides to aid the already lofty swell—then North Holland and Frieseland suffer; the Dollart, the Lauwer, and the Zuyder Seas * swell up; and Amsterdam and all the Frisians tremble with dismay.

So with the inner country. The west wind, when of long continuance, drives the salt sea into the mouths of the Rhine and Maese, and their many armlets, and arrests at the same time the descending waters. Let the wind come in this direction, when the North Sea is already raised high by a storm from the north or south, and the more swollen tide, then meeting the river streams, will dam them back to a greater altitude, and thus burst or overtop the feebler or more humble dykes.

But if about the same time Switzerland has been visited by a watery hurricane—and the Alps of the Grisons, or the ridges of

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* In Dutch, the word *zee*, like *sjo* in Swedish, is applied either to an inland fresh-water lake, to an arm of the salt sea, or to the wide ocean.

the Taunus and the Siebengebirge, or the forest of the Ardennes—and the many feeders that join the Rhine and the Maese in their course, have in consequence sent down unusual supplies, and have thus, by land-freshes alone, lifted the surface of the river to the very lips as it were of the inclosing dykes; if, at such a moment as this, the unrelenting sea-wind charges onward from the west—or if it do so when the shattered ice chokes up the channel, and the melting snows struggle against the opposing barrier—then sure destruction awaits the dykes, and resistless floods force forward their certain way.

It is thus easy to understand how upon the Rhine, and the Elbe, and the Neva, great epochal risings of the rivers at uncertain intervals come to be recorded. A fortuitous concurrence of circumstances is required to produce these remarkable disasters—a concurrence which can neither be foreseen nor controlled—which, according to our present knowledge, may happen to-morrow, or may be delayed till the birth of a new generation.

A still more rare union of causes is necessary to produce disasters of the severest kind in the northern and southern provinces at once—on the shores of the Zuyder Zee, and at the same time along the more inland banks of the river. Such was the case, however, in 1825, when a higher flood was experienced, wider in its range, and more destructive, than any other in modern times.

But these calamities are not wholly evil. From these physical disasters, as from all the more striking dispensations of Providence, moral good arises. They are, probably, one of the most real and natural sources of that bond of sympathy and political union by which the United Provinces have so long been kept together. Common fears and common sufferings beget common feelings. Those who appeal to, and help each other by turns, or who at times partake together in one more wide calamity, naturally come to regard themselves as of one family—the sharers of one family fate. Gratitude is awakened on the one hand, affection for those you have served on the other, and a constant sense of mutual dependence. The voluntary contributions thus collected in the Netherlands are often very great. The sum contributed in aid of the distressed, amounted in 1809 to nearly a million, and in 1825 it exceeded five millions of florins.

Commerce was the source of the rapid rise of the modern kingdom of the Netherlands. The wealth of the Indies was snatched from Spain during the war of independence. Further and further towards the American main, the Dutch commanders penetrated, in quest of the richly-freighted ships of their former

masters. By degrees they founded colonies of their own, and established on a surer basis that extensive commerce, which, after the struggle for freedom was over, continued to provide the means of permanently increasing the national strength and greatness.

Whence comes the love of rural life—the affection for green fields—the strong desire for the simple pleasures of the country—of which at one time or another almost every one is more or less conscious? To till the earth—was this so laid upon man as a curse, or duty, as to have become at last a kind of natural instinct—outliving many others, and carrying him, when wearied with the cares and toils of busy life, willingly back again to his paternal farm—or, where no ancestral acres tempt him, making him more earnestly toil in his other adopted calling, that he may at length become the possessor of fields of his own, to which he may in peace retire? What can rich merchants, as a body, do with their wealth? How can a rich mercantile country best employ its accumulating gold? To traffic there is a limit. Hoarded gold does not fructify. Ships and stores of merchandise cannot alone secure permanent power and greatness. Venice and Genoa—what European cities richer and more powerful once—what of equal historic fame are poorer and humbler now? Broad and fertile acres are necessary as the permanent basis of a country's power. Sudden defeat cannot impoverish them—hostile inroads cannot remove them; the produce of the year may be destroyed, but when the storm of war has swept over them, the elements of future power remain.

Under this higher instinct—for we may call it such—the individual and political wisdom of the people of the Netherlands sought investments for their increasing wealth in the country they loved so well, and for which they had so bravely fought. A community of active merchants, whose yearly gains rendered them independent of agricultural profits, was well fitted to subdue the wide extent of sandy heath and down, of lake and marsh and bog, and sea-washed slime, which their several provinces presented, and, by long perseverance, to add them to the fixed capital and permanent wealth of the nation.

The history of agriculture every where exhibits two periods—the mechanical and the chemical. Distinctly succeeding each other at first, they become finally blended, for the enlargement of all the resources which our increasing population requires, and which instructed intelligence can supply for the production of human food. The mechanical period expends its efforts first, in draining marshes and bogs and lakes; next, in tapping springs; then in the more refined drainage, which is at present enveloping

Great Britain and Ireland with a network of covered ditches; and, lastly, in the contrivance of machines by which the works of the husbandman may be at once hastened and perfected, his labour lightened, and his money economised. Sweden is in the first stage of the mechanical period; vast marshes, in some instances fifty thousand acres in extent, stretch themselves over Småland on the east, and in Helsingland, Angermanland, &c., towards the north, while numberless lakes conceal improveable tracts of land. Hence the main agricultural efforts of that rising country are directed towards the removal of their superfluous waters. France, and Germany, and Ireland, are barely as yet in the second stage of drainage. Great Britain, and especially Scotland, has fairly reached the third.

But in combating the permanent influence of water upon the surface of their country, no people in the world have hitherto done so much—so boldly, so perseveringly, or so expensively, as the Dutch. Their works, too, have a remarkable peculiarity. In other countries the draining of a lake involves only one operation of limited expense and duration. It is done once for all. A cut is made, the water is let out, and springs and rains flow away from the drained spot for ever after, by their own gravitation. But, in the Netherlands, the labour is not to make an exit for the water, but to close up every avenue for its entrance, and to bale out, by unsleeping machinery, what falls from heaven on the new land, or rises from uncontrollable springs. The dykes prevent the entrance of waters—but the pumps and canals are equally necessary to compel the exit of those which are already present.

Few persons have an idea of the magnitude and cost of the larger dykes. The foundation of a sea-dyke is from 120 to 150 feet in width. It is cased externally with stone, usually from the rocks of Norway; and a road runs along the top, or immediately within it. Where the exposure is great, the expense of repairs is in proportion to it. Of the well-known dyke at West Capelle, in the island of Walcheren, it is said, that, had it been originally made of solid copper, the actual cost would have been less than has been already expended in building and repairing it.

The inclosures, called polders, consist either of land which is naturally low, or of bogs from which the peat has been dug for fuel, and which have afterwards been embanked and artificially dried. We have been unable to learn the extent of poldered land in the Netherlands; and we are not aware that it has ever been accurately ascertained. Simons, in his work on the application of steam to the pumping of the polders, names 436 polders con-

taining 194,000 bonders or hectares, which are worked or kept dry by 815 mills. This gives 445 hectares, or 1100 acres, to each polder; and, without taking into account the successive lifts which, in most parts of the country, the same water has to undergo, it allows 238 bonders, of about 600 acres, to be drained by each mill.

It is stated, we do not know on what authority, that there exist about 9000 of these mills in Holland. Assuming this number, and that each mill drains 600 acres, the extent of poldered land would amount to five millions four hundred thousand acres. That this is greatly beyond the truth, is obvious from the fact, that, in 1833, the total cultivated land in the kingdom of the Netherlands, exclusive of Limburg and Luxembourg, amounted only to five millions three hundred thousand acres, while two millions lay uncultivated. All we are safe in concluding, therefore, with our present information, is, that a very large proportion of the surface of the low countries owes its agricultural value and its habitable condition to the operation of countless windmills. By slow degrees only can the vast capital have been amassed, by which, through the addition of polder to polder, the productive surface and agricultural resources of this part of Europe have been so largely increased.

In forming an idea of the power which will be required to bale out the water from a lake, or to maintain it in the state of a polder, three considerations are to be taken into account. First, the depth of water in the lake at its mean level, which will indicate the power necessarily to be kept in operation for a certain time, merely to dry the lake. Second, the average yearly fall of rain at the spot, and the average yearly evaporation, the difference between which is the amount of water from heaven which is to be removed yearly by permanent pumpings. And, lastly, the quantity of spring or ooze water which is likely to make its way into the hollow land.

Six, eight, and ten feet, are mean depths of water which have frequently been removed from the surface of lands, now long empoldered and kept dry by machinery. In the Zuid plas, near Gouda, the pumping of which was begun in the summer of 1838, the mean depth of the water to be pumped out was 13¾ feet, and the level of this water was eight and two-fifths feet below that of high water in the Yssel. To this latter level the whole was raised into a high basin or reservoir, that it might flow away on the opening of the sluice, as the water in the river fell—so that the thirteen feet of water being pumped out in the first instance to dry the bed, all the superfluous rain and ooze water must subsequently continue to be raised to a height of twenty-

two feet.—(*Simons*, p. 142.) Such a height of lift is by no means uncommon in other parts of Holland.

Though its frequent mists convey the impression that the climate of the Netherlands is excessively moist, yet the annual fall of rain is by no means excessive. The mean deduced from the observations of nearly a hundred years, is 25 and one-tenth inches, while the mean annual evaporation amounts to 22 and six-tenth inches: leaving only 2½ inches of rain to be pumped from the polders in the course of the year. To lift such a quantity of water from the land, would seem to demand no great outlay of power; but the rain falls most largely in winter, and the evaporation is greatest in summer.* Occasional very heavy falls of rain also come down, which alone would for a length of time flood the land; and it is of especial consequence that the surface should be laid dry early in spring, and should be kept long dry in the autumn and early winter. All these circumstances demand the provision of a much greater amount of mechanical power, than, from a mere comparison of the average annual fall and evaporation, might be considered necessary.

The spring or ooze water varies with the nature of the soil, with the substance and construction of the dykes, with the proximity of high canals and rivers, and with the age of the polder itself. Therefore, no correct estimate can be made of it from purely theoretical considerations. Experience must be the main guide in ascertaining the increase of power which different localities may from this cause require. The average result of experience, in reference to the rain and ooze taken together, is, that all the water which is to be removed from 1500 acres of land, may be lifted one ell (3.28 feet) by one first-rate windmill; or that, if steam be employed, one horse-power is equal to lift, one ell high, all the natural water from 300 acres of land.—(*Simons*, p. 25.) Once, therefore, erect the dykes, canals, reservoirs, sluices, and pumps—thus clear the land of water—and to keep it dry afterwards does not appear to be a very herculean task.

But the height to which the water is to be lifted must be taken into account; and on this indeed the question of probable profit

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* The fall of rain and the evaporation respectively in the two halves of the year, is nearly as follows, in inches:—

	Summer.	Winter.	Total.
Fall of rain, -	10·5 inch.	14·65	25·15
Evaporation, -	15·9	6·7	22·6
Rain water to be pumped out	— 5·4	+ 7·95	= 2·55 inch.

or loss in all draining speculations, especially turns. If the water, as in the Zuid plas, has to be lifted nearly seven ells, or twenty-two feet, then every 300 acres will require the employment of seven horses' power to keep it dry; and the annual minimum profit from the drained land must be greater in like proportion, before the necessary expenditure can prove remunerative. The cost of erecting a mill varies from sixteen to twenty-eight hundred pounds, while that of maintaining and working it is about sixty pounds a-year. But the dykes, ditches, and sluices, have also to be made and maintained. Yet the total annual expense of maintaining mills and dykes rarely exceeds five or six shillings an acre, even when the lift is eighteen or twenty feet.

The draining of a plas (lake) or marsh, and the transformation of it into a polder, is usually executed in one of two ways. Certain individuals consider the speculation worth entering into; upon which, having obtained from government, or purchased from private parties, the necessary concession or authority, they form themselves into a company. They fence the plas round with a double dyke and a ring canal; they erect mills, make the land dry, and then divide it among themselves, or sell it to others. The purchasers nominate a dÿkgraaf, who presides over a board of management, under whose directions the dykes, mills, and sluices, are kept in an efficient state, at the joint expense of all.

Or, when the undertaking is large, and the profit doubtful—as in the case of the Zuid plas, the Haerlem sea, and others—the work is undertaken by the government. The land is dyked and laid dry at the public expense, and is then sold; the purchasers being bound to maintain the dykes and pumps at the common cost. In nearly all cases of poldering, the new land is exempt from taxes for the first twenty years, and, in special instances, other privileges are also granted. It is found politic to give public encouragement to undertakings which so manifestly add to the material wealth of the country.

The general superintendence, supervision, or entire management, of all these dykes, canals, and drainages, has, from the earliest times, been more or less a care of the government for the time being. Long before the Spanish dominion, the provincial dukes and governors knew how to extend and strengthen their power by the improvement and extension of the dykes. In the Spanish times, the general oversight of every extensive local drainage was in the hands of the crown; and the appointment of bailiffs, dÿkgraafs, and heemraads to each, was a valuable part of the patronage of the actual governor, or viceroy, of the Netherlands.

During the war of independence, when every thing which

belonged to the church and the crown was confiscated, and, to meet the national wants, as far as possible converted into money, these appointments were sold. Previous to 1576, the despair of the Prince of Orange had been so great, that he had seriously proposed to the patriots of Holland and Zealand, that they should destroy their dykes and 'abandon to the waves a soil which gave 'no security to freedom.' But in this year, when hope began again to animate them, and the spirits of the people were rising —when a new confidence in the stability of their country had been created, and the States were making new efforts to raise the means of prosecuting the war—the city of Rotterdam purchased of the States of Holland the bailieship or dykgraafship of Schieland for four thousand pounds, of forty groats to the pound. The polders of Schieland are drained by the Rotte and by the Schie, two canals which terminate, or have their most important sluices, in the town of Rotterdam. It was, therefore, for the general benefit of all parties that the chief authority over them should be vested in the city—but especially important that the patriot burghers should have the command of the chained-up waters, which it might, on occasion, be necessary to let loose for their own preservation, or for the destruction of the enemy.

Now that better times have come, and social development proceeds without immediate reference to hostile invasion, the functions of local boards of management are confined to the application of the cheapest and most efficient methods of preserving the canals and dykes, and of maintaining the polders in the most profitable condition. But the special supervision of the sea-walls and great river dykes, and of all canals and sluices, in so far as they concern the national good, continues to be in the hands of the government and the General States.

For this important national service a special department of civil engineers has been created—the Water-staat, Water-staff, Etat d'eau. They receive a special instruction in the new college at Delft; from which they are transferred to various parts of the country, and are made responsible for the condition of the works placed under their care. All national works they both advise upon and execute: concerning the state and efficiency of private works, they only advise; it is the right of the proprietors to administer.

The Dutch are proverbially a slow, but they are a progressive people. The physical character of their country has moulded and fashioned their habits; and the one idea to which its early condition gave birth, has regulated every important step in their social progress. They began, as is done now on the coasts of Sleswick, to enclose the fat, slimy, self-raised banks of the

rivers, and the shores of their stiller seas, that the higher waters and tides might no longer overflow them. Dykes were next drawn round those portions of land which were dry only at the lowest waters. Then the thought occurred of employing machinery worked by the wind, to dry such land more effectually, and at all times. This again taught them to be independent of a natural outfall or of unsteady tides, and still lower lands were drained, till by degrees they have come to lift the water from twenty to twenty-five feet;—so that at present it is the expense of lifting which chiefly limits the depth of their poldered fields.

From the rich slimes of the sea and rivers, they ventured upon the marshy bogs, where a black peat—unmixed in some cases, in others partially solidified by sand and clay—presented less inducement to the cultivator. The shallow lakes with peaty bottoms succeeded these; and though the balance often trembled when profit and loss were placed in the opposing scales, yet still adventure went on, and the wealth brought in by commerce procured for many a landless merchant the comfort of a private Jagt, or hunting-ground.

The natural fuel of the Netherlands is peat—the brown spongy peat of Frieseland, and the black, solid, and more earthy peat of North Holland. The surface of the bogs of the latter country is rarely above the level of the sea. From Rotterdam to the Helder they cover a very large area, and have proved rich mines of fuel for many ages. But where the peat was extracted, stagnant water took its place. Scooped up from beneath this gathering water, as long as any available turf existed, or as long as it could easily be reached, the quaking bogs of old time were succeeded by lakes—often deep, sometimes of considerable extent, scattered in numbers over the country, and frequently separated only by narrow intervals of unsteady land between. Could not the drainage of natural lakes be extended to the exhausted bogs? Would not the more solid bottom of a worn-out turbary yield a better soil than the surface of a native moss? The depth of the water was now no objection; and soon, where peat earth had formerly been fished up, cattle were seen to graze, and flax and corn to luxuriate and ripen.

Another consideration also guided their proceedings. Their many lakes and lakelets are swept over by an unresisted wind. Unlike the lakes of Goldsmith's 'Traveller,' which 'slumber 'in the storm,' their waters roughen, and fret, and dash themselves against their feeble banks. The peaty soil gives way —the water flows on gladly, and two lakes become united into one. Another storm propels with greater force the larger body of water, and, with double speed, a second barrier is overcome,

until a third and a fourth lake in succession are merged in one widening expanse.* Thus the watery dominion kept extending itself over the entire country. The Haarlem meer had leaped from lakelet to lakelet, engulfing a large tract of land; in the same manner, that the northern waters had long ago broken the broad southern barrier by which they were separated from the historical lake of Flevo, and had given rise to the present wide and salt southern sea (Zuyder Zee). To preserve the existing soil, therefore, as well as to acquire new, and to lessen the cost of erecting and maintaining barriers against the roughening waters of so many lakes, it became a matter both of economy and national policy, to convert them into polders.

The progress of general knowledge has greatly facilitated the execution of such works. The first polders were comparatively small inclosures. Ambacht (manor) after ambacht was secured. These were gradually united into Heemraadschaps and Hoch-heemraadschaps—that is, into large districts, superintended by separate heemraads, or inspectors, and single boards of management. Larger encircling canals and reservoir canals of many miles in length,† formed time after time, increased the efficacy of the drainage, while the cost per acre was diminished. It thus became evident that great undertakings were most likely to remunerate, and that wealthy companies would reap the surest profits. The limited extent of any private means has compelled the government occasionally to execute the more extensive drainages; disposing of them afterwards to private individuals. Such was the case with the Groot Zuid plas; by the drying of which the extent of water between Rotterdam and Gouda has been greatly diminished, and the danger from it lessened. This work was begun in 1836, and has now been for some time completed.

Two questions about this time began to be agitated in the Netherlands. In various parts of the country attempts had been made, from time to time, on a small scale, to supersede the wind-

* We can form *à priori* very little idea of the actual power of the wind in propelling bodies of water, and causing them to accumulate in its own direction. Smeaton states, that in a canal four miles long, the water at one end has been raised four inches higher than at the other, by the blowing of the wind along the canal; and Rennell mentions, that in a lake ten miles broad, and six feet deep, one side has been driven to the other by a strong wind in such volume as to render it sixteen feet deep, while the windward side was laid entirely dry.

† In North Holland there are about eighty polders comprising upwards of one hundred and fifty thousand acres, which are now all pumped up into a common canal reservoir, the Schermer Boezem.

mill by the steam-engine in the draining of the land—but without any satisfactory success. Through the influence chiefly of Mr Simons, a more skilful trial was made at the expense of government, by the erection of two engines of thirty horse power on the Zuid plas. By the use of proper precautions, this trial was attended with complete success. The advantages of steam are, that the power is under perfect control, and can be exactly adjusted to the work that is to be performed. During wind and calm it is equally ready for work, and can be set on or let off as the exigencies of the seasons require. The number of machines to be erected is also very much fewer; the cost of erecting and maintaining them is less, and their work is always more effectually done. But the customs of many generations are not easily changed, nor the tools forsaken with which, for hundreds of years, our forefathers have performed the work which still remains for us to do. But in the battle of the powers, the victory is now palpably with steam; and the winds must be content slowly to recede.

Another obstacle, however, not wholly discreditable to so patriotic a people, rose up against the employment of steam. The boiler fire must be fed, and fuel must be provided. The digging of the native fuel has formed many of the lakes which the steam-engine is to be employed to dry. Will you make new lakes in order to feed your fires? or will you work your engines with imported coal, and hazard the entire drainage of the country upon the doubtful maintenance of European peace? If nation is to be for ever separated from nation—if, dwelling apart in proud and distinct individuality, they are grudgingly to recognise the virtues and deserts of those from whom only a river, or a strait, or a custom-house, divides them—if the brotherhood to which Christianity appeals, is never to become more than a name—if the bountiful provisions of Providence are to be for ever thwarted, and what one corner of the world produces abundantly, another shall not be permitted to share in, lest the one should cease to force the growth of the same produce from its own unwilling soil, or the other, upon any whim of its rulers, should refuse to part with its excess—if such things are the best, then let England gird her wooden walls more tightly round her, let Holland heighten and strengthen her dykes, let railroads and Atlantic steamers be forbidden, and let coast-guards and Zollbeamten more jealously watch all shores and frontiers, that man hold not inter-communion with man, and communities be thus gradually drawn into dependence on each other.

But if national independence be consistent with the largest amount of mutual demand and supply between kingdom and

kingdom—if commerce and intercourse forge common links among communities, whether near or distant, which it will equally injure all suddenly to snap asunder—if general traffic create new wants every where, which home productions cannot satisfy—then the more one nation, in this sense, is made to depend upon another, the more numerous will become the guarantees for that lasting peace by which the highest advancement of our race is to be promoted.

Let Holland then depend upon England and Belgium for the coal which is to dry her polders. Let Norway, and Russia, and Belgium, and the United States of America, depend upon the English market for the sale of their timber, their hemp, and flax, and cotton. Let England depend upon Russia, and Germany, and America, for her deficient corn, and upon the world at large for outlets to her manufactures. Let railroads annihilate international barriers, making the broad land as free to pass over as the sea, and let the post-office and the electric telegraph mingle by millions the kind thoughts, and the more serious reflections, and the tidings of mental and physical progress, from all the corners of the earth—and then, neither the whims of autocrats, nor the squabbles of royal houses, nor disputed marriages, nor dyspeptic ministers, nor polemical differences, nor desert corners of land, will long be permitted to endanger the lives and comfort of millions of human beings. Under the possibility, in which the patriotic Hollanders have discerned an obstacle to the general introduction of steam into their national works, we see only a sign and beginning of further good—the first heating of the bar from which a new link is to be formed, to bind her more closely to the community of nations. They need never fear being deprived of fuel. Even on the supposition of hostilities with all coal-producing countries at the same time, as they are said to have once sold gunpowder to their enemies, their enemies will find ways of letting them get their coal.

As soon as experiment and discussion had satisfied the public mind of the powers and capacities of steam in the draining of lakes and maintaining of polders, the recollection was revived of certain greater undertakings which had at times been projected, but which, on account of their difficulty and expense, had been delayed or abandoned.

The meer of Haarlem, in the course of the sixteenth century, began to assume a very formidable aspect. At first comparatively inconsiderable in size, the wind caught its waters, lifted them over its natural bounds, and at once united five adjoining lakes in one broad expanse. Every new storm added to its conquests from the adjoining land; and it threatened, at no distant

period, to convert North Holland into a separate island. This catastrophe has been averted, only perhaps by the lofty downs which separate its northern extremity from the sea. At present, the meer covers an area of about 70 square miles, and the works of defence erected from time to time to arrest its ravages, require an annual outlay of four or five thousand pounds to maintain them.

It was in the beginning of the seventeenth century, when so much was daily occurring to animate and inspire the Hollanders, that the greatest of their existing drainages were performed. Without a rival on the seas—possessed of twelve hundred large merchant vessels, and seventy thousand seamen—building two thousand vessels of all sizes in a year, and enriched by the prodigious success of their Indian trade, there was no attempt to which their spirit was unequal—nothing which wealth could accomplish that they were unable to achieve. Among the remarkable men of this active period was Jan Adrianszoon Leeghwater. Born in 1575, in De Ryp, a village of North Holland, he early distinguished himself as an engineer and mill-maker; and in this capacity was employed from 1608 to 1612 in draining the Beemster—a large polder in North Holland, which alone contains 18,000 acres. He worked also at various times as a mill-wright, and as a carver in stone, wood, and ivory; he was a skilful mechanician, and built clocks and carrioles; he was a professed drainer, a land-measurer, and was cunning in the construction of dykes and sluices. He possessed the art (which he exhibited at different times before persons of rank, but never revealed) of descending and remaining for a length of time below the surface of the water—eating, writing, and playing on musical instruments the while. He visited and was employed in various countries—Denmark, Germany, France, and England—and lived to be nearly eighty years of age, though the year of his death is not recorded.

The success which had attended the drainage of the North Holland polders, suggested to Leeghwater the bolder idea of applying a similar remedy to the larger sea or lake of Haerlem;—wall in the limits of the lake, pump out its waters, and the danger of future encroachment will be removed. Accordingly, in 1640, when his experience was fully matured, he published his 'Het Haerlemmer Boek;' in which he suggests that the lake might be economically and profitably drained, and details the methods he would recommend for successfully accomplishing this gigantic work. Occupied as the country then was with Spanish wars, the pamphlet of Leeghwater attracted considerable attention. It went through three editions: But the project was one which required time to be digested; and before it had been adequately

discussed, there came the peace of 1648. New adjustments, commercial and political, took place. Many previous calculations were now falsified—many projects deferred. Later still, the disastrous wars with Louis XIV. and with England, intervened; and the project of Leeghwater was lost sight of or forgotten.

But the success of the steam trials on the Zuid plas, and the discussion to which the works of Simons and Greve gave rise, lately recalled the idea of draining the Haerlem sea, proposed and recommended two centuries before. If wealth no longer poured into the country so fast as when the scheme was first promulgated, the work itself, by the progress of art, had now become infinitely easier. They were offered the agency of a new instrument, before which the powers of their windmills quailed; and the most slow and sceptical began to confess, that what Leeghwater had so sanguinely pronounced to be possible, might now be comprehended among the reasonable expectations even of cautious and calculating men.

The arguments at present advanced in favour of the work, comprised one element, which Leeghwater himself had been unable to urge with equal force. The annual expense of caging and confining the waters of the lake, was now known by long experience. The practical minds of the Hollanders, therefore, were naturally much influenced by the statement, that both to keep dry and to maintain the dykes around this large area, when brought into the state of a polder, would not exceed in yearly expense the cost of maintaining the existing barrier dykes.

The drainage of the lake was, accordingly, resolved upon by the States-General. A navigable ring canal was begun, we believe in 1840: and this, we understand, is now completed. At three distant points on the borders of the lake, as many monster engines are to be erected. These, it is calculated, will exhaust the waters, and lay the bed of the lake dry, by fourteen months of incessant pumping; at a total cost, for machines and labour, of L.140,000. The expense of maintaining the dykes and engines afterwards, will be nearly five thousand pounds a-year. The cost of maintaining the old barrier dykes, amounted, as we have already stated, to about the same sum. The land to be laid dry is variously estimated at from 50 to 70 thousand acres. Taking the lowest of these estimates, the cost of reclaiming amounts to L.3 sterling per imperial acre, and that of subsequently maintaining to two shillings per acre.* Independently, therefore, of the other advan-

* If the area of the lake be, as we have stated in a previous page, about 70 square miles, it contains only 45,000 acres, and the cost of reclaiming is still about L.3 an acre.

tages which will attend it, there will be an actual money profit from the undertaking.

The quantity of water to be lifted is calculated at about a thousand millions of tons. This would have required a hundred and fourteen windmills of the largest size stationed at intervals round the lake, and working for four years, at a total cost of upwards of L.300,000; while at the same time, after the first exhaustion of the waters was completed, the greater number of these mills would have been perfectly useless. How wonderful appears the progress of mechanical art!—three steam-engines to do the work of one hundred and fourteen huge mills—in one-third of the time, and at less than one-half the cost!

One of these monster engines—of English manufacture—working, polypus-like, eleven huge suckers at the extremity of as many formidable arms, has been already erected, and tried at the southern extremity of the lake in the neighbourhood of Leyden. To this first machine the not ungrateful name of THE LEEGHWATER has been given. Vain honours we pay at last to the memory of men whose minds were too forward and too capacious for their time—who were denied by their contemporaries the few kind words of sympathy which would have done so much to comfort, sustain, and strengthen them!

The annual drainage of the lake is calculated at fifty-four millions of tons, of which twenty millions will require in some seasons to be lifted in the course of one or two months. Had our railway undertakings not sprung up to rival or excel it, we should have unhesitatingly claimed for this work the praise of being the boldest effort of civil engineering in modern times.

But, now that the national mind has been once stirred at the picture of these mechanical and social triumphs, the sober Hollander appears to be passing at once into the extreme of daring; and he has ventured to suggest projects, which cautious men may be excused for looking upon with distrust.

The Zuyder Zee is a salt sea; bounded towards the north by the chain of islands which stretch from the Helder to the Dollart, and on the south by the semicircular shores of Utrecht and Guelderland. In the time of the Romans, the Yssel, in reality an arm of the Rhine, which now falls into the Zuyder Zee below the town of Zwolle, emptied itself into Lake Flevo. So far as we can ascertain, it appears that beyond this latter lake towards the west and south, the Zuyder Zee, then also a fresh-water lake, discharged itself by a river, the Vlie, which occupied nearly the course of the present channel of that name, and joined the Northern Ocean, between what now forms the island of Vlieland and Ter-schelling. But the natural action of the elements widened

these lakes, and gradually obliterated the intermediate tract of land. It is possible, too, if any faith is to be put in one of those conjectures—that of Elie de Beaumont—by which geologists get over difficulties, that the whole land of the Netherlands may have sunk, and assisted the operation. At all events, it is upon record, that in 1170, during a great flood, the waters of the southern lake rose to the very gates of the city of Utrecht, so that fish could be caught with nets from the walls of the town; and the limits of the lake were greatly extended, especially towards the north, between the two Frieselands. According to some authors, however, West Frieseland still stretched continuously across the present Zuyder Zee from Petten and Medemblik, to the Lauwer Zee. From that time, for upwards of 200 years, it continued to increase, swallowing up 'whole forests, and many thousand acres of land, so that 'large ships might be navigated where carriages used to travel.' At last, in 1396, a large part of West Frieseland was swallowed up, lake Flevo entirely disappeared, the existing islands were formed or completely separated from the mainland, and the Zuyder Zee converted into an arm of the Northern Ocean.

In its mean depth, this wide inland sea does not greatly exceed that of the lake of Haerlem. Full of shallows, its channels are difficult to navigate. At the same time being exposed to the sweep of far-stretching winds, it is dangerous to the sailor. Its frequent ravages on the coast not only necessitate an enormous outlay in the maintenance of dykes, but ever and anon it succeeds in swallowing vast fragments of the land, which it again most reluctantly surrenders.

If the Haerlem tiger can now be so easily subdued by the aid of steam, why, it is asked, not muzzle also the lion of the Zuyder Zee? A sea-wall, drawn across from Medemblik or Enkhausen to Stavoren, would inclose the large circular space which is the proper home of this Southern sea; and canals and tidal sluices would easily discharge its superfluous waters into the Northern Ocean.

We by no means doubt the possibility of this. Though the cost is roughly calculated at five millions sterling, we believe even in the ultimate pecuniary profit of the scheme, if it were successfully executed. We do fear, however, for the power of any dykes to stand, for long, the brunt of the Northern billows. But what may not advancing art accomplish? May not the yielding asphalte, or the elastic caoutchouc, yet be seen mantling the sea-washed walls, and, 'yielding to conquer,' withstand the persevering tide more gallantly than the stubborn masses of stone and iron? Still the proposed experiment appears to press more closely than we have sufficient warrant for at present, on the limits

within which nature is as yet more than a match for man. We merely notice the idea of completing by art the natural defences of this sea, farther towards the North. By uniting, through the means of intermediate dykes, the Texel, Vlieland, Ter-schelling, and Ameland, with the Northern mainland, the German Ocean might be wholly excluded from the Frisian sea, and the available surface of the provinces of Holland and Frieseland doubled. For this effort at least, we may safely say, that the knowledge and the man have not yet arrived. Can we soberly believe that they will ever come?

Such are the works, unquestionably great, which, by means of long, persevering, and costly labour, this people has already executed: and such are the still greater, which the progress of mechanical art and the example of their forefathers have led them to enter upon or to project. One reflection, however, was continually present to our minds, as we were surveying the monuments of their skill and courage. How powerful is the will of man over the elements of nature, and yet how feeble and evanescent is all he does! Let his hand cease to labour here for a single season, and the fruits of years upon years of victory are lost. Withhold only for a few months his engineering industry, and the waters will resume their ancient dominion, and Holland in great part disappear. Such a reflection as this ought to humble us as men, without diminishing our zeal as good citizens.

The enlightened and travelled agriculturist who visits Holland, though he candidly confesses that no other country has done so much—so extensively and so well—for the mechanical part of agriculture, will yet not fail to remark that even this branch of rural economy has hitherto only been blocked out in the rough. Massive and magnificent operations have been executed, but the refined practices of what among us is called thorough draining, are scarcely known. The improvements in agricultural machinery, which so strikingly distinguish the present condition of purely English progress, have likewise been comparatively little attended to. The Netherland farmers, in general, are entirely unacquainted with our best instruments of cultivation, our clod-crushers, our drill machines, our manure-distributers and dibblers, our steaming apparatus, linseed-crushers, chaff-cutters, and the host of new implements, to which the advance of the art in Great Britain has given birth.

In regard to thorough drainage, indeed, there are some nice questions to be solved, before it can be pronounced with certainty, that it may or ought to be introduced universally in Holland. In the higher clay lands of the province of Utrecht, and of other districts, where there is a sufficient natural fall to admit of the introduction of tile and stone drains at two to four feet from the

surface, the propriety and profit of such drainage are not to be doubted. The accomplishment of this object ought, therefore, to be one of the earliest cares of their local and general agricultural societies. Those who are aware of the millions of money we are now wisely spending for this object, will wonder that a covered drain or draining tile has hardly ever been seen in the rural districts of Holland.

Again, the high moorlands and heaths are not beyond the reach of improvement from this mode of drainage. Saturated with ochrey matter to within a few inches of the surface, no plants can entrust their roots to the unwholesome under-soil. Hence they are barely verdant with a scanty herbage. But permit the rains to descend, and escape at regular intervals through systematic channels underneath, and the poisonous ochre will be gradually washed away, and the soil prepared for those further steps by which its permanent improvement is to be brought about.

But the poldered or low-lying lands are in a different and more difficult position. The water in the open ditches, by which they are drained, rarely stands more than twelve inches below the general level of the fields, while in winter it not unfrequently covers them altogether. In these circumstances, it appears at first sight impossible to introduce any thing like a system of thorough drainage. If the water is to stand so high, there can be no outfall for covered drains inserted at a depth likely to be useful in materially increasing the produce of the land.

Our British experience has established, that the removal of the water to a depth of three feet from the surface in all land from which an outfall can be obtained, is profitable; pays the expense of the operation, and leaves a fair profit on the undertaking. Assuming, then, that this result of our home experience may guide our opinion concerning what would follow in untried circumstances, we shall be justified in concluding, that the fertility of the poldered lands of every kind in Holland would be increased, by going deeper, and exhausting the water to a depth of three feet below the level of the cultivated or pasture land. In regard to the latter, perhaps a flooding in the winter, if not permitted to injure the under drains, might not only be allowable, but might even be attended with good effects. The apparent difficulty is to effect this new operation. The polders are at present dried by wind or steam power, sufficient to lift the water only the number of feet now considered requisite. To lift it two or three feet higher, so as to reduce by so much the level of the water in the ditches, might require new adjustments, and further outlay which prudence would by no means

recommend. In many localities, however, as we have ascertained by personal inquiry, the existing ditches might be deepened, and the water in them lowered, without any addition to the power employed. Where such is the case, experience seems to say that the next profitable step in the mechanical improvement of this sea-born land, is to lower the water to a sufficient depth, and drain it thoroughly, according to our Deanston system. In other localities, where the capabilities of the power employed are already exhausted, time alone can be expected to bring about a condition of things in which such thorough drainage can be economically adopted. But by degrees the steam-engine, as in the flats of our eastern counties, will supersede the windmill in nearly all parts of the Netherlands; and, should the practice we have suggested prove successful elsewhere, the additional power can easily be provided in the new erections.

There is, however, a counter experience to combat, before this recommendation will be listened to among the practical men by whom the Dutch polders and the English fens are now farmed. The command of the water which they now possess enables them to throw it off when it is excessive, and to let it on to the land—that is, into the ditches—when, in their opinion, it is deficient. To high-land farmers this latter practice seems extraordinary; and yet a fair show of reason is advanced in its defence. When land of any kind is fully saturated with water, it shrinks and cracks in the drying. The wettest land, therefore, cracks and yawns the most when the drought of summer comes. Clay soils especially—the Oxford clay, for example, in England, and the carse clays in Scotland—gape in an excessive degree, when a length of warm and dry weather occurs. The roots of plants are in consequence compressed and parched, vegetation withers or is burned up, and the evil is naturally attributed to the want of water.* In fenny districts, therefore, and in the Dutch polders,

* A singular effect of frost upon some of the fenny soils in the Bedford level, is described by Mr Clarke in the *Journal of the Royal Agricultural Society*. 'Throughout the whole of the fens the land which is not real peat soil, having a portion of silt mixed with it, is liable to *honeycomb* during frost; that is, the frost separates about a two-inch stratum of the surface soil into a net-like assemblage of small lumps, the soil beneath this perforated crust remaining exceedingly soft and light. This hard crust pinching the blades of wheat, whilst the roots are in the loose earth below, appears to *rise*, and the young plants are thus drawn out from their roots, and laid on the top of the land. The pure black soil is not subject to this process, but freezes into a solid piece; on the lowest and wettest portions of silty peat it does immense mischief.' The

the farmer rejoices that it is in his power, from the high level canals, to let the water occasionally flow into his ditches; and thus, by maintaining it at its usual, and, as he considers, proper height, to quench the thirst of his parching corn and pastures.

But though the practice is a good one under the circumstances, it will become not only unnecessary, but absolutely hurtful, whenever the progress of improvement shall have changed the circumstances for the better. In the present condition of the land, over-saturated with water, the air penetrates only a short distance below its surface; and the roots, either of natural herbage or of sown crops, confine themselves to the few inches of upper soil which are freest from water, and in some degree mellowed by the air. They draw neither moisture nor solid nutriment from the soil below. When the summer's heat comes, therefore, and dries up this shallow overlying soil, the roots are compressed and dried up. Deprived of their usual food and moisture, they naturally wither and die. Or suppose water to rise in small quantity from below, by so-called capillary attraction, it brings up unwholesome substances along with it, which the roots cannot drink in with impunity, and thus the plant is not only parched, but also poisoned. Let in the water, however, to its usual level, and you both dilute the poison, and refresh your crops with wholesome fluid.

But amend the conditions, permanently abstract the water by means of a thorough drainage, and the necessity for such supplies of under-water will cease. When thus drained, the land would naturally open in all directions, and allow the air to penetrate deeper. The roots, no longer deterred by the presence of superfluous and stagnant water, would gladly descend further in quest of more abundant food; and the increased luxuriance of the herbage would show that they were successful in obtaining it. The summer drought may return and parch it again to the same depth as before; but the soil, whether it be a stiff clay or a porous peat, will now no longer open into wide fissures as before, so as to compress the roots; while these again, stretched in all directions to a greater depth, are drawing from a wholesome and unparched subsoil the materials which are necessary to their continued growth. In reality, the same state of things will prevail there as in all our drained clay and boggy lands at higher levels, where no facilities have ever existed for letting on water during summer droughts. It is clear, there-

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evil effects of this honeycombing are in a great measure prevented by merely scarifying the rape-stubbles, and sowing wheat without the previous use of the plough.

fore, we think, that though there may be good reason for introducing water artificially, where, by the uniform presence of too much wet, the roots of plants are confined to that thin layer of surface soil over which the sun may be supposed to be predominant; yet, there is no good ground for supposing that such a practice would be necessary, if deep draining could be once introduced into these poldered districts. The practice appears, in fact, only an evidence of a backward state of knowledge, operating, as defective knowledge always does in rural economy, in retarding the introduction of better and more profitable methods.

In Lincolnshire and our other fenny districts, this practice of introducing fresh water, borrowed by them from the Dutch, is justified on three grounds—that it serves as a fence by filling the ditches, that it gives drink to the cattle, and that it refreshes the growing herbage. Quick-hedges would do away with the first of these reasons, and convenient watering places with the second; while, as we have shown, the third is in reality only an obstacle to improvement. We ought to mention, to the credit of the Stretham and Waterbeach fens in Cambridge, that, contrary to the general opinion, the farmers there consider that the waters should be kept as low as possible. After the first slight evils which the change might occasion were once over, all, we are satisfied, would soon come to the same conclusion. In the Deeping, and, we believe, most other fens, the adventurers have a right to admit the water at their pleasure. The general trusts, or courts of sewers, cannot prevent them; and thus it not unfrequently happens, that, while the steam-engine is at work to drain the fen at one end, the adventurers are admitting the water by means of their sluices at the other! We have ourselves examined this question on the spot, with a desire to arrive at the truth; and our present persuasion is, that, even on those more peaty portions of the fen country, where the clay for gaulting or top-dressing the surface is dug from a depth of three or four feet, the necessity for fresh water, were the land properly drained and managed, is in a great degree imaginary.

In Holland, this thorough drainage is a question as important, perhaps, in a sanitary, as in an agricultural point of view. The province of Zealand—including all the islands at the mouths of the Maese and Scheldt, formed of sea slime in the way we have described—is of almost inexhaustible richness, fertile in corn and madder; but prurient also in fevers, and inhabited by a people of sickly looks, feeble frame, and unhealthy constitution, who are intolerant of fatigue. The young recruits for the army scarcely endure the weight of the musket, till a year's training in the higher

country has given a sounder tone to their lungs, and strength to their unsteady limbs. Dyked in, and, where necessary, scooped dry by water-wheels, the soil is still rife in pestilential miasmata. Cattle fatten, but sheep rot upon it; and, though in favourable years it yields excellent crops, yet the produce is greatly at the mercy of the seasons. Deepen the main ditches, however, in these rich polders, pump out the water to a lower depth by at least a couple of feet, insert covered drains so as thoroughly to dry them, and we are certain, that not only would the land be more cheaply worked, the harvests more secure, and the crops of every kind greater on the average of years, but they would be reaped also and consumed by a healthier and happier, a more long-lived and more numerous, race of men. In this aspect, the kind of drainage we are recommending is no longer a mere question of rural economy: it must take its place among the gravest considerations of philanthropy and national well-being.

We have said that the progress of agriculture in every country is marked by two periods—the Mechanical and the Chemical. In Holland, the rough portion of the mechanical period has been passed through magnificently, while its more refined after-operations have not yet been sufficiently studied. The force of the country has hitherto been expended in adding to the available surface of the kingdom. It has not been so generally recollected, that, when we make a given breadth of land yield a double produce, we contribute as much to a country's strength and greatness as by adding another equal breadth to its actual area.

The Chemical period occupies itself exclusively with the means of inducing this increased productiveness. Mechanics having done its part, says to Chemistry, 'Here is dry land—'clay, or gravel, or sandy down, or naked heath, or elevated 'peat. How are we to grow remunerating crops on each of 'these soils? How are those already remunerating to be ren-'dered still more profitable?'

In early times, chemistry returned no scientific answer to questions such as these, and undertook to prescribe neither rules nor systems, by which the objects specified in them might be attained. As a science, it was then unknown, and its resources and appliances unsuspected. But, at present, every successful practice struck out by the tentative or trial method, and from time to time included in the approved code of rural operations, finds its explanation in the discoveries of modern chemistry. Errors of practice are corrected, and causes of failure made clear. The rocks and reefs which lie in the way of agricultural improvement are mapped out; deeper and more direct channels brought

to light; and new methods suggested, by which not only are known ends to be attained more completely and more economically than before, but objects also realised, which have hitherto been considered unattainable.

The doctrine, economy, composition, preparation, and skilful use of manures—how wonderfully have all these points been illustrated and developed in late years! What the plant consists of—how, and with what substances it is fed—what the soil naturally contains—how it is to be improved, so that what is present in it may be made readily available to the plant, and what it lacks be in the best way supplied—where the kinds of food necessary to the plant are to be obtained most abundantly, and how applied most profitably to the soil—what effects climate, situation, and tillage exercise upon the fertility of the land, and upon the fertilising virtues of whatever is laid upon, or mixed with it;—these, and hundreds of similar questions, all involving or suggesting peculiar modes of practice, are arising daily, where culture is prosecuted as an advancing art—and they are solved especially by chemical research. They are all included, therefore, under what we call the chemical division of agriculture.

As respects this branch of agriculture, Holland has at least as much lee-way to make up, as in regard to her thorough drainage. We do not say this by way of disparagement, but as a matter of fact, which has fallen under our personal observation. She has therefore another great step to take, by which not only the produce of her fields may be increased, but the intelligence also of her rural population enlarged, and their intellectual position elevated. Rescue the practice of agriculture from the trammels of a dull routine, the time-honoured custom of the country; convert it into an experimental art, by making the proceedings upon the farm consist of a series of well-devised and thoughtful trials, of which the results are carefully observed and accurately recorded: Do this, and the farmer is unconsciously raised into the intelligent cultivator of a most interesting branch of natural science.

A large portion of the surface of Holland is covered with peat, naturally dry and somewhat elevated (the hooge veenen); while another consists of sandy downs and unproductive heath. Yet, even in Sir William Temple's time, there must have been great exaggeration in his statement, that 'they employed more 'men to repair the dykes than all the corn in the provinces 'would maintain.' The ignorance of Davies is far more inexcusable, since it regards a point so easily ascertained. He asserts in his *History of Holland*, that 'the soil snatched from the ocean 'is too poor and ungrateful to be worth the labour of cultiva-

'tion;'—the truth being, that it yields easy and rich returns of wheat, flax, tobacco, madder, and other valuable crops.

It is nevertheless true, that many parts of Holland yield little agricultural produce. The reader will readily understand how one or more branches of improvement may be neglected in a country, when its whole mind and energies are turned into another. How have the cold uplands in Scotland and the intractable clays in England been neglected during the last half century, in favour of the more easily managed turnip and barley soils! And so the high veens of Frieseland and Groningen, the sandy tract of the Veluwe between Arnheim and the Zuyder Zee, and the heaths of North Brabant, have suffered from the want of skilful chemical cultivation. Upon these tracts, the prudent applications of this branch of science are, we believe, likely to succeed beyond the most sanguine expectations.

The high veens of Frieseland are chiefly valuable as mines of peat, which, by the construction of canals through them, is shipped on the spot, and thence conveyed to the southern and western markets. The surface, however, is extensively cultivated for the growth of buckwheat. It is pared and burned, the ashes spread, and the seed sown and harrowed in, and in due course the harvest reaped. But no manure is added; and after the crop is carried off, the surface is left to itself for an interval of from five to twenty years; it has then become covered with a poor herbage, and admits of being again burned, and cropped with buckwheat. The sowing of grass seeds, to hasten the growth of herbage, is almost unknown. The culture of artificial grasses, indeed, has scarcely gained admittance as a generally approved practice into any province of Holland. A few hundredweights of clover seed a-year are all that is required to supply the large market of Amsterdam. The sowing of artificial grasses, therefore, appears to be one of those new practices, by the introduction of which large tracts of land are to be rendered more productive, while, by the use of easily transported manures, more frequent crops of corn also will be raised, even upon the now unproductive mosses.

There is one feature in the high veens of Holland, which is not undeserving the serious attention of practical men and improving proprietors, especially in Western Scotland and in Ireland:—this is the strong natural tendency to grow wood, which many of them exhibit. In the lower veens of North Holland and elsewhere, which are poldered, willow garths are numerous and luxuriant, and ash coppice thrives well. The former supply wattling for the dykes, the latter hoops for casks, for which they are highly esteemed. On the higher, generally dry veens, na-

tural woods and thickets arise—of ash, beech, poplar, birch, oak, and other broad-leaved trees. These sometimes attain to so large a size, that, when cut down, they have in several instances been left where they grew, because the softness of the bog did not admit of their removal. Artificial plantations are also made upon these dry peats. A trench is dug along the side of the intended plantation, and the surface layer thrown forward into the trench, the depth turned over varying from two to six feet. The trees, all broad-leaved, are planted immediately on the new surface, and they grow with a rapidity proportioned to the depth of the previous trenching.

There is, we believe, little essential difference in the nature of this Friesland peat, and that of our dry, brown, and spongy Scotch and Irish mosses; nor any difference in their natural drainage or climate, of a kind to prevent such plantations from succeeding as well with us. In this country, the coniferæ have hitherto been thought most suited to these situations; and have been extensively planted, perhaps without sufficient regard being had to the quality of the moss, and to the indications of local circumstances. These pine plantations, as a general rule, have not succeeded in growing profitable timber. The stems of oaks, beeches, chesnuts, hazels, and other broad-leaved trees, which so often occur in our bogs, appear to indicate the kind of wood which once throve there, and to recommend the varieties which we should endeavour to restore. In the fenny districts of Lincolnshire, the higher bogs abound with stems of trees, most of which are oak; while, in the lower fens, they are usually of fir.* So far as the higher bogs are concerned, this accords with Dutch experience. In the North of Ireland, also, the roots and stems of the oak are more numerously met with than those of pines: in the black bog, the former; in the red, which is less consolidated, the latter. In draining a single acre of the black bog, a friend of ours took out nine tons of oak, in such preservation as nearly to pay the whole expense of the improvement. The trees are found at all depths, in moss from ten to thirty feet deep, showing that they have grown not only on the subjacent clay, but on the peat also, and at various periods during its increasing depth. On the light bogs the Scotch fir will come to maturity, while the larch will grow well only for fifteen or twenty years. The oak often dies when planted in the young state upon moss land, on which it will grow well when sown in the acorn in

* In some of the low fens near Marshland in Norfolk, numerous fir-trees and roots are taken up every year as the plough touches them; and the farm-yards may be seen walled round with them.

patches, and then thinned out. This is the natural way of planting oaks in the original forests. They take more kindly to a soil to which they have been accustomed from their infancy. On the whole, therefore, we strongly recommend the more extended trial of broad-leaved trees upon our peaty soils; giving them, however, a little more previous draining, trenching, and other necessary kinds of preparation, than they have hitherto generally obtained.

The heaths and downs of Holland, poor naturally, are called also ungrateful—as is too often the case, when to half knowledge or to half culture a soil refuses to yield, what liberal treatment, guided by skill and economy, can alone enable it to produce. The example of Lincoln heath—we might say, also, the practice followed on the sandy soils of Flanders—proves that on those parts of the Dutch territory the basis of an increased national strength, independent of commerce, may yet be laid. The time is past, when, as a matter of national policy and defence, it can be esteemed desirable to maintain a stretch of uncultivated territory along the frontiers of adjoining kingdoms. From Antwerp to Breda, and on the heaths of Cleves, Utrecht, and Gueldres, corn may be persuaded to grow in times of peace: in that case, when war threatens, the very productiveness of the country will present a barrier to its approach. The greater the evils which war is likely to inflict, the more the chances of its unnecessary occurrence will be diminished. But the chemistry of agriculture must be better understood, and a knowledge of its principles more widely diffused among all classes interested in the soil, before the revolution, to which we are looking forward, can be brought about.

Our space does not permit us to dwell upon the less agreeable task of pointing out the various defects or oversights, which, amid all our admiration of the mechanical exertions of the Dutch, we have discerned in the detailed practice of their agriculture—their neglect of root crops, for example, of the rich manure they yield, and of the composts of the Scottish and English farmers. We may present, however, one or two familiar illustrations of the way in which home-produced materials for chemical improvements are overlooked.

Among the great promoters of turnip husbandry in our own country, has been the use of bones as a manure. By some persons, imperfectly acquainted with what science has really done, it is considered to be one of the triumphs of chemistry in its application to agriculture, that it has suggested a method of dissolving, and thus more economically applying, crushed bones to the land. But it is more important to our present purpose, that the principle upon which the employment of this manure

is based, has been shown by chemists to be one of necessary and universal application. It must be as useful in Holland as it has been found in England and other countries; though the employment of bones in this way has not, we believe, as yet been at all introduced into Holland. The Jews there, as is the case in many parts of the world with the humblest of the huckster population, collect, sell, and finally export them, chiefly to our eastern ports. The English fields are thus enriched by what, if retained at home, would make the land of Holland more fertile, and so strengthen its national resources.

The practice of improving farmers in the Bedford level, who almost universally raise their turnip crops by means of bones, may be considered as sufficient proof that this manure is well adapted for such peaty soils as occur in the poldered fields of Holland. Whether farms are under green crops and artificial grasses, or are growing corn and colza, it will equally improve them. But it is more especially suitable to those extensive dairy pastures, from which for centuries the exportation of cheese has been largely carried on.*

In our own island, no district in this respect so closely resembles the dairy pastures of Holland, as the county of Chester. From time immemorial, cheese has been made and sent out from it in large quantities. Its celebrated pastures in consequence almost imperceptibly deteriorated. When bones were introduced as a manure in England, and their use upon arable lands had been found so profitable, it was natural to try them also upon grass. The experiment failed in many places: but, in Cheshire, the return was most remarkable. The value of the grass-land, to which bones were applied, was, in many instances, increased five times: and the good effects have continued visible for twenty or thirty years. At present, the tenantry willingly pay eight per cent upon the cost to the landlord, on his undertaking to bone for them their weaker pastures.

The reason of this vast improvement was speedily pointed out, by a chemical examination of milk and cheese on the one hand, and of bones on the other. Among other results of this examination, it appeared, that the milk of the cow actually contains a considerable proportion of the substance of true bone; and that every cow which has a calf 'robs the soil in its food

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* The quantity of cheese sold in 1845, in the two towns of Alkmaar and Purmerende, in the middle of the great polders of North Holland, was four millions four hundred thousand Netherland pounds in the former, and one million three hundred thousand in the latter. In the Texel, thirty-two thousand pounds of ewe-milk cheese were sold in the same year.

'every year of the materials of eighty-two pounds of bone-dust. 'A ton of bones every twenty-seven years would be necessary 'to restore this.'* A full-grown ox or horse, on the other hand, returns to the land in its droppings as much as it crops in the form of herbage. Only that which is carried to market is lost to the soil. Long devotion to dairy-husbandry must, therefore, have withdrawn from the fields of Cheshire a vast quantity of the material of bones. But this substance is as necessary to the growth of the herbage, as it is to the secretions of the animal: and therefore the grass languished, and became impoverished on the so exhausted land. But, when bones had been artificially added, this deficiency was supplied—the herbage recovered its luxuriance—the materials for making milk were once more afforded to the cattle—and the produce in cheese, and the rentage value of the land, were proportionally augmented.

So ought it to be in Holland, under equally judicious treatment. Its poldered pastures, it is true, differ somewhat in their circumstances from those of Cheshire. The waters that make their way by leakage through the soil from the upper rivers, and are lifted out by the pumps and scoop-wheels, may bring mineral and vegetable food of various kinds to the roots of the herbage, which cannot, from similar sources, reach our Cheshire fields; but it is much to be doubted, whether what the land gains in this way can, in any degree, make up what existing causes yearly take away from it. We believe, that, on the whole, the grass-lands of Holland are as much in want of assistance as our own. In the case of many of the polders (especially such as are based upon the low peaty tracts), bone-dust would not only renovate the pastures, but would impart to them a richness they never before possessed. Of course, in proportion as their bones are applied at home, the fields of Great Britain will be deprived of a part of their usual supply; and so far our country will be the loser. But knowledge, besides being a universal possession, is progressive in its nature, and rejoices in contending against new difficulties. Let Holland, therefore, in justice to herself, apply her own bones to her own land. Other sources are open to English enterprise, and other means of fertility lie waiting in the storehouses of yet undeveloped science.

Again, the oily seeds are cultivated to a great extent, especially in North Holland; and lint and colza oils expressed. Our English experience has shown that the compressed cake or residue which remains from the rape or colza, is a very valuable

* Johnston's *Lectures on Agricultural Chemistry and Geology.* 2d Edit., p. 791.

manure; accordingly, it is imported largely, and applied immediately to the land. Among Dutch farmers, we believe, this use of it is very little practised; yet why should not their own fields be manured and fertilised with that which English farmers can afford to import and pay for?

On the subject of manures, we are in the habit of quoting, and not without reason, the economical practices of the Flemish garden farmers. They certainly know how to save and mix up manures of all kinds in their tanks, and they apply them skilfully, at frequent intervals—chiefly in the liquid or semi-fluid form—and with much economy. To this their light and sandy soils have compelled them. But they are by no means masters of that species of skill, which on Lincoln heath, with a similar but perhaps still worse soil, has, by a different management on the large-farm system, raised crops quite as remunerative, and enabled the land to pay a higher rent. Nor are they acquainted with those resources of portable manures, which at once characterise the present state of British agriculture, and indicate the amount of knowledge which our most skilful farmers now possess. Dutch farmers cannot in general lay claim even to the merits of Flemish husbandry;* while the application of our portable and artificial manures has scarcely begun to be introduced. The rape cake, which enriches our wheat fields, and the linseed cake, to which, among English counties, those on our east coast are so much indebted, come to us in frequent cargoes from the numerous oil-mills in the neighbourhood of Amsterdam.

From Rotterdam, and from Harlingen in Frieseland, cattle are now exported in great numbers to the English market. This new outlet for their produce ought to draw their attention to the feeding of stock, as a means of increasing the yearly return of corn, through the increased produce of manure, as well as of providing more and better beef. The use of prepared and artificial food for cattle—the production of enriching manure, by consuming their oily seeds or the refuse of their oil-mills—and the train of improved practices which accompany these processes, are unseen on the Dutch homesteads. When cake and linseed or bean crushers and chaff cutters, appear among their common implements, we may conclude that the national produce of flax and rape are in the way of being employed in such a manner as will contribute, in the greatest possible degree, to the national advantage.

* A plan is now under consideration for collecting a part of the waste of the large towns of Rotterdam, &c., hitherto discharged into the canals, and sending it in the fluid form in covered boats into the provinces, where the want of manure is most severely felt.

We have heard Netherlanders lament that the agriculture of their country is not now what it was in former times; that, two centuries ago, Dutchmen were in request as agricultural improvers in almost every part of Europe; whereas, now, their services are nowhere called for. These regrets over the past, as far as they refer to agriculture, and not to gardening, are founded, however, on a misconception. Netherland farmers are not less skilful now, but they have stood comparatively still, and have been absorbed in their own peculiar forms of improvement, while other nations have been advancing. So long as there were low and fenny lands to drain, and great drains to be blocked out and rendered efficient, Dutch drainers were in request.* But after this first epoch was past, and the second mechanical step had to be taken—more especially, since the purely chemical period has been entered upon—the Dutchmen were no longer of use, and were therefore no longer sought after in foreign lands. At the present day they have much both to learn and practise, before they shall have placed their country generally on that productive level to which it is capable of being raised, or shall have brought up their rural population to that point of intelligence and skill which can render their aid desirable in other countries—at least in countries as far advanced as Great Britain and Ireland.

But there is reason to hope, that these higher objects will henceforth be aimed at with clearer views by the agriculturists of the Netherlands. They are not unobservant of what is now doing in other countries. Zealous and enlightened citizens are anxious to help on a better state of things, and by the diffusion of new knowledge, both practical and scientific, to give to their countrymen new power over the land they till. Leyden, and Utrecht,

* Their services were sometimes secured in ways which our Dutch friends would by no means wish for. 'In the battle of 18th February 1652, between Blake and Van Tromp, many Dutch prisoners were taken, and five hundred of them were sent down to work at the drainages of the Bedford South Level, where they are said to have been of much service. They remained till 1654, when the peace enabled them to return home.'

We may add to this note, that after the battle of Dunbar, when so many of Leslie's army were taken prisoners by Cromwell, numbers were sent down and employed on the Bedford level, where many of them afterwards settled. In the minutes of the proceedings of the company, under date the 31st December 1651, we have met with the following entry:—'*Memor.*—To get 500 Scotch prisoners from Durham, to be sent to Lynne, according to the order lately made at Council of State.' And again, 'Ordered that the Scots that are not yet furnished with clothes, be forthwith provided for here, according as the Scotch prisoners were, and at the same rates.'

and Groningen, have their learned botanists, geologists, and chemists—the illustrious Mulder in the van of these—all eager advocates for agricultural reforms, and anxious to contribute to their wider spread. The opposition which they may encounter, and for which they must for some time be prepared, is the same, neither more nor less, which agricultural reformers, like all other reformers, must reckon upon meeting with.

In addition to the numerous scientific and patriotic societies which exist in the Netherlands, provincial agricultural societies have been established in Zealand and Guelderland. One is now in course of organisation also in the province of Holland: embracing all those objects, in reference both to live stock and to the improvement of land, to which the views of the present time are principally directed. An annual agricultural congress has been held during the last two years, on the model of the German meetings; but, like them, without any of those funds, or that permanent machinery, which have made our national societies so useful to the rural economy of the three kingdoms. A project, however, is now under consideration, which will, in some degree, meet their wants. It is proposed to establish a general society for the whole kingdom, on the model of the Agricultural Chemistry Association of Scotland. The society is to have its laboratory to analyse, its chemist skilled in agricultural practice to advise and explain, and its lecturers to diffuse in the rural districts, that elementary scientific knowledge, which, it now appears, can not only be made intelligible to, but can be profitably applied by, all.

Purely agricultural schools also have sprung up. A provincial school of this kind has been formed at Groningen, the seat of a university, and in a district where some of the most zealous improvers of the Netherlands reside. There is a private agricultural school in the neighbourhood of Utrecht, in which scientific instruction occupies a prominent place; and the prince of Hohenzollern has lately offered his castle of Heerenberg, on the south east of Guelderland, and just within the limits of the kingdom, for the establishment of another on an extensive scale.

Nor are the humbler schools forgotten—the instruments by which the masses are shaped and moulded. As in Scotland, each parish in the Netherlands has its school. Into these, in the rural districts, an effort is making to introduce a certain amount of industrial education, as far at least as relates to that art by which the pupils, in after life, are for the most part to get their bread. It is an old regulation of the government, that the theological students at the universities shall attend the lectures on agriculture; that they may thus become useful advisers to their parishioners, when they are settled in country parishes.

This prepares them for taking an interest in agricultural instruction, and for superintending and directing it, when introduced into the local schools.

All these things show, that the mind of Holland is at work upon this important national question. The moves now making may be bad ones, or, from counter-moves, may for a while fail of success. But the waters of knowledge, once at a certain height, cannot be long kept out. The mere oozings and leakages of knowledge may for a while be stopped, as is the case with the barriers which their own river and sea dykes present, and ordinary storms may be withstood; but when the swollen tide comes in, the history of their country shows that no impediments can arrest it.

Here our space compels us to close our observations upon Holland: But the subject would be incomplete and unsatisfactory to the English reader, were we to omit all notice of what has been done in England in the same walk of agricultural engineering. Every one has at least heard of the Bedford level—the low tract of fenny country which, commencing at Ely, runs north-west into the valley of the Witham, bounded by the high oolite country on the west, and by the estuary of the Wash on the east. This tract of country is seventy or eighty miles in length, and from twenty to forty miles in width, and contains nearly seven hundred thousand acres. A less extensive tract of low fen and marsh-land skirts the western side of the same oolite hills, along the lower part of the river Trent, and near its confluence with the Yorkshire Ouse, the Ayre, and the Don.

In many respects, this low country of England resembles that of the Netherlands; and, from the earliest times, it has been the scene of contention and strife between the labours of man, on the one hand, and the efforts of the elements on the other. There are, however, circumstances of very striking difference between the two cases—such as have materially modified the nature of the struggle in the two countries, and the degree of resolution and perseverance necessary to maintain it.

The physical structure and formation of the great level is easily understood. It is skirted on the west, as we have said, by the oolite hills, from among which descend the six rivers of the level — the Ouse, the Cam, the Nen, the Welland, the Glen, and the Witham. The tourist who, from these hills, travels towards the east coast, passes first over a sloping yet gradually flattening zone of dry land—the natural talus formed from the debris of the hills themselves. He then finds himself upon an apparently low, flat, fenny country (the lowland fen), covered with peat of varying depth, in which the trunks of numerous

trees are met with, at first oaks, and afterwards chiefly pine. This was the site of ancient forests—of oak on the more inland, and of pine on the more seaward side—which grew on the subjacent clay, and which have been succeeded by a growth of peat. He then gently ascends, as he travels on, and crosses the 'highland fen,' a region of clay and clayey loam of various degrees of tenacity, on which no peat exists, and which does not appear to have ever been covered with wood. Beyond this, by another almost imperceptible ascent, he comes upon the 'marsh-land,' formed by the rich sea slime which has been chiefly warped up, embanked, and gained from the sea by human industry. Further on still, lie the 'outer marshes,' in the form of a green fringe, beyond the artificial dykes, and these, in their turn, are succeeded by long black banks of growing warp, which are uncovered only at the recess of the tide. The zone of peaty fen is about eighty miles long, by ten broad—that of the more seaward loam and salt-marsh about forty-five miles long, by from four to fifteen broad.

The formation of such a country is easily understood. We suppose the low land at the foot of the hills to be formed—perhaps as the land is formed now—to be covered with wood, and to be washed by the alternate ebb and flow of the inlet of the German ocean, commonly called the Wash. The rivers brought down their sediment, and lodged it chiefly at their mouths: where the meeting of the waters, the fresh and the salt, occasioned the same mixed mineral and animal deposit, which we have already described, when speaking of the Rhine. The mouths of the rivers thus gradually became obstructed, and their beds raised, so that when freshes came, they could no longer contain the floods which descended from the western hills. Consequently, they often overflowed their banks, drowned the forest-land, and cut out new channels. As the deposit in question did not ascend higher than the tide, the outer country gradually increased in elevation, while the inner country retained its original level. Hence the gradual ascent to the 'highland fen,' which formed, in fact, a great natural dyke, or dam, by means of which the previously dry forest country within it was flooded, and gradually converted into a bog—or was divided into lake, bog, and island, according to the relative natural elevations of its several parts. As the land grew in breadth towards the sea, the course of the rivers became more tortuous and obstructed, and the level at which they discharged themselves into the Wash higher. Thus the depth of water in the inner country increased, new portions were covered by it, and the extent and thickness of the growing peat were constantly enlarged.

In these circumstances, the lowland district was peopled by a

few scattered inhabitants, who, by the help of fish and wild-fowl, eked out the precarious subsistence, which was all that the half-dried land could yield to agricultural labour. The highland fen was covered with a more numerous people. The marsh-land was banked out from the sea by successive dykes, as it became available; and, finally, the low black fen was improved by a series of operations carried on with great perseverance, though with various degrees of intelligence and skill, and only during the last fifty years with any very encouraging success.

The reader will observe a general similarity between this English level and the flat land of the Netherlands—the same inland bogs, the same stripes of rich clay land along the courses of the rivers, and the same deposits of silt along the shores of the bays and river mouths. There are, however, as we have said, very striking differences also between the two tracts of country. In the first place, the six rivers which descend through the Bedford level, and pour their waters into the Wash, are all comparatively small, and convey the rains of an inconsiderable area only. Though they have frequently come down in floods, broken their banks, and spread themselves over the low lands, yet they have never carried with them that fear and destruction which so frequently attend the swollen waters of the Rhine and the Maese. Again, there have been no formidable billows of a real naked ocean to contend with—no costly coast defences to erect, and then unceasingly watch, and scrupulously maintain; for though, when a north-east wind drives the swollen tide into the mouth of the Wash, the sea-walls are assailed, and occasional deluges have poured over them and drowned the land within, yet, since 1613 (on which occasion damage was done to the amount of L.27,000, some thousands of sheep washed away, and numbers of people drowned in their beds) no great or melancholy flood is upon record, such as decennially afflicts the less protected Netherlands: and, though the rivers rise and are driven upwards before the swelling tides, yet their winding courses, and the very different directions they severally take, show that there is no such peril from the mass of waters as is experienced in the open mouth and straight channel of the lower Maese. Lastly, the whole of the land which forms the Bedford level—the marsh-lands of Norfolk, those of the Holland and other fens in Lincolnshire, and of the Trent, west and north of the island of Axholme—though low, fenny, and liable to floods, is yet all, we believe without exception, above (some of it many feet above) the level of low water in the Wash and Humber. It is this latter circumstance which has rendered possible those great improvements in the outfalls of the rivers and canals already executed, now in progress, or under consideration, by which so large an

increase in the agricultural and money value of the inland fenny districts has been, or is likely to be, effected.

In brief, the Dutch have had the great outlet for the rains and melting snows of half a continent to confine, an angry ocean to battle with, and lands to pump out and keep dry, which lie beneath the lowest level of the surrounding waters. The candid fen-land engineer will confess that these circumstances must have given a character and interest to the foreign struggle, to which, in the difficulties of our home improvers, there has been happily nothing to correspond.

The form or shape which our successive home improvements have assumed, indicate at once the physical character of the country, and the progress of mechanical skill in all that relates to fen-land drainage. They prove also the direct bearing which advancement in one line of art has upon other branches. At present we can only advert to the general character of these improvements.

The beds of the rivers had been raised by gradual deposits. Like the Rhine, the Po, and the Mississippi, they ran on the top of long hills or ridges, raised by their own waters, and, after heavy rains, the extensive pastures on their banks were liable to be flooded. High and strong dykes were therefore raised to shut them in; and, as early as William the Conqueror, it is recorded that the river Welland, along the Deeping fen, was thus inclosed by a 'mighty bank.'

The low fen-land was frequently more or less under water, and the outlets were stopped. The remedy was to cut new channels from these lands, either into the open Wash, or into the lower part of the river courses. The earliest of such modern cuts—'Morton's 'leam'—was made in 1478, by Morton, Bishop of Ely, afterwards so celebrated, as the chosen counsellor of Henry the Seventh, and patron of Sir Thomas More. In 1630, Francis Earl of Bedford, the father of this great drainage, made the old Bedford river and several other important river canals. His son, the first Duke, in the time of the Commonwealth, in conjunction with the celebrated Sir Cornelius Vermuyden, whose operations in the valley of the Don are the most striking chapter in the *History of the Isle of Axholme*, constructed many additional drains for the accomplishment of this great object. The 'Bedford Level Corporation' was formed soon afterwards, in the time of Charles the Second; the conservation of the former works was intrusted to them; and many new ones are attributed to their subsequent exertions.

But the drainage was still incomplete; the mouths of the rivers choked up more and more; and the water in the canals, which had been cut to these rivers at various points, was not low enough

to dry the land. Fen after fen, therefore, was inclosed, after the manner of the Dutch polders; ring canals were dug; windmills were erected; and the water by their means lifted into the beds of the rivers. This was found to be so effectual, that the mills were multiplied, until there were upwards of five hundred on the Bedford level alone!

The winds, however, were fickle and unsteady. 'With his 'crops ready for the sickle, the farmer sometimes experienced 'sudden and complete ruin. An unexpected fall of rain deluged 'his land, while his mills—his only hope—stood with their sails 'unmoved by a breath of wind. The fruits of the labour and 'industry of the past year perished on the ground.' But Watt now brought the unsleeping steam-engine to his aid: And the windmill gradually gave way to it. There are now none on the north or south divisions of the great level; though about a hundred and fifty still remain on the middle division, and a hundred more on other parts of the fenny country. These engines secure not only an efficient drainage, but they secure it at the time and season when it is most required.

Unfortunately the outfalls of the rivers were meanwhile neglected. They were allowed to be choked up to such a degree, that great floods were from time to time inevitable. Those from the Nen, especially, towards the end of the last century, were very injurious to the whole length of the north level. At length Mr Rennie and other eminent engineers were consulted: and so efficacious have been the works executed upon the Nen, that not only has the land been laid dry, but both windmills and steam-engines can now be dispensed with—while the whole drainage is accomplished by the natural descent of the water to the sea, at an annual 'expense of from four to five shillings an acre.' Various improvements have also been made upon the outfalls of the Witham, the Welland, and the Ouse: and when the objects of the bill of 1844, relating to this latter river, are fully carried out, it is expected that artificial drainage will become unnecessary;—that the 170 windmills and the seven steam-engines of the middle level will disappear; that the last of the lakes, Whittlesea Mere, will be obliterated from the map,* and the whole district rendered dry by the natural descent of the waters to the lower sea. Could the Boston sluice be also removed, the fens on the Witham would likewise obtain a natural drainage, and of the

* Whittlesea Mere covers 1570 acres. It is no modern creation; for we find it granted in 664 by Wolphere, King of Mercia, to his new monastery of Medehampstead (now Peterborough), destroyed by the Danes in 870.

fifty steam-engines and two hundred and fifty windmills now at work in these counties, scarcely one would, after a few years, be seen.

This progress of engineering improvement is very interesting. River mouths had got filled up, and their waters dammed back; huge dykes are therefore drawn along their channels, to prevent the streams from overflowing. But the low lands through which they ran were full of water, and had no outlet; canals are therefore cut to the lower parts of the rivers, to afford this water an escape. Again, the mouths of these rivers became choked up still further, or the fall given to them has not proved sufficient, or they have been dammed back by sluices for the purposes of navigation, so that the drainage is, or gradually becomes incomplete: upon this, the windmill is set to work, and the water is scooped up from the ditches, to a level high enough to allow it to pass off by more elevated canals, or by the channels of the rivers themselves. At the next step steam displaces wind; by doing its work more effectually and more cheaply, while it is, at the same time, more under command. Then appears the pump in place of the scoop-wheel and the screw. And last of all, after these numerous transitions, cuts are made from the fens direct to the sea, or (what is equivalent to this), the mouths of the rivers are cleared out, and canals carried directly into them. Thus dykes suddenly become useless, and wind and steam are alike dismissed.* We confess that we look with great delight at a result such as this; and there is something of romance to us in the perusal of the difficulties, through which successive generations have fought their way to arrive at it. That Vermuyden possessed the idea which is the key to all this, is clear, by the way in which, through cutting the Dutch river, he intended to drain the valley of the Don. But levels were not accurately taken; funds failed; individual interests interfered; the details of the operations were often mismanaged; the action of the silt-depositing tidal waters was not understood; great operations could not be comprehended by the masses, and parties could not agree to combine their means and strength. These and other obstacles prevented the general idea by which the

* The reader will form a clearer idea of the nature of this last improvement when we state, that in some districts, as at Waldersey, in Marshland, the water is at present pumped up from ten to twenty feet into the river, although the land from which it is raised is many feet above the level of the sea, and would have a natural drainage were the outfall of the river improved. Instead of lifting it over the dam of high land that now confines the water, a passage should be cut for it to run through.

most recent improvements have been regulated, from being sooner taken up as the guiding clue by fen-engineers. Accordingly, what happens in almost all cases of large results, has happened in this. The game has been long protracted; it has been often badly played; but the winning move, which we now see might have been made sooner, is made at last.

It is clear, that, when the whole of our fen and marsh lands shall thus be drained by natural outfalls, all similarity between the Bedford level and the Dutch drainage will cease; and pumping and poldering will be seen in no other country of Europe but in that of the Netherlands. The projected Victoria level, for which an act has recently been obtained, and which is to consist of a hundred and fifty thousand acres, to be dyked in from the Wash, is, as regards extent, a much greater work than the drainage of the Haerlem sea. But, as regards the real character of the undertaking, it is much less so. The Victoria level, after being embanked, will be warped up to the level of high water, and will thus have a natural drainage ever after. 'Seventy-three thousand acres of it are already land at the re-'ceding of the tide.' But the Haerlem lake has to be first pumped dry; and then it must be kept dry by permanent engines at a perpetual expense. When cultivated and peopled, it will always continue liable to sudden destruction, as often as one of those secular periods shall arrive, in which the same concurring circumstances shall again bear the Northern Ocean over barriers it has so frequently been known to climb before.

In many things our English level drainage has the superiority over that of the Netherlands; and in many more, we surpass them in our level farming. We regret, indeed, that our space now prevents us from doing ampler justice to our eastern counties in both respects. But the intellectual interest, both actual and future, which attaches to the water-fights, in which our more amphibious neighbours must always be engaged on the other side of the German Ocean, is vastly greater than we can ever expect or fear on this.

A single word more to our Netherland readers. You are replacing your windmills and scoop-wheels by our English steam-engines and pumps. Are there no parts of your country in which you can also imitate our improvements in the outfalls of streams and canals? Can none of your lower mosses be elevated and fertilised by the process of inland warping, which is so wonderfully enriching our moors around the Isle of Axholme, through the medium of the muddy waters of the Trent?

ART. VII.—*Florentine History, from the Earliest Records to the Accession of Ferdinand the Third, Grand-Duke of Tuscany.* By HENRY EDWARD NAPIER, Captain in the Royal Navy. 6 vols. London: 1846–7.

THERE is a vigour and vivacity, an earnestness of purpose and an independence of opinion, in these volumes, which attract us strongly towards them, notwithstanding their prolixity, their digressions, their defective arrangement, and grievous punctuation. It is agreeable to meet with a history which is neither a compilation nor an abridgement; and with an historian who reflects, in his rough and racy style, the picturesque simplicity of his originals. It is evident in every page of his work, that Captain Napier loves Florence as if he were 'native there, and to the 'manner born;' and that he writes not to make a book, but, like Bunyan, 'because a thought was in his heart.'

In seeking to draw attention to Italy, or whatever appertains to Italy, there is little hazard of an author's miscarrying through any want of interest in the subject. From Addison to Eustace, from Eustace to the latest 'Publishers' Circular,' Italy, as the theme of the tourist alone, fills no mean space in literary statistics. In other compartments of the same vineyard the labourers may be reckoned by scores, and exhibit almost every degree of merit or defect. Nor is this attractiveness of the subject owing merely to the fertility of Italian annals in such incidents and characters, as both history and fancy equally delight in. The chronicles of Ghent, Nuremberg, and Antwerp, abound equally with those of Venice, Genoa, and Florence in materials for truth and fiction. Dino Campagni and the Malespini are not more graphic and entertaining than our own Holinshed and Hall. Froissart and de Comines surpass Villani and Ammirato in the importance of what they have seen and what they have to tell. The Hartz and the Rhine are more prolific than the Apennines and the Arno, in legends that 'rouse and stir the fell of hair,' and in traditions that instruct the historian and inspire the poet. But Italy early got ahead, took the lead, and keeps it. The prejudices of our education co-operate with our first associations of civilised life, and with the hereditary impressions of poetry and romance. Her form and impress are reflected from a thousand mirrors upon our imaginative literature. Her seal and signature are set upon many of our forms of worship, and upon most of our schools of art. They are legible in our codes of law and our ledgers, in

our maxims of diplomacy, and our canons of taste. They are stamped on our coinage, and current in our markets. Her language has enriched and softened our mother-tongue;—her tales of passion and of mirth have been adopted by the most faithful painter of our manners, and by the most universal and sublime of our poets. From her we borrowed the rudiments of our most useful inventions, and the hints of our loftiest discoveries. Freely we have received, and, without prejudice to our Teutonic lineage, freely we acknowledge our debt, whether it be to the imperial commonwealth of antiquity, or to its vigorous offsets in the Lombard and Tuscan Marches.

Italian history is therefore a tempting and auspicious enterprise. Yet hitherto our language contains nothing as a whole which merits the name; and little of much worth in detached episodes or special works. Mr Percival's History is a meagre abridgement;—Mr Hallam's Sketch of the Italian Republics is only a subordinate part of his 'Middle Ages.' As elegant biographies, Mr Roscoe's lives of Lorenzo and Leo de Medici will not easily be superseded: but, as contributions to history, they are of secondary value; and even likely to mislead us in our estimate of the true character of the period which they embrace, and of its proper place in Italian story.

In separating the history of Florence from that of Italy, Captain Napier has consulted the convenience of his readers, and the usefulness of his work. In Daru and Ranke he had examples of the benefit of isolation, which he has done well in following. A glance at the map of the Italian peninsula, or at any tolerable catalogue of the authorities to be consulted, will show that its history, as a whole, is a most arduous, if not an impossible undertaking. The plains of Lombardy and the mountains of Calabria are not more dissimilar in their physical, than in their political features; and, to include their annals in the same record, so as to unite fullness with clearness, requires and awaits a master's hand. Even Sismondi, who is surpassed by Gibbon alone in power of arrangement, has not always avoided the intricacy and tediousness which are perhaps inseparable from the crowd and pressure of his details. Obliged to synchronise the movements of so many separate communities, he is compelled continually to retrace his steps, until his resumptions perplex the reader's memory, and impair the effect of his narrative. A history of Italy is in fact the prelude and rehearsal of the history of Europe, since the commencement of the sixteenth century—though on a smaller scale. We have cities in place of countries, tens of thousands in place of hundreds of thousands—the arena of a theatre for the plain of Soissons or the

field of Mars. But the historian's office is not lightened by the contraction of space. The events are as numerous, their connexion as complicated, the passions fiercer, the issues more sudden, the authorities as conflicting, in the earlier miniature, as in the later portrait. Indeed, it would be nearly as practicable to combine in one work, without obscurity, the annals of France, Germany, and England, as to comprise in one narrative, without inconvenience, the histories of Venice and Naples, of Rome and Florence.

Captain Napier's work contains about three thousand six hundred pages. If printed with the usual type and margin of octavo volumes, they would amount to double their present number. In his dislike of abridgements, in which we heartily agree, he has fallen into the opposite excess—redundance of matter and of words. We have seldom, if ever, met with a book so full of excellent materials, and yet so void of plan, proportion, and perspicuity. He not infrequently inserts a document where an extract from it would have sufficed; an extract where he might have employed a sentence, a line, or a reference. He preaches a hundred sermons on the same text; dwells complacently on every trumpery skirmish in the petty Italian wars; empties on his readers all the vials of the Italian annalists, not the least tedious of men; and serves up on his overloaded board, half the dissertations of Muratori, not the least prosaic of antiquaries. Often have we closed his volumes in despair of mastering their contents. Often have we exclaimed, when baffled by their punctuation, or burdened by their prolixity, 'Be merciful, great Duke, 'to men of mortal mould!' Yet there is a soul in this body of redundance, which has as often called us back; and we have always lighted on some curious detail, or some quaint remark, to reward our perseverance and rebuke our impatience. We may, perhaps, illustrate our meaning, by noticing a want which every one who has read Dante has felt. In the *Divina Commedia*, no one can fail being struck by the number, or rather the throng, of names, events, and allusions, requiring a glossary. Captain Napier's work is an excellent glossary on the populous satire of the poet. But the merits of a commentator are faults in an historian.

Having thus freely censured his defects, we are bound to add, that, wherever we have been able to verify his researches, we have found Captain Napier scrupulously accurate. We meet, indeed, with few traces of Latin, and with none of German authorities; both of which, as corrective of Italian partialities, and as exhibiting the opposite views of ecclesiastical and imperial advocates, are indispensable to a full knowledge of Florentine history. In his Italian authorities, however, Captain Napier is

well versed. Some he has cited for the first time;—of all hitherto accessible, he has made ample use. An animating zeal and unwearied diligence are indeed legible on every page; so that, though we may still have rather the materials of Florentine history than the history itself, yet Captain Napier has made a superficial account of the same period and events inexcusable hereafter—we should hope, impossible.

A glance at the table of contents prefixed to each volume will show the impossibility of compressing, within any ordinary limits, even a succinct sketch of Florentine history as a whole. We shall, therefore, restrict ourselves to such salient points of it as are most characteristic of the people, the government, and their domestic and foreign relations. In them, if we mistake not, lies the true cause why Florentine history may and should be treated apart from that of the other Italian republics. Not only was freedom of longer duration in the Tuscan commonwealth than in the Lombard cities; not only was Florence the especial cradle and home of civilisation and the arts—but its influence upon Italy was more direct and permanent, and its relations to Europe generally, were nearer and more important, than those of any other single state in the Peninsula. Its freedom, though too often suspended by faction, or eclipsed by anarchy, was based on more generous principles, and was hurried on to less sanguinary issues. Its oppressors, at least till the Medici in 1532 became its hereditary lords, were generally foreigners. Home-born tyrants, such as the Visconti and Eccelini of Milan and Verona, it produced not, or endured not long. It would have driven forth Sforza, as it drove forth Walter de Brienne. It had no Council of Ten, like Venice; no brainless and blood-thirsty rabble, like Naples and Rome. The feudal despots of the Contádo it put under its footstool; the high-born brawlers of its streets and squares it drilled and depressed into civic equality. And even when its lamp of freedom began to cast long shadows and quiver in the socket, the usurpers in Florence were fain to put on the mask of reverence for constitutional forms—to affect personal moderation, and to extinguish the glare of sovereignty under the soft and serene rays of philosophy and art. A people which so long withstood the example of surrounding servitude, and which, when it yielded, enforced dissimulation on its rulers, bespeaks indulgence for its mistakes—even for having mistaken license at times for liberty—and commands respect even in its fall.

Florentine history falls naturally into three divisions. The first of these extends from the opening of the 12th century to the era of the elder Medici—an era of constitutional life and development, in which the popular and aristocratical elements

contended with various success, and exhibited, in nearly equal degrees, the evils consequent upon an undue predominance of either. The second comprises the rise and establishment of Cosmo de Medici as the leading citizen of Florence; and Lorenzo's inheritance and retention of what his father had acquired. This, with all who are willing to accept a high state of civilisation as an equivalent for a turbulent freedom, was the golden age of Florentine liberty. The third period, beginning with the exaltation of Alessandro de Medici to the dukedom, repeats the oft-told tale of the compatibility of despotism with art, commerce, and social refinement—of its incompatibility with all 'that makes 'a nation happy, and keeps it so.'

In every community that has attained to the dignity of self-government, the nation is the source, the laws are the exponent, and inward energy and external activity the rewards, of legitimate power. The people, the constitution, and the foreign relations of Florence, are therefore the subjects which we propose to examine at present, under the guidance of Captain Napier. We cannot, however, attempt to follow the labyrinth of Guelph and Ghibeline politics. Much as they influenced the parties and the fortunes of Florence, they affected equally those of Italy at large. They were, in fact, portions only of the great contest between local and central antagonisms —a contest with which Italy is still rife, and which is in nowise peculiar to her soil.

A hasty survey of Florentine history, from the 12th to the 15th century, might lead us to pronounce the Florentine people unworthy, or at least incapable, of freedom; and a comparison of the accounts of their annalists with the denunciations of their greatest poet, would be a plausible foundation for our verdict. The former break the thread of their narrative to indulge in frequent lamentations over the democracy of the times; while the latter exhausts the pains of hell, and finds them insufficient for the punishment due to his fellow-citizens, as knaves, ruffians, and traitors. Factions from every quarter of the political horizon—ungrounded jealousy of the laws, of the magistrates, and of the whole machinery of government—a childish impatience of restraint—an imbecile love of change—'fightings within, and fears without'—these, with literal accuracy, and apparent fairness, might be alleged as the characteristics of the Florentine race. But this is not the whole truth. Through the rents of the clouds, and in the lulls of the storms of party, is seen a people patient, plodding, and discreet; decent in morals, frugal in their lives—a mirthful and a social people too, clinging to kindred and to neighbourhood, doing good offices readily, and slow to be weaned from

old customs. Faction tore up the surface, and darkened the atmosphere of society; but beneath was a deep subsoil of sterling wisdom; and there were tracts of time, and doubtless almost classes in society, which this turbid atmosphere did not pollute. History exhibits the Ubaldini and Buondelmonti, the Cerchi and Donati, in the full stature of their lawless ferocity; but it shows us also, though by glimpses only, the men who were going soberly and silently on their pilgrimage, and who, like aged Garzo, Petrarch's great-grandfather, might die perchance in the bed in which they were born. Yet it is in the right estimate of the mass that the interpretation of a people's character and records is to be sought. Had the whole Florentine race been leavened with the fury of its leaders, a single generation of crime and violence would have sufficed to sweep them from the face of the earth; or at least to bow them beneath the yoke of such feudal lords as the Roman Colonne and Ursini. That they escaped this fate, was owing less to their institutions, or to any outward circumstances, than to the habits of thought and conduct which they had contracted from commerce, and the general character and temper of their private life.

Dante, in his *Convito*, addresses Florence as 'the fairest and 'most renowned of the daughters of Rome.' Of the numerous progeny of the imperial commonwealth, she bore, perhaps, the nearest resemblance to her parent. But it was more a generic likeness in the Florentine people itself, than likeness of circumstances. The resemblance is obvious, the points of difference may be thus stated. The strength of Rome rested upon agriculture and war; the prosperity of Florence upon adroit negotiation and active trade. The contest between the orders at Rome was reconciled by intermarriage and partition of the magistracies; at Florence, by the suppression of an integral member of the commonwealth. At Rome commerce was interdicted to the plebeians; at Florence a noble must become a plebeian, and be registered in some *art* or guild, before he could vote as a citizen, or act as a magistrate. Of the liberal arts, eloquence alone really flourished at Rome. At Florence, of the means by which states win and retain independence, war alone was entrusted to aliens and mercenaries. In the purer and happier ages of the elder republic, laws were cautiously enacted, and as cautiously repealed. The modern republic laboured under a quotidian fever of legislation, so that her great poet likened her to a sick man who seeks for rest by change of posture on his couch. Rome adopted the inventions and the arts which accompany civilisation, and lend decency and dignity to life: Florence produced inventors and artisans, the 'cunning workman,' Cellini; and the 'watcher of the skies,'

Galileo. The municipality of Rome sank under the burden of her empire: the municipality of Florence was exhausted by the internal heat of factions. The contrast between the parent and the offspring might be carried further, but we must now trace the rise and development of the Florentine people.

No portion of Captain Napier's volumes has given us more pleasure than the miscellaneous chapters, in which he surveys the industrial life, the domestic habits, the commercial system, and the arts and literature, of the Florentines. They are not only the most instructive, but the most interesting sections of his work —welcome resting-places amid the hubbub of factions, and the labyrinths of intrigue and war. These chapters are devoted to the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries only. They are discontinued from the time when the principality of Florence and the grand-duchy of Tuscany became little better than mere provinces. Our readers will thank us for drawing largely from these, and we may refer to them as very favourable specimens of our author's research and manner.

Florence shared in the general misery attendant on the dismemberment of the Roman empire. Its Transalpine invaders found her inhabitants, in common with the other provincials, sunk in effeminacy and corruption. The long agony and discipline of five centuries were needed to restore them to the condition, moral and physical, of a free people. The Visigoths, the Huns, the Vandals, and the Heruli, swept in successive floods through the valley of the Arno. It is doubtful on what terms Florence opened her gates to the humane Totila. It is more than probable that her walls were levelled, and her population scattered by the Lombards. Her condition under Charlemagne is obscure. She passed almost without record through the dark and disastrous rule of the Carlovingians. Her recovery from misery and degradation probably dates, with that of Northern Italy generally, from the accession of Otho the Great, the second emperor of the house of Saxony. The germs of a better state of society must, indeed, have been all already there, and nothing wanted but sufficient authority and order to protect their growth.

The improved condition of the Italian race, when Otho visited the Peninsula, is thus stated by Captain Napier; and his remarks apply indifferently to the Tuscan and Lombard cities:—

'Otho found a fierce and independent nobility, that would suffer no foreign competitor in civil and military employments; a race of gentlemen (? *sic*) inferior in power as in rank, but equally determined; chiefs who ruled their own dominions with absolute authority, and were continually exercised in arms. He found those that sternly demanded a voice in the national assemblies, men resolved to interfere in the forma-

tion of those laws which they were required to obey, and who refused all taxation but what they themselves imposed. In the inferior citizens he found similar energy, congenial spirit, and a strong determination to be free, with an union of heart and hand that finally accomplished it.'

Otho found the cities in general governed by Counts, who were often prelates, and, from their Italian birth, ill-affected to the empire. To their disaffection he opposed the spirit of civic liberty; and urged the citizens to assert their privileges, and secure them by combination. The habit of acting in concert within the walls gave the citizens advantages, which the Counts in their separate fortresses, and with their personal jealousies, did not possess. The necessity of self-defence converted the burghers into a trained militia, while their opponents had no regular troops. Causes of provocation were not wanting. The Buondelmonti of Monte Buono, a family famous and fatal in Florentine annals, were lords of a small castle about five miles from Florence, which, commanding the Siena road, enabled them to levy tolls on all merchandise in its passage. The Florentines abolished the toll by destroying the castle; and prevented its being restored, by compelling the Buondelmonti to dwell within the city. The Counts derived their principal revenues from penal fines. In a society so loosely constructed, a branch of revenue of this nature was certain to be fertile in abuses; and the abuses were equally certain of engendering the resentments and resistances, which of all others are found most directly to lead to liberty. As the Counts were deprived of the means of oppression, the cities extended their claims; until, under consuls and senates elected by themselves, they laid the foundation of municipalities, which at no distant day trampled on the pride and privileges of the nobles. *Sic fortis Etruria crevit.* Such, or nearly such, were the first steps towards emancipating the Commons in almost every kingdom in Europe.

The history of Florence, however, as an independent community, begins properly with the year 1100, when the authority of the Countess Matilda, *within* its walls, expired. During nearly all the 11th century, indeed, Florence had been gradually detaching herself from the Duchy or Marquisate of Tuscany. But until the first year of the 12th century, no act of authority in her own name is extant. The deed which authenticates Florentine liberty bears date the following year. It was a contract with the town and castle of Pogna, in the Val d'Elsa. The consuls of Florence, as representatives of the people, undertake to defend the people of Pogna against all enemies, the Emperor or his Nuncios excepted—no mention being made of Matilda or any other superior.

The Florentine people were long distinguished by frugality and simplicity of manners. A similar feeling to that which restricted the silver plate of a Roman senator, and the dress of a Roman matron, prevailed in the mercantile and manufacturing republic. Even so late as the year 1467, on the arrival of the Duke of Calabria, and at the marriage of Niccolo Martelli, a scanty service of plate sufficed for the public banquet and for the wedding dinner. In the 12th and 13th centuries, according to the concurring testimonies of Villani and Malespini, the Florentines lived on the simplest food, and wore plain leather garments, without fur or lining. Even the noblest and wealthiest matrons contented themselves with a close gown of scarlet serge or camlet, a leathern waist-belt, a hooded cloak lined with miniver, and unembroidered buskins. The garb of the poor differed little in quality from that of the rich: and, in ordinary seasons at least, their diet was but little plainer or less plentiful. A hundred *lire* was the common dowry of a girl: two or three hundred *lire* constituted an heiress. It was not till the latter end of the 14th century, that a regular cook was kept at the public palace; and the priors excused the innovation, by pleading the frequent necessity of entertaining illustrious foreigners. Boiled partridges, tripe, and a plate of sardines, were thought good enough for a corporation dinner! Sweetmeats were the chief culinary luxury; with these they concluded the repast, and entertained morning visitors.

This simplicity of living was encouraged and prolonged by the custom of different generations of the same family occupying the same dwelling. On a son's marriage, a chamber and small kitchen in the Torre were assigned him; and a second chamber when he required a nursery. When the family outgrew the house, one of its occupants either enlarged the Torre, or sold his share, and settled in the immediate neighbourhood. Whole streets were often filled with the same race, and bore, as they still bear, the family name. Such an arrangement had its inconveniences as well as its recommendations. It cemented family ties, and it promoted domestic virtues: but it nurtured and transmitted fierce prejudices, and gave concert and discipline to the ranks of faction. At the well-known cry of '*Palle, Palle!*' the street of the Medici poured forth a compact clan: the *Sestos* or districts of the Guelphs mustered rapidly at sight of the red or white lily.

The lordship of *Loggia e Torre*, of portico and tower, was a fertile source of litigation at Florence. The shares of each member of the *Consorteria*, or family in the common home, were defined by legal forms, and confirmed by solemn treaties. One or two of its elders or most distinguished members were chosen by each

Consorteria, as the guardians and representatives of its corporate and individual rights. Their authority was patriarchal, and seldom questioned. In the *Loggia* were held all family-meetings of business or pleasure. To the *Loggia* belonged the privileges of sanctuary. In it marriages were contracted, visits paid and returned; chess, draughts, and dice publicly played under its shade. It was the boast of the Adimari that no *mésalliance* was ever made in their portico. In that of the Uberti, none might be arrested for debt, or seized by the police.*

From the narrowness of their dwellings, the Florentines lived much in the open air. In front of their Loggia many families had an open space, where they exercised their horses, and practised gymnastics. In summer evenings, the marble steps and piazzas of the cathedral were the favourite resort of all ranks and ages. The guests, previously to their summons to the dining-chamber, gathered in the public street before the house-door. Thus, in all its phases, political, commercial, and personal, the life of a Florentine was passed almost in the presence of his fellow citizens. His notions of comfort would not have squared with ours. To 'retired leisure' he was pretty nearly a stranger.

Luxury is comparative. The excess of one age is frugality in another. And thus it fared in Florence. We have been describing a parsimonious period, worthy of Cincinnatus. Its sumptuary laws were rigorous and minute. Nowhere was the pulpit more zealous, or satire more vehement, in its denunciations of frivolity and profusion. The severity of its bankrupt-laws, the frugality observed by all officials, and in all departments of government, the competency obtained by the body of the people, the wealth accumulated by many of its citizens—all concur to make it probable, that, for a time, extravagance continued to be rather the exception than the rule. Sooner or later, prosperity introduces an inevitable change. And there is little reason to doubt that the change took place towards the end of the 14th century. Walter de Brienne's sojourn in Florence in 1343, brought in French fashions. The men wore long beards, to look valiant; and, like Malvolio, tortured themselves with cross-gartering. The women, whom Dante reproaches for the scantiness of their apparel, now went muffled up to the throat, and wore enormous wrappers on their heads. 'Monna Diana,' says Velluti,

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* The 'Nobili di Torre,' and the 'Nobili di Loggia,' were distinct:—

'There is the house—that house of the Donati,
Towerless, and left long since, but to the last
Braving assault.' —*Rogers' Italy.*

in his *Cronica*, 'passing by the Rossi palace, opposite the church 'of Santa Felicità, was struck on the head by the falling of a large 'stone. But so far was she from being injured, that she fancied 'some gravel had clattered about her ears.' The novelist Sacchetti cannot contain his wrath at the scandal of the ladies' huge sleeves. 'Sleeves!' he says, 'they should rather be called sacks. 'Can any of them reach a glass or take a morsel from the table 'without dirtying herself or the cloth by the things she knocks 'down? Was there ever so useless and pernicious a fashion?' Stringent laws were made from time to time against the superfluous ornaments of both sexes. But the object of the censors was not so much to guard the morals of the community against the pomps and vanities of this world, as for the relief of fathers, lovers, and husbands, who would have to pay for them. For while coronets and garlands of gold and silver, pearls and precious stones, and silver-gilt buttons, were interdicted, imitations of them were allowed in painted paper!

An anecdote from the times of the Medici will perhaps illustrate these opposite pictures of parsimony and profusion. We give it in Captain Napier's words.

'Maddalena, daughter of Lorenzo de' Medici, had been betrothed to Cibo, son of Pope Innocent VIII. A suite of the first rank of Roman nobility accompanied the bridegroom to Florence, and were magnificently lodged by Lorenzo in a palace fitted up for their reception; while Cibo himself, as now forming part of the Medici, was received in the family mansion. After a few days of festivity and ceremony, the bridegroom, on coming to supper with his father-in-law, found, instead of the previous magnificence, every thing reduced to the usual parsimonious simplicity of Florentine domestic life. Although a little startled at this, he made no remark, but, seeing the same frugality continued, he became uneasy and mortified, not on his own account, but lest his company of distinguished followers should be similarly treated, and himself disgraced; accustomed as they were to the luxurious refinement of Roman manners, and having been invited to a marriage little short of regal, which was expected to be celebrated with corresponding magnificence. He therefore feared they might return disgusted, to his own and Lorenzo's shame, and contemplated with some uneasiness the effects of future ridicule at the court of Rome. Cibo at first avoided any inquiry, but seeing them always joyous, he one day ventured to ask, as if by chance, how they fared, and excusing his own absence from their society in consequence of business. The answer was encouraging; and after further questions, finding they were treated more like princes than private gentlemen, he began to appreciate Lorenzo's simple grandeur; and in his newly awakened admiration frankly acknowledged his first suspicions and annoyance, with his subsequent satisfaction and surprise. To this the Medici quietly replied, that, having received him as his son, he treated him as such; had he done otherwise, it would have been putting him on the footing of a

stranger. But the illustrious foreigners, who had honoured his nuptials with their presence, were served with all the distinction due to distinguished rank, and the dignity of Franceschetto and the Medici. Yet Lorenzo at this time governed Florence despotically, and all Italy through his political influence, besides being considered as a sovereign prince by every European potentate.'

Gardens and architecture were a favourite luxury of the Florentines. Like the Dutch, they were great horticulturists; and though no tulipomania is recorded, they were curious and costly in their orchards. The environs of Florence, like those of Carthage, were studded with rural palaces. Marble courts and terraces, and fountains, and the broad umbrage of planes and cedars, afforded the princely merchants a grateful shelter from the close streets, the busy markets, and the public gaze of the city. The scene of the Decameron, and the gardens of the Medici, are consecrated by imagination and philosophy; but many villas, even older than the time of Boccaccio, still attest the taste and affluence of the Florentine citizens. So numerous, rich, and magnificent indeed, were their country-houses, that they indirectly influenced the policy of the state. 'Many citizens,' Captain Napier remarks, 'had invested the half, and even a larger share of their fortunes, 'in these fabrics; and were much more ready to buy off an in-'vader with the public purse, than risk their destruction.' Opulence thus engendered timidity; and though the plain of Florence could not long support an army, yet, in a few days, among these rural palaces alone, property might have been destroyed worth more than a million of gold. The Florentines were not themselves blind to this vulnerable point; and it was a common saying, that their country-houses were so many hostages in an enemy's hands.

These may appear trifles in a nation's history; but they are also the minute traits which compose and complete its portraiture; and they exhibit it to us in a truer and more natural light, than that in which it is usually presented to us, distorted by faction, or containing only the events and persons who may happen to be grouped together by war and politics. We must now briefly notice the principal sources of Florentine wealth.

The wealth of the Florentines was not derived from their soil, neither rich in quality nor large in area; and which, during the incessant contests between the citizens and the exiles, was exposed to fierce and frequent devastations. It was commerce that reigned supreme at Florence: being not merely the source of opulence, but the only avenue to political power. Its nobles were compelled to be shopkeepers, if they would become statesmen. The minds of the citizens were thus directed to commerce, without perhaps any previous appetite for gain; and avarice as well as

ambition was made subservient to enterprise and industry. Except the Jews and Venetians, no people were scattered so widely over the world as the Florentines. They were the brokers, the bankers, the warehousemen, the pedlars, the interpreters, and the envoys of two-thirds of the globe.

'Florence,' says Captain Napier, 'was replete with every species of industry. The trade of physician and druggist, which included the sale of all sorts of oriental spices and foreign productions, formed a very extensive and lucrative branch of commerce. That of the furriers was still more so; for the most expensive furs continued to be worn by the clergy and Italian nobility of both sexes, long after the general custom had ceased, so that we have a list of no less than two-and-twenty kinds of skins in the usual course of importation. Many of these probably came from the north of Asia; for Venice having succeeded in monopolising the trade and closing the ports of Egypt to the Florentines, the latter, with incredible perseverance, worked their way by land from *Tana*, the present Asaph, by Astracan, and round the head of the Caspian, through a number of places now very hard to identify, as far as what they called "La Mastra Città, or capital of China."'

The Florentine, indeed, who neither enriched himself by travel, nor made his fortune at home, was regarded by his fellow citizens in much the same light as a man who could not or would not fight, would have been viewed by his neighbours in the Barons' wars of England. The motives to enterprise were indeed many and great. Respect, and probably authority, at home; station, and perhaps rank, abroad. For to be a Florentine citizen was a patent of nobility in foreign states. It qualified him for any order of knighthood; it opened to him the councils and closets of ministers and monarchs. Travel, too, was the school of diplomacy; and, since there were no permanent embassies, Florence employed an unusual number of able negotiators. In 1294, when the ambassadors of twelve different states met at Rome to congratulate Boniface VIII. on his election, they all proved to be Florentines. The Pope exclaimed, 'Earth, air, fire, and water, and Florentines, are 'to be found every where.' And nearly four centuries later, when Lord Clarendon, then Sir Edward Hyde and in exile, was ambassador extraordinary at Madrid, he remarks it as a 'very notable' fact, that all the foreign ministers assembled at the Spanish capital, the Danish and English envoys alone excepted, were Italians; and all the Italians, except the Venetian ambassador, subjects of the 'Great-Duke.' The reports of the Florentine envoys are second to those of the Venetians only, in number and merit. In the *legazioni* of Machiavelli we have probably a fair sample of the official style and skill of his countrymen. At once comprehensive and concise, the public correspondence of the 'secretary' exhibits 'a learned eye' in the qualities of men and the aspect of

circumstances; a dexterous adaptation of the one to the interests he represented; a temperate freedom towards the other, becoming at once an adroit negotiator and the citizen of an enlightened republic. The 'secretary,' indeed, was one on whom the mantle of Tacitus had descended. But the pages of Guicciardini afford similar proofs of the sagacity, the gravity, and the influence of Florentine statesmen.

The staple manufactures of Florence were cloth and silk. The working of woollen cloth was introduced in 1239 by the Umiliati, originally Milanese exiles, subsequently a religious corporation. But the Florentines soon surpassed their instructors; and became famous, from the Atlantic to the Euphrates, for the fineness of their cloths, and the brilliancy of their colours. Their lands, however, could not produce in any sufficient proportion the raw material for the loom and bleaching-ground; and the Italian sheep do not yield the finest wool. They imported, therefore, not only the fleeces, but the coarse cloths of Northern Europe. England, France, Majorca, and Barbary, supplied wool of the second quality; Spain and Portugal that which was needed for the finest cloths. On their arrival at Florence, the fabrics of the English and Flemish looms were subjected to the processes of shearing, scouring, and especially dyeing; they then recrossed the Alps, to be sold at an enormous profit. A brisk and profitable carrying trade was a necessary adjunct of this branch of Florentine industry. Severe laws regulated the clothiers' company, and its dependent guild, the dyers. The texture of the cloth, the colour and quality of the dyes, were subjected to a rigorous scrutiny. On the detection of false colours, the offenders were denounced as cheats, and expelled from the trade. With a more questionable policy, the price was fixed; and all combinations to raise the market were jealously watched, and severely punished. This lucrative trade was ultimately ruined by the establishment of native factories in England, France, and the Netherlands. The Flemings learned, and imparted to the English workmen, the art of refining the fabric and mixing the dyes. The raw material, as well as the inferior cloth, was withheld; and, about the beginning of the sixteenth century, the woollen manufactures of Florence yielded to the awakened industry and superior numbers of their Transalpine rivals.

Their place was supplied, though imperfectly, by the production and preparation of silk. We have fewer details of this trade than of the woollen. The date of its incorporation is uncertain; but it was under the direct patronage of government. During the whole of the fifteenth century, the raw material continued to

be imported; for the mulberry tree, the food of the silk-worm, is of tardy growth; and the Florentine territory was pre-occupied with the more certain, though less profitable, cultivation of corn, oil, and wine. The laws and regulations of the silk manufacture were equally strict and minute with those of the woollen trade, and displayed greater jealousy of foreigners, especially of the Lucchese, their instructors in the art. From a return of the fifteenth century, it appears that Florence produced annually four hundred bales of raw silk; besides brocades, and similar fabrics, to the amount of a million of gold. In the seventeenth century, protection laws nearly extinguished this branch of industry.

But the *arte del cambio*, or money trade, was, beyond any other, the source of wealth at home, and political importance abroad, to the Florentines. Captain Napier says that they divide with the Jews the credit of inventing bills of exchange. The invention, however, was probably of much earlier date, since there are traces of it in the caravan traffic of Carthage; and at least its rudiments existed in the paper money of China. The trade and frugality of the Florentines rendered them masters of much disposable capital. The European monarchies were impoverished by war; their restrictive laws and slovenly commerce yielded scanty and slow supplies; and the shrewd and sedulous Florentines became their bankers—their agents, the heads of their commissariat, and the masters of their mints and exchequers. The extent and ramification of the Florentine banking system were enormous. The house of Caroccio degli Alberti alone had regular banking establishments at Avignon, Brussels, Bruges, Paris, Rome, Naples, Venice, Perugia, Siena, and Barletta. The Medici alone had at one time no less than sixteen banking-houses in different parts of Europe. The Turkish states contained fifty-one; and the whole of the money-trade, and most of the commerce of France, were managed by Florentines. Finance and intrigue were often conducted by the same hands; and the refusal or advance of a loan materially affected the destinies of Europe. As farmers of her revenues, the Florentines were much mixed up with the affairs of the church; and pecuniary interest may have contributed to their Guelphic bias, more than appears on the surface of history.

We must refer to Captain Napier's pages for many interesting particulars of Florentine currency, and for a great deal of useful, though not well-digested information, in other departments of trade and production. We may remark, in passing, that the Florentine laws against the exportation of corn were wholly ineffective; and that monopolies were rare in the days of her

freedom, and multiplied under her hereditary Grand-Dukes. We must insert, however, the following estimate of the population of Florence at different periods:—

'Of the population which furnished this labour, it is difficult to speak; for while some authors make it amount to 122,000, from other sources it would seem to have been much less. Yet, as there were about forty hospitals in the city, with a rental of 60,000 florins, and between Florence and its suburbs no less than 100 large and rich male and female convents, there must have been an extensive population to require and support them. The present population of Florence is about 100,000, contained within the ancient precincts. Additions have, no doubt, been made to the city; but, in those days, the house that contained four good families scarcely serves at this moment for one, so changed are habits! And we are told by Pagnini, that the same amount of labour which then maintained twelve people in their manner of living, would not in his day subsist a single individual. Hence he infers, that the population of Florence, in the fifteenth century, was about what it has been commonly supposed, and that the estimate of contemporary authors is not far wrong. There seem to be two errors into which modern writers have run in discussing this subject, and which have made them disbelieve the statements of contemporaries: First, a want of distinction between the taxed and untaxed inhabitants, that is, between citizens and mere subjects and populace. Secondly, and the most important one, is the counting of the civic population *within* the walls alone, independent of the suburbs, which were large, densely inhabited, and seem evidently to have been included in all the contemporary statements. Varchi, at the commencement of the siege, makes the population amount to 100,000. Goro Dati says that 100 "*moggia*" of wheat were necessary each day for the Florentine population. This would make 3000 moggia a-month, or 72,000 *stia* or native bushels, which, at the Florentine calculation of one stia per head a-month, would give as many inhabitants; and this, added to the suburban population, brings up the whole mass of people to a great amount; for the suburbs, by some writers, were reckoned nearly equal to the city itself. The number of "*sopportanti*," or tax payers, that is to say, nominal and real citizens, in 1427, was 37,225, as enumerated for the imposition of the Catasto, and 40,238 for the same tax in 1470. These were the real Florentine republic; the rest were slaves, *plebs*, subjects under legal protection, but with no political rights.'

We cannot close this very imperfect sketch of the Florentine people in their private and commercial relations, without repeating our thanks to Captain Napier for allowing so much space in his volumes to subjects so often slighted by historians. War often obliterates, and intrigue always defaces, the real lineaments of a people. To know them as they were, we must repair to the port and the market, to the field and the shop, and, if possible, to the fireside. The forum and the camp reflect a portion only, and not the most distinctive portion, of national life. History is

often a riddle, and a dull one, from the fastidious ambition of those who write it.

Among a people so fond of legislation, and so fickle in their treatment of laws and rulers as the Florentines, it is difficult to fix the epoch of constitutional maturity; and the difficulty, in this case, is much increased by the destruction of almost all the archives of Florence by fire, in the years 1118 and 1119. We are thus left without means of comparing the earlier and perhaps more liberal institutions of an era which Dante held up in rebuke of his own, with those of a later time, when faction was already hastening the fall of the republic. We shall not, however, perhaps, greatly err in assigning the year 1282 as the date of the most salutary enactments, as well as of the least partial administration. And this date has the further convenience of exhibiting the republic, nearly as it remained thenceforward to its extinction.

The chief magistrates of Florence were originally denominated Consuls; who presided in its senate, and at the meetings of its larger deliberative bodies. Their number, which at different periods varied from two to twelve, was finally determined, by assigning a consul to each of the greater arts or trades. They were the civil, criminal, and foreign ministers of the state, as well as the deacons of their respective guilds. About the middle of the thirteenth century, the consuls were superseded by a board of twelve citizens — a change of name rather than of functions—entitled *Anziani*, or elders. The powers of the Anziani were much curtailed by the appointment of a *podestà*, who was always, and of a *capitano del popolo*, who was generally, a foreigner. The jealousy of the Florentines towards their own citizens affords a singular contrast to their confidence in strangers. But it appears to have been the same in all the Italian republics. The office of the capitano, at least originally, resembled that of the Roman tribune. But he soon became a regular member of the executive; and the podestà, who at first was appointed annually as president extraordinary of the civil and criminal courts, became, from the year 1207, the ordinary president of the great council, and the principal war and foreign minister.

'There is, however,' Captain Napier remarks, 'much obscu-
'rity about these early forms of the Florentine government.
'They seem indeed to have been a mere chain of expedients,
'forged link by link from existing circumstances, rather than
'any regularly digested system.'

But in the year 1250, on the decease of Frederic II., the sixth emperor of the house of Suabia, a reconstruction of the whole machinery of government was loudly and universally demanded. In order to render the new constitution formidable

abroad, as well as effective at home, the military organisation of the state underwent a revision. The urban population capable of bearing arms was divided into twenty companies: the people of the *contado* into ninety-six *pivieri*, or unions of parishes. A certain number of such unions was termed a league. The city itself was partitioned into six parts called *sestos*. Each *sesto* was a military as well as a civil section; had its own separate powers, resources, and interests, yet was closely united with the neighbouring compartments. Every civic company and each league served under its own banner or *gonfalon*; and the *gonfaloniere*, or standard-bearer, was chosen annually at Whitsuntide; when his banner was delivered to him with great pomp, in the Mercato Nuovo. The arms of the companies were as various as their ensigns; and when brought into the field, the whole body presented the imposing spectacle of forty or fifty thousand men, animated by a common feeling, and trained in a rude but not ineffective discipline.

The art of war is the result of experience, improved and matured by genius and science. An urban population, like that of Florence, summoned hastily from the loom or counter, is no match for the soldier by profession. But in the 13th century, the inequality was less felt. If the weight of the column could withstand the assault of the men-at-arms, a more complicated system of tactics was unnecessary. By the employment of the *carroccio*—a ponderous car drawn by oxen, and bearing the banner of the republic—the Florentines obtained a point of rallying, and an obvious centre of operations. The *carroccio* itself was invested with every circumstance of distinction and dignity. Mass was said on it, ere it quitted the city. It moved to the sound of martial music. It was guarded by a picked band of veteran warriors. The most distinguished knight, in brilliant armour, and girt with a golden belt, directed its movements. It was driven by a distinguished citizen, who was exempt from taxation, and served without pay. It was often in the hottest of the fight. Its loss was inexpiable disgrace, and betokened utter discomfiture.

At a later period, when Florence entrusted its security to mercenaries, this ancient union of its sections was vainly desired by its wisest statesmen. Macchiavelli, in his treatise *dell' Arte della Guerra*, enforced on his countrymen the duty of self-defence, and the policy of military organisation. His scheme, if adopted, would virtually have revived the *sestos*, with all the improvements in weapons and discipline which the art of war had in the interim received. But the character of the Florentine people was equally changed with that of the art of war. Its civil

tumults had subsided; the ties of its family and sectional life were relaxed; wealth, and its attendant luxury, had infused a gentler but feebler spirit; and although repeatedly betrayed, and sometimes oppressed by its hired defenders, it continued to employ and to trust them, as well as to deplore their insolence, venality, and even cowardice.

Such an organisation of the people was manifestly unfavourable to the pretensions of the nobles. Accordingly, we find that, in this year, the towers which commanded the streets of Florence, and sheltered their owners from the brands and missiles of the populace, were lowered to an average standard of ninety-six feet—little more than a third of their former height. Few noble families possessed less than two of these lofty fortresses; and their massiveness may be estimated from the fact, that the materials produced by their reduction nearly sufficed to complete the city-walls beyond the Arno. We are not told whether the castles of the *contado* underwent similar reduction. But an armed multitude, which could enforce entire obedience to its laws, was not likely to permit the existence of these strongholds within the precincts of its own jurisdiction.

The revolution of 1252 was effected by an assembly of tradesmen, equally opposed to the Guelph and Ghibeline factions. The reformers conducted themselves with great moderation, and carefully shunned the errors of their predecessors. No one was molested, and nothing was destroyed. The inhabitants were free to act, and to express their opinions; and, so long as peace was preserved, no inquiry was made under what banner or watchword a citizen had once enrolled himself. Happy had it been, if in equally important reforms the people had followed a similar course! 'It is impossible to conceive,' says Macchiavelli—and his remark is nearly a transcript of an observation of Herodotus on the enfranchised *demos* of Athens—'the extent of force and 'authority acquired by Florence in a very short period after 'this revolution. She rapidly became not only the first city of 'Tuscany, but one of the first class in Italy itself.'

But the moderation of the moment could not long resist the inveterate habits of caprice and suspicion seemingly innate in the Florentines. To use an expressive phrase of Captain Napier's, 'they were continually pecking at their institutions, and had not 'patience to await the result of any one of their reiterated expe-'riments.' The laws and administration of Florence were in fact constantly subjected to a political alchemy. But the pure ore of an even and impartial freedom was never discovered; and, ere the process was complete, the fires were quenched and shaken out by the strong hand of despotism.

From the year 1252, thirty years elapsed without any material change in the constitution. The seven superior guilds, indeed, were more regularly organised: but the interval was spent in a fierce wrestling-match between the Ghibelines and Guelphs. The latter had been recalled by the moderate party, unwilling to lose the services or protract the sufferings of so large a section of the commonwealth. And when the haughty manners of the Ghibelines became intolerable to a free community, through the aid of the restored Guelphs they were in their turn driven forth again to eat the bitter bread of exile, and to climb the stairs of the stranger. Thus the territory of Florence was once more desolated by her own sons, and her revenues were wasted in supplying the sinews of civil war. The authority of the church and of the empire was called in to adjust or quell her factions. But her factions were deaf to the voice of legates, and regarded neither the counsels nor the sword of Cæsar. The extinction of the Ghibelines as a party, though effected by violence and confirmed by injustice, and the formation of the 'party Guelph,' were perhaps the safest and most salutary policy which the times or the state admitted.

'The republic,' Captain Napier well remarks, 'was in truth a goodly fabric; but ambition undermined it. Those fiery spirits that scarcely shake the mass of greater states, often burst through the lighter pressure of small communities, and destroy the social edifice. Large societies are commonly less open to personal influence: the population, though divided, acts in vast bodies; its voice, however loud, is seldom the voice of faction, and its leaders are borne on the opinion of millions. Neither do such struggles materially affect the administration of private justice, nor are they likely to be made a cause of persecution by the winning faction; for this their antagonists are too strong, too numerous, and would never suffer themselves to be thinned out by banishment and confiscation. In petty communities the chiefs are chiefs of faction, and their success the success of a sect, in which each individual follower relies for safety, and stakes his life and fortune on the cast. Modern states have the press and impeachment; Rome had the tribunitian power, as an outlet for public dissatisfaction. Florence had neither. No efficient means were there provided, to punish a powerful offender or obtain justice for a friendless man. A culprit in authority feared no accusation, no sentence, no judgment unsupported by physical force; and his means of defence were precisely of the same nature. Faction was necessarily opposed to faction; the punishment of leaders brought misfortune on numbers; the city was thinned, and the public good impaired. In Rome the single transgressor suffered, and few exiles and fewer deaths disgraced that stormy commonwealth, until its liberty fell in the struggles between Sylla and Marius.'

In the year 1282, under the predominance of the Guelph

League, the earlier forms of government were displaced by a system, which, in its general features at least, lasted till the extinction of the republic in 1532. The seven greater arts, that of the lawyers excepted, and the six quarters of the city, elected, every two months, six priors. The priors, during their term of office, were lodged at the public cost in the public palace. They had great power, but no pay; and were ineligible for two years after the expiration of their term. The government was thus renewed six times a-year; and, for a long time, these frequent changes seem to have produced little inconvenience. They had the direct advantage of accustoming the citizens to business, and of furnishing the public assemblies with a constant supply of members qualified to restrain and tranquillise their debates. But in the space of a few years a further alteration was made. The change was perhaps dictated by the selfishness of faction dreading the assembly of the people, perhaps acquiesced in readily by the people themselves. Incessant elections disturbed the indolent, and diverted the busy from more congenial or lucrative avocations. The choice of the magistrates was accordingly transferred from the electors in mass to the college of priors and their immediate assistants; and the Florentines for a while copied the Venetian practice, in permitting self-chosen committees—for to this it really amounted—to hold the reins of government. On the expiration of the two months, the priors, assisted by a board of councillors from the greater arts, and by certain persons nominated (*arroti*) by themselves, elected by ballot their successors. The balloting was a tedious process, and its perverse and ingenious refinements were multiplied continually, without satisfying or exhausting the jealousy of the electors. At the same time, the nobles were compelled to give bail for their general conduct, and for the cessation of their private wars. A civic guard of a thousand men enforced the laws and watched over the public peace; and the idle and indigent, who had no ostensible means of livelihood, were expelled the city.

But the Guelph nobility were not less arrogant than the banished Ghibelines; and equally reckless of the property, the honour, and the lives of their fellow citizens. They defied the law, and insulted its ministers. Wounds and death were common incidents in broad daylight, and in the open streets. Even their recreations were too often outrages on public peace and private safety. In 1293, therefore, Giano della Bella, whom his friend Dino Campagni describes as 'a wise, valiant, and good citizen,' brought forward, though himself a patrician, a series of enactments subversive of the *grandi*, as the ancient nobles of Florence were then derisively termed. These were the famous ordinances

of justice, which the Florentines long regarded as the charter of democracy. Their efficiency appeared from the efforts made by the nobles for half a century after, to obtain a relaxation of them. They had not been unprovoked; but they were certainly unjust, since they visited the sins of the fathers on the children, and excluded for ever seventy-three families from the service, the honours, and almost from the protection of the state.

Giano's enactments decreed that none but real merchants and tradesmen should be eligible to the office of prior; that the interdicted families should never become eligible: and that the rest of the nobles must be *elevated* into plebeian houses, before they could aspire to municipal honours. Common fame, according to Macchiavelli—two witnesses, according to others—sufficed to convict a noble of a crime; and his relations were collectively made answerable for the fine, if so mild a sentence should have sufficed. The aristocracy complained, that, 'if a nobleman's 'horse happened to whisk its tail in the face of a citizen, or a 'man of rank pushed a butcher in the crowd, or the son of an 'Adimari cuffed the son of a worsted weaver, it was "Chris-'tianos ad Leones."' Down went the nobleman's house; while its owner was impoverished by mulct and bail, or perhaps hurried off to prison.

The execution of Giano's laws was entrusted to an armed force of four thousand citizens, and to a permanent officer called the Banneret of Justice, who was elected every two months from the officials of the guilds. Under the city banner, a red cross on a white field, the new Gonfaloniere marched forth to the houses of the refractory or merely suspected noble, or to his kinsmen; and, as Dino Campagni writes pithily, 'destroyed them 'according to the laws.' The aristocracy were in some measure avenged by the exile of Giano, only two years after the promulgation of his ordinances. But their satisfaction was brief, their degradation permanent. A crowd of new families, with increasing wealth and influence, overshadowed the ancient races, and impressed a new character on the city. Old names and armorial bearings that excluded their owners from the government, were exchanged for new quarterings and obscure appellations. Pride yielded to ambition; and while the Ghibeline served a foreign master, or carried to a new home his valour, his enterprise, or the memory of his wrongs, his rivals underwent an equal degradation at home. 'The toe of the peasant came near the heel of the courtier.'

The disorders which Giano suppressed for a moment, broke out again with unabated strength and virulence. In spite of the or-[illegible]ces of justice, the nobles retained their wealth, and the real

power or secret influence which in all communities accompany birth and station. The laws were inexorable; but the national character was at once jealous and impetuous—and it either undermined by mistrust, or violently assailed, the barriers of each successive constitution. The year 1300 introduced into Florence the factions of Pistoia, and revived the virulence of the Imperial and Papal feuds, without reviving their distinctive principles. Battles, conspiracies, confiscations, and banishment, again convulsed the city; and the sections of the Guelph party, under their respective heads, the Cerchi and Donati, usurped and abused by turns the executive government. Livy remarks upon the impressive and affecting spectacle of the opposing armies in the last war of Latium with Rome. Maniples, which, side by side, a few years or even a few months before, had sustained each other against the Samnite columns, were arrayed under hostile banners. The centurions and tribunes, who had shared the same tent, and watched round the same camp-fire, eyed one another with fierce anticipations or sullen disdain: and the fraternal hosts employed the same tactics, and might give out the same watchwords. The parties of Florence possessed similar acquaintance with each other's ranks, and differed only in the cognisances of their shields, and the colour of their banners. The voice of the laws alone was unheeded. Street called to street, and *sesto* caught up from *sesto* the note of summons or alarm, when the Cavalcanti 'rode the city,' or the Buondelmonti set up hasty barricades against their raid. Yet, on the whole, the party of the high aristocracy was perceptibly weakened. Upon them the penalties of exile and confiscation fell most heavily; and their martial character exposed them more frequently to losses in the field. The *popolani*, or plebeian aristocracy, which, like the later nobility of Rome, founded its claim to respect on the possession of office, stept into their vacant places; and from their commercial pursuits were less inclined to hazard property and life. Meantime, the faction of the black and white Guelphs convulsed Florence for nearly half a century, and did not quite disappear until the year 1382, when the supremacy of the plebeian nobles was firmly established.

Our limits will not admit of our tracing the Florentine constitution further. In the preceding sketch we have aimed less at completeness than at giving a brief view of the laws, the parties, and internal administration of Florence The insurrection of the Ciompi belongs to a different state of things. The abuse of 'Admonition' was a revival of the old policy of Guelph against Ghibeline. The predominance of the Albizzi was a preparation for the sway of the Medici; as the sway of the Medici, in its

turn, was the prelude to an hereditary despotism, under which the welfare of the commonwealth fluctuated with the private interests and personal character of its chief. The various stages in the decline and decay of freedom are fully and fairly described by Captain Napier. It is only to be regretted, that his redundant detail of unnecessary circumstances so often obscures the clearness and connexion of his narrative.

It may afford some help to the understanding of Italian history, if we pause for a moment to consider the character of its annalists, and the kind of evidence they supply. In a country so subdivided as the Italian peninsula, the amount of authorities for history is naturally enormous; but the number of its records is even out of proportion to its territorial divisions. Not only every state, every city, and every town, had chroniclers of its own; but, at least during its era of freedom and faction, every leading family had its domestic annalist. Without an idea of literature, or literary distinction, the head of a household wrote down for the use of his family the events he had witnessed, or had himself taken part in. We have Montaigne's authority for saying, that this was the case in Perigord, and in France generally, in his age; and the references in Daru, Sismondi, and Ranke, beside the manuscript memoirs cited by Captain Napier, attest, if attestation were wanting, the prevalence of the fashion also in Italy. The convent had its archives—the merchant his journal—and the magistrate his memoranda. The oldest remaining Florentine annals are collections of this nature. But, as Niebuhr observes of the earliest records of Rome, every one will aim at surpassing his predecessors, will go more into detail, take in more objects, and aim at a more complete narrative. To expect impartiality in such works would be as reasonable as to expect the graces of composition, or the careful proportions of Thucydides and Sallust. Such chroniclers write as they would have voted in council, or as they perhaps had fought under the banners of party. Dino Campagni portrays the Ghibelines or the black Guelphs in colours befitting a Catiline or Tiberius. Villani speaks of the same men and the same events with allowance, or even applause. The lion and the man have each their respective pictures; and the historian who contrasts them centuries afterward, is bewildered by their inconsistency. We will illustrate our meaning by the opposite characters ascribed to the chief of the black Guelphs, Corso Donati. Donati was the express image and representative of his own times: 'Lofty and sour to them that loved him not, but to those 'men that sought him, sweet as summer.' He had all the merits, and most of the defects, of the head of a faction, and that faction

Florentine. Eloquent, accomplished in all martial exercises, he was distinguished for the beauty of his person and the dignity of his bearing. His meanest client could reckon on his aid and sympathy; his personal and political friends could rely on the strength of his attachment, and on the wisdom, or at least the shrewdness, of his policy. To his foes, on the other hand, he was a subtle, ruthless, and lawless opponent—availing himself with equal readiness of the sword or the knife, of the penalties of the law, or the fury of the people. 'He was,' says Villani, 'the 'wisest and most worthy knight of his time.' 'He was full,' says Campagni, 'of malicious thoughts, wicked and artful.' It would be easy to bring forward a swarm of similar contradictions. Nor would it be difficult to find their parallel in the records of other nations, or even in the political writings of our own day. But the abundance of Italian chronicles, the ferocity of Italian factions, and the endless ramifications of their feuds—feuds rather between persons than between principles—have made it almost equally impossible for historians to be impartial, as for their readers to disentangle the web which they may have woven.

So much has been written on the era of the Medici, that we shall pass briefly over it on this occasion. Captain Napier inclines to the views of Sismondi, rather than to those of Roscoe, as regards the character of these polished and politic usurpers. But he tempers the harsh judgment of the Genevese historian, at the same time that he refutes the panegyric of the English biographer. The balance of good and evil in their government will be most evenly struck by comparing Florence, on the one hand, with Venice and the Lombard principalities; and, on the other, Florence itself, as it was before the establishment of Cosmo's power, with Florence, as it became in the hands of his kinsmen and successors.

Liberty in all the Italian commonwealths was more a fierce and feverish passion, than an enlightened and enduring principle. It inspired great deeds: But it was too impatient for great results. It acted like the storm, which clears the atmosphere—not like the fertilising rain, that nurtures the seed and swells the stalk, in the succession of the seasons. The Lombard cities were the scene of similar factions, and the character of their domestic convulsions at first resembled those of Florence. But, although they were equally successful in snapping the imperial yoke, they had not the same jealousy of native aggression. Through force, fraud, or free consent, Milan submitted to the Visconti—Mantua to the Gonzaghi—Modena and Ferrara to the house of Este—and Verona, and the cities beyond the Adige, to Eccelino, before

the completion of the thirteenth century. Their subsequent revolutions were changes of the tyrant, not of the tyranny; and in many of them, liberty expired without a struggle or a sigh.

Before the middle of the fourteenth century, they had lost even the recollection of self-government, and were bequeathed as undoubted heir-looms to their successive lords. At Florence, on the contrary, under every change—from the violence of faction to the control of a foreigner—there was always a check put upon the passions of the few, by the peaceful interests, if not by the more steadfast principles, of the mass. There was long a seven-thousand in their Israel, who on each occasion reasserted the majesty of the laws, and the rights of property and person. The tongue and the pen remained unfettered; 'the assembling toge-'ther was not forsaken;' the sword was not flung aside too soon; above all, there was no insane thirst for foreign conquest, or the pomp and circumstance of war. Until at least the middle of the fifteenth century, the Florentines exhibited a generous disdain of one man's will—expelled their podestàs—and, with a provident jealousy of caste, annulled their privileges. The ostracism so frequently resorted to, dispersed the oligarchy and its adherents; it cleared the turbulent elements from the surface; but the guilds were not to be uprooted by sweeping decrees of banishment and confiscation.

On reviewing our brief abstract of Captain Napier's pages, we feel that we have done him scanty justice, and given a very imperfect notion of the extent and variety of his labours. We have left untouched the provinces of the arts and literature; and the personal character of the great actors on the scene. We have been silent on the Augustan age of the Medici, and on the gloomy annals of the hereditary dukedom. But we have before adverted to the bulk of the volumes before us, and expressed our purpose of noticing only their salient points. We have therefore restricted ourselves to the original features of the Florentine people, and to the rise and development of their institutions. In doing this, we have endeavoured to show what was distinctive in their character and in their laws. We have omitted, accordingly, what the people and their government had in common with their neighbours—their necessary decline, when brought in contact with the more powerful European states—and their inevitable decay, when the spirit of their institutions became extinct. A fatal destiny seemed at one time to have entered into the family of the Medici, as into one of the doomed houses of the old mythology; and a general corruption and treachery ensued. For these topics we can securely refer the reader to the work itself. Without a meagre brevity, or a per-

plexing condensation, we could not have attempted to abridge its multifarious details. There are, in fact, in Captain Napier's volumes, two distinct works—a history of Florence as a state, connected by its political importance, at first with Italy, and afterwards with Europe; and the history of the Florentines as a people, exhibiting, with an energy disproportioned to their narrow limits, various industrial and economical phenomena. We have, therefore, merely opened such glimpses of the prospect as may, perhaps, induce the reader to survey it more widely and closely for himself. For ourselves, we cannot part with our author, without expressing both our admiration and our regret. He has a laudable ignorance of the art of book-making—at the same time he has lamentably neglected the fair proportions and just perspective which belong to history. With the sterling qualities of accuracy, diligence, and love of his subject, he is amply furnished. He is gifted, too, with no ordinary powers of sagacity and eloquence. But he has yet to learn the art of arrangement, the duty of retrenchment, and the policy of sacrificing parts to the effect and symmetry of the whole.

We had scarcely closed Captain Napier's volumes, when our attention was recalled to the Florentine people and government. Not to the Florence of the past, whose history, like the scroll of the prophet, is 'written within and without,' but to Florence of yesterday and to-day, awakening haply from its long slumber, and holding forth to the historian a fair and unblemished page. The centrality of Rome absorbed or crushed the free communities of ancient Italy. The centralising tendencies of Europe since the 16th century have aided the violence, the jealousy, or the supineness of the modern Italians, in subjecting them to the influence or authority of Spain, France, and Austria. But with the accession of Pius IX. to the Papal chair, and under the equable and paternal sway of three successive Grand-Dukes of Tuscany, better times seem dawning on the peninsula. 'Out of 'the eater comes forth meat, and out of the strong sweetness.' The personal character of absolute sovereigns is indeed but slender warrant for the permanence of a mild and liberal government. An Amurath may succeed a Harry. Yet so long as the wonted fires survive in the ashes, so long as a people cherish memory and hope, there is a chance of the reign of an Augustus or a Trajan becoming the cradle and the school of constitutional freedom. Pius IX. has, indeed, not waited for this slowly ripening harvest. Every measure of his government has been boldly directed to this noble end: While we have drawn a deeper breath, as latterly each successive post has strengthened the probability, that the princes of both Turin and Florence are now convinced that, if they are ever to be

independent sovereigns, their people must first be free. The court of Naples is accessible, we fear, only to other motives. But even that court may, perhaps, have learned by this time, that there is only one way by which the allegiance of Sicily can be preserved to it—and that is, by making common cause.

We have said that the spirit of Florentine liberty became extinct, and Florentine institutions hollow forms and mockeries, without meaning and without power. But the spirit of institutions rises and falls with the spirit of a people. Tuscany is strong in her recollections and her aspirations. Her freedom was based upon her municipalities, and secured and extended by the zeal and vigilance of her sons in administering or superintending the laws and machinery of the commonwealth. The night has been long, but it is yielding to the dawn, and the first symptom of re-awakening is a cry for municipal reform. After the lapse of nearly four centuries, the Florentines again demand the liberty of the communes; the rights they wrung in the 13th century from the feudal lords of the Uplands, the rights they rescued in the 14th from the Guelph and Ghibeline despots of the markets and the streets. 'The time has come,' (exclaim the popular writers of a new Florentine journal now before us, entitled *L'Alba*, or *The Dawn*), 'when municipal minority 'must cease.' * * * 'Centralisation has ruined the communes, 'without improving in proportion the capitals. Freedom is a 'prey that never enriches the spoiler. The communes are in 'their death-struggle; or those which are not so, owe their 'prosperity to the geographical and physical privileges which 'cannot be reft from them. Who can any longer recognise the 'more eminent provincial towns? They are, we say it to our 'shame and sorrow, the ruins only, and the remnants, of an era 'of glory and power. But let the spirit of freedom which once 'made them great and formidable, re-enter and re-inform them, 'and we shall see them emerging from decay and dilapidation, 'and rising stronger and fairer from ruin.'

These are hopeful words: 'The ancient spirit is not dead' in those who hearken to, or in those who make such an appeal. Neither is 'the spirit of wisdom and of governance' wanting in the terms and conditions under which it is made. Truly does the eloquent and patriotic writer in the Florentine journal add, that 'the problem to be solved is the consistency of municipal 'freedom with national union.' Between the barriers and the goal, a long and arduous course is set forth. There may be at times weariness and despondency within, there will probably be hindrances without the stadium. But the race was won of yore, despite the thunders of the church and the legions of the Cæsars, despite domestic treason and hireling levy. The blessings of a

long peace have softened and harmonised the politics of Europe. The bands of an extended commerce have wreathed themselves round the sword, the light of knowledge has blinded and baffled the spectre of despotism. The resurrection of Italy appears once more possible. In which case, Florence may yet bear her part in the great European drama with dignity and applause; while, to have assisted in the recovery of Italian independence, will not be the least brilliant gem in the diadem, which grateful civilisation long ago awarded to the 'Lily of the Arno.'

Charles IV., on one of his visits to Italy, invited Petrarch to his court at Mantua. The poet was at the time engaged on his work entitled *The Lives of Illustrious Men.* The emperor desired that it might be dedicated to himself. The request may have been a compliment to the great laureate, or a sincere homage to his genius. The compliment or homage was converted into a salutary and sublime lesson. 'Thou wilt be 'worthy of such a dedication,' replied Petrarch, 'when thou art 'numbered among illustrious men; not by the glare of titles, or 'by an empty diadem, but by great and virtuous deeds; and by 'so living, that as the actions of ancient heroes are now read and 'admired, so thine also may be read and admired by posterity.'

Had the Grand-Duke in the present crisis of his fame and fortune, sent for Azeglio to Florence, he would have received from that distinguished patriot, in his own name, and in that of his father-in-law Manzoni, the same enlightened counsel. Of this there can be no doubt, from the promptness with which Azeglio, in the recent manifesto of the Italian patriots, has acknowledged the prudent and virtuous policy, on which the Grand-Duke has at length entered—thanking Almighty God that he has sought for strength, not in the power of Austria, but in the affections of his own subjects and in the sympathy of all Italians.

It is perhaps in the power, we earnestly pray that it may be the desire of the second Leopold—as it has been from the first of the Ninth Pius—on such conditions and for similar services, so to be admitted into the pantheon of patriots and sages, who, from the days of the 'good King Servius, the Commons' Friend,' inspire and illustrate Italian annals. Large reforms, ecclesiastical and administrative—the restoration of the municipalities, and the honest adoption of a popular government, duly representing the several orders of the state—these are the corner stones with which the spiritual and the temporal prince must build. Let them but build with these; and, their building will be a temple of concord and prosperity within—a fortress impregnable from without—a monument that can never perish, to the glory of Italy and of themselves.

ART. VIII.—1. *Degli ultimi Casi di Romagna: di Massimo d'Azeglio.* Lugano: 1846.

2. *The present Movement in Italy.* By the Marquis MASSIMO D'AZEGLIO. London: 1847.

THERE is once more a chance for Italy; and it comes from an unexpected quarter—from Rome itself. On crossing from the Roman territory into Tuscany, every tourist, struck by the contrast, has long exclaimed—'See the abominable 'misgovernment of the Patrimony of the Church.' Political philosophers have long quoted its condition as proof positive and irresistible, of the effects of putting temporal power into spiritual hands; and as being the crowning example of Clarendon's celebrated maxim—that the clergy took worse measures of affairs than any other class that could read and write. Italian patriots have long mourned over the unfortunate geographical position of the Papal States, stretching from sea to sea, and thus offering an insurmountable barrier to any prospect of a sound Italian nationality. The doctrine of the Holy Alliance (and latterly of the Monarch of the Barricades), that political reforms must come from above, and that whenever it was otherwise, foreign sovereigns should interfere, for the protection of their order—appeared to shut the gates of hope on Italy. For, under these circumstances (as in our protected states in India), who could have anticipated that 'the right divine to govern wrong' would be ever voluntarily resigned by the possessor of it? Certainly not the Italian people: nor the historians of the successors of St Peter—from Hildebrand to Gregory the Sixteenth. Truly Pius IX. has taken kings, and Christendom, and Austria, by surprise.

It is no slight evil to an English diocese, when its Bishop is more bent on aggrandising a family than on looking after his clergy and his poor—on saving money than on saving souls. What a terrible thought, therefore, that *nepotism* (both word and thing) should have come out of the treasures of the Vatican, to corrupt the world by fatal examples of a perpetual breach of trust—in what ought to have been the purest of all earthly places! and that the worst governed state in Europe should have been that, which was under the immediate authority of the Holy See! Yet there is another thought almost as painful. Contrary to all reasonable expectation, and beyond our most sanguine hopes, Providence has at length raised up a reforming Pope; for the removal of such fearful contradictions, and for the deliverance of these unhappy provinces from the misery and scandal of many ages. Pius IX. is a ruler, resolute as Luther, yet gentler than Melancthon. His own people fall on their knees, at his amnesties [illegible]nances, with a deeper reverence than under his most

solemn benedictions before the steps of St Peter's. The arms, which were turned against his predecessors, in periodical insurrections from 1820 to 1845, are now all united enthusiastically in his defence. Wherever he appears, *gratior it dies, et soles melius nitent;* and the political horizon is clearing day by day from Civita Vecchia to Ancona. Yet, in the face of virtues so unexampled, and of the festive happiness of a whole people, what at this moment do we see arrayed against him?—Austrian bayonets glittering across the Po, and the treacherous combinations of the wily spider of the *Palais Royal!* Pius IX. might have made his people miserable with impunity. His predecessors had done so. But let him try to make them happy, and it is at the peril of his crown—perhaps of his life. This is the reverence of Roman Catholic princes for the head of their Church—this his reward for daring to introduce the virtues of the Gospel among the principles of his civil government! Father Ventura, the celebrated Theatine preacher, declared, not long ago, that his Holiness had not a friend among European Sovereigns—except England and the Turk.—*Vi assicuro, che il Papa non ha, fra i Sovrani, nessuno amico, eccetuati sempre pero l' Inglese e il Turco.* We still hope, however, notwithstanding what passed not long ago at Cologne, that Prussia might also have been added.

It is a wretched thing to have an interest that any body should be made unhappy through the misconduct of another. Yet this was long the relation of Russia to Poland. It is now the relation of Austria to Italy. Russia prevented Poland from improving her constitution, that she might be so much the more easily dismembered and absorbed. From her Lombardo-Venetian provinces, Austria watches every movement in the rest of Italy, with the same object. She has, unfortunately, a direct interest, that the several members of the great Italian family should continue jealous of each other: that the Italian part of Italy should be more uneasy and worse governed * than the Austrian; and that there should never arise an Italian nationality or an Italian nation. The instant, therefore, that a spark of life appears in Italy, the hoof of the Croat is set in motion to tread it out. It is true, after the disturbances of 1830

* 'Austria knows this well; and knows, too, how to profit by it. If the subjects of the Papal government do not seek to be joined to Austria (as many believe and say, and propagate the thought, *colla infame società Ferdinandea*), we have to thank the generous nature of the Romagnuoli, and their national and truly Italian spirit (Byron called them "two-legged leopards"). They prefer any evil before submission to the common enemy. But the Papal government, we must admit, has left nothing undone, on its side, to reduce them to accept this hard alternative.'—*Azeglio*, 1845.

in the Papal states had been put down, that Austria went through the form of joining the other four great powers (May 1831) in a memorandum to Gregory XVI., then newly elected Pope, recommending certain reforms, as essentially necessary. This was, however, a pure formality: for, on Cardinal Bernetti's attempting to give effect in part to the recommendation, Austria interfered. Her interests are so diametrically opposed to those of Italy, that Azeglio assumes it as a fact, of which there can be no question; and he assumes, accordingly, that no justice is to be expected from her.

But what are we to say to France? That great country can have no manner of interest in the degradation of Italy. Quite the contrary. But, if her Government had frankly played into the hands of Austria from the first, its policy would not have been more fatal to Italy than it actually has been; while it would have saved that unhappy country from no end of hopes and struggles—encouraged only to be betrayed. The French occupation of Ancona, as explained by Cassimir Perrier to the Chamber in 1832, had two objects: in the first instance, the protection of the Papal states against Austria; but, in the next place, the introduction of those administrative reforms, which are a better security to governments than the repression of periodical rebellions. Ancona, however, was afterwards evacuated; with no further security for this last object than may be supposed to be contained in the brilliant speeches which M. Guizot and M. Duchatel (the present ministers), as well as the Duc de Broglie and M. Thiers, made on the occasion. And now that the Pope himself has turned reformer, what mist is again poisoning the policy of the Tuilleries? Instead of co-operating to raise up two noble nations in the two peninsulas, the French people—so proud (and justly) of their nationality—are made to look like conniving parties to some secret compact, by which France is to give up Italy to Austria, on condition that Spain is delivered over to the matrimonial designs of the house of Orleans!—a turn of affairs this, surely, in which France has no more interest than glory. It will be a difficult task for any future historian of 'modern European civilisation' to reconcile any conscientious sympathy in its progress, with these transactions. Whoever wishes to study severe morality on paper, will do well to read M. Guizot's writings: whoever wishes to study loose morality, illustrated by examples, cannot do better than track him in his late ministerial career.

If ever a nation assumed a moral attitude which entitled it to the confidence of neighbouring powers, it is the Moderate and Progressive party, now happily a great majority throughout Italy, and represented by the Pope himself. The Moderate

party is become so numerous as to be the National party. Their great rule of conduct has been, to substitute appeals to reason, in the place of appeals to force: to urge forward the Governments, in order that revolution may be anticipated by reform: and to keep back the people, in order that no pretext may be given for Austrian intervention. The first year of the Pontificate of Pius IX., so regarded, would make an *annus mirabilis* in any history.

A few months before the late Pope was passing to his last account, Azeglio laid at the old man's feet a glowing picture of the terrible effects of his misrule, and of what was his awful responsibility. Gregory must have trembled even in St Peter's chair, as he read of righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come.

'Either my accusations,' said Azeglio, 'are calumnies—if so, prove it—Or, it is true, that One who preaches justice, and sits in its highest charge, is himself committing injustice. And then, it is reasonable to ask of him—if there are two Gospels, and two morals, or only one—if he is convinced or no, of that which he is preaching and teaching to the world? It is then reasonable to ask of him, to deny one of two things—either his teaching or his actions: to demand of him, if in our age it be lawful, or, among things possible, to maintain any authority whatever, upon the flagrant and perpetual denial of its own proper principles: if there be a man in the world who can have a right to set at defiance the reason of all mankind: and if it be not too great an absurdity to suppose that mankind will quietly resign themselves to the multitude of evils which must ensue? On the contrary, it is reasonable to tell him:—Of the risings of Romagna, of those slaughters, those exiles, of the tears of so many unhappy persons, you will have to render an account to God—you, their governor, and not your wretched subjects, trodden under your feet. Their blood will be rained down upon your head; their sorrows, their tears, will be judged of by that tribunal before which there come neither crowns, nor sceptres, nor tiaras—things which have mouldered in the grave—but where only is presented the naked human soul, with no safeguard against the sword of eternal justice, but the shield of its own innocence; where your deeds will be weighed in those incorruptible scales, in which the least of injuries done to the least of men, weighs heavier than all the thrones and all the sceptres of the universe.

'Either all that you are teaching of the justice of God, and of his tremendous judgments in another life, is false: And, then my words are folly, and you will do ill to heed them: Or, what you are teaching is true, and you are persuaded of it, and you believe that God will one day require of you a reason for your works: *I gave you a people, what have you done with them?* And then, tell me, tell me by what name your actions must be then described! Tell me, what possible explanation can be rendered of the course you are pursuing: Tell me; for of myself I can neither find one nor divine one. The powerful of the earth—the others, may laugh me to scorn as a declaimer. But though they may do so, you

dare not, you can not, without making yourself and your words, a lie.'—(*Degli ultimi Casi di Romagna*, 1845.)

Pius IX. was born at Sinigaglia, May 1792, of the family of Mastai. He was sent on a mission, many years ago, to Chili. From what we have heard of his musings with one of his colleagues, as they sate on deck, during the silent watches of the night, he can have wanted no other warning than his own enlightened conscience now that the awful responsibility has been brought home to his own person. *Vedremo grandi cose*, propheised his colleague on his election. It may be a cruel alternative, which Metternich, and Metternich's abettors, set before him. But he must not quail. There are those who can only 'kill the body, and after that, have no more that they can do.' Be not afraid of them! While, upon all who are wicked enough to seek to swamp in blood the fruitful seeds of this great political (and, sooner or later, religious) reformation, we could almost call down the curse of Byron:—'The Huns are on the 'Po. The dogs! the wolves! may they perish like the host of 'Sennacherib! Let it be still a hope to see their bones piled 'like those of the human dogs at Morat in Switzerland, which 'I have seen.'—(*Ravenna:* 1821.)

The boldness with which, in treating of the *last movement in Romagna*, Azeglio rebuked one Pope, will relieve him of all suspicion of flattering another. For all that Pius IX. has accomplished during the first year of his pontificate, we can therefore safely refer our readers to Azeglio's recent appeal to Europe, *on the present movement in Italy*. 'That throne,' he declares, 'which tottered under his feet, when he ascended it, is now the 'firmest in Europe. The religious regeneration in the populace 'is most remarkable. We see them influenced by the great ex-'ample of virtue and self-denial, presented to them by the Pon-'tiff. Outbreaks of hatred are more and more rare. The thought 'of Pius IX. suffices to restore them to good feeling. Pius IX., 'who is ever to be found where there is a question of an evil to be 'banished, and a good to be obtained, represents the moral prin-'ciple in its most heavenly form, on the Pontifical throne; and 'by his means we look for its entire restoration.'

When we hear that the Jews have started the inquiry (not very unlike their question in Oliver Cromwell's time) whether the reforming Pope might not be the Messiah?—since his own Christian population have applied to their new sovereign the words of the Gospel, 'Fuit homo missus à Deo, cui nomen erat Johannes'—we may pardon Azeglio for welcoming in him, not only the political regenerator of his country, but 'the real Apostle of religious truth.'

ART. IX.—1. *First, Second, and Third Reports from the Select Committee on Sites for Churches (Scotland); together with the Minutes of Evidence.* Session 1847.

2. *Etudes sur l'Economie Politique.* Par J. C. L. SIMONDE DE SISMONDI.

RIGHTS of person, and rights of property, are the two great chapters of jurisprudence. The first of these is pretty well settled—both what the law is, and what it ought to be. It is far otherwise with the second—especially in the case of real property or land: Witness the annual shelf of new decisions, which our courts of justice continue adding to a lawyer's library, and the embarrassment and uncertainty of Parliament in all legislative questions of this nature, owing partly to the difficulty, and partly to the danger attributed to such discussions. In the meantime, what has passed both in Parliament and elsewhere, concerning poor-laws, game-laws, tenant rights, and railroads, has lowered considerably the high prerogative notions about property, throughout every parish in the empire. A traditional respect for landed property, in its driest and sternest form, is still a striking characteristic of our people, as a body. This is a truth, notwithstanding which, it will not be the less imprudent in our great proprietors to defy too openly the ancient maxim, '*Summum jus summa injuria*'—No injuries like those which are done under colour of extreme rights! It was unwise in Shylock to insist upon his pound of flesh.

Time and circumstances must be observed. The attempt to turn political franchises into vested rights, was one of the provocations which led to the Reform Bill. The attempt to make the cure of souls a matter of freehold and private patronage, ended, in Scotland, in the Free Church secession. The one or two cases, to which, by way of illustration and of warning, we shall now confine ourselves, relate chiefly to Scotland; but their principle is universal. The first to which we shall allude—the Highland clearings—we hope may now be pronounced historical. To the others, we think it important briefly to call immediate attention, before they acquire the authority of usage, and become intolerable;—we mean the attempt made by some gentlemen to clear the country of a body whom they considered obnoxious seceders, by the refusal of sites for places of worship to the Free Church; and the denial of rights of way over desolate and uncultivated tracts of country.

We subscribe most gladly to every word that has been said on the great prosperity that has flowed from the Highland clearings; and we admit that, in general, they were executed

with humanity. A Highlander who had left his country thirty years ago, and made his fortune in Canada, would now scarcely recognise his native glen, if it lies in the midst of 'an improved district.' While the rest of Scotland has been creeping slowly and steadily onward, the passage from penury to affluence has here been made in one stride. He would find the sinewy, black-eyed children of the Gael, whom he left reclining, half-naked, in the sun, succeeded by stout, stiff, industrious men, in broad-cloth coats and wide-brimmed hats, learned in the rotation of crops and the breeding of live stock. The old turf hovels, looking like gigantic fungi that had grown out of the filth by which they were surrounded, are replaced by neat stone houses, not unfrequently embowered in fruit trees. Handsome hotels, with civil waiters and carpeted saloons, are distributed still more abundantly than the grim, old, battered change-houses, which left on the wayfarer no other impression than that of a confused association of whisky, smoke, filth, uneatable viands, and drunken brawls. The old hill-road, strewn with boulders, larger even than those over which the Roman chariots rumbled on their celebrated *itinera*, is covered with pasture turf; and a metalled road, levelled by the highest engineering skill, supplies its place. At the ancient ferry, where the boatman could never be found, a majestic bridge spans the river. Old morasses are drained; the heather has given place to green grass; sheep are cropping the herbage, or high-fed cattle stalk lazily about; nay, the very outline of the hills is scarcely the same, so much does every thing bear the impress of enlightened enterprise. We need not quote statistical facts to prove to the reader the nature and extent of these wonderful alterations. If he desire to have a specific detail of them, he may find it in that invaluable digest of all that is topographically and agriculturally important in this portion of the empire, *The New Statistical Account of Scotland.*

Of the humanity, and even the self-sacrificing liberality, with which the operation was conducted throughout that wide Earldom which has been historically associated with the system—in whatever dust the turmoil of controversy may have once clouded the question, there can now be no doubt. Wherever else cruelty or selfishness may have shown themselves, the world is now possessed of full and conclusive evidence, that the Sutherland clearings were conducted with as much forbearance as intelligence.

Such is the preamble with which we introduce the opinion, that these Highland clearings must for ever stand a scandal to the laws, which, in the midst of a civilised country, left a large portion of the hereditary occupants of the soil with no better security for their holdings than the unhappy aborigines of North America or Australia. It matters not that the people were

liberally dealt with. The most profuse liberality on the part of an individual, will never supply the want of a law of vested rights, to some thousands of people. It matters not that they were treated with personal humanity and forbearance. How can kindness and sympathy make compensation for the home and the fields which had descended to the clansman from his ancestors, and which he believed to be his own and his children's for ever? The cry of grief, and despair, and wrath, has now died away: But the echo has been taken up by a more powerful voice from abroad; and history and philosophy are arraigning the Sutherland clearings, and the law and constitution which could permit them to take place, before the civilised world. There could not be a more severe rebuke than the very misapprehension regarding the character and intention of our laws, on which M. Sismondi founds his censure of the system of clearings. In our eyes, whatever is wrong in them, may be attributed to a rigid and unthinking application, to one part of the country, of the laws which have grown up in full adaptation to the habits of another far more important, and perfectly distinct class of the community. In *his* opinion, the evil arises from the general character of our legislation; which he seems to consider as directed merely to the accumulation of wealth. He supposes that it is only necessary to show that a particular operation has this tendency, to entitle it at once to the sanction and protection of the law; and that then all the minor interests of individuals—not only their property, but their liberties and lives—must give way before it. Accordingly, having stated that he does not view the conduct of individuals, in connexion with these transactions, as the principal object of attention, he expresses himself on the general question with the greater freedom:—

'C'est l'esprit même de la législation qui a aboli les anciennes limitations de la propriété établies par l'usage; c'est l'application du principe que le propriétaire est le meilleur juge de son propre intérêt, et de celui de la nation quant à sa propriété; c'est l'application du principe que l'agriculture est également en progrès, soit qu'elle obtienne plus d'utilité pour les mêmes frais, ou la même utilité pour de moindres frais; c'est l'application du principe que toute économie sur la main-d'œuvre, ou, en d'autres termes, toute suppression des vies humaines qui concourent à une industrie est un profit, si l'industrie reste la même; c'est enfin une grande expérience de l'application de la chrématistique à l'agriculture et de ses résultats. (Vol. I. p. 214.)

And farther on, after the reflection—'Cette expulsion du 'peuple Gaélique hors de ses antique foyers est considérée 'comme légale; mais osera-t-on dire qu'elle soit juste?'—he indulges in this severe and startling analogy:—

'N'y a-t-il pas un rapport frappant, aussi bien qu'un contraste étrange, entre la traite des Nègres, et l'expulsion des blancs? Et le

crime de ceux qui transportent à la Martinique de malheureux Africains pour y labourer des champs étrangers, ne doit-il pas se comparer à celui des hommes qui repoussent loin des côtes d'Europe de malheureux Ecossais, auxquels ils ne permettent plus de labourer leurs propres champs?'

Without adopting M. Sismondi's system of political economy (which certainly is not ours), we are shocked at thinking there may be just ground for his reproach, when he declares that the best ascertained peasant rights throughout Europe had no better foundation than these Celtic occupancies. He proves that it had been the principle of other laws, as they grew in strength, to consolidate the rights of the petty occupants of the soil; and he maintains, that if Switzerland had been attached to Britain, the rights of the peasant landowners there would have been sacrificed to the aggrandisement of some great lord. But, fortunately for the credit of our institutions, many rights, great and small, exercised by classes of the people, or by individuals, have been preserved by our law with rigid care, when it happened that they grew out of the social institutions and the habits of the *Saxon* population; among whom our established institutions grew up, with whom our legislators and lawyers had a sympathy, and whose claims were of a character to be fully comprehended by them. Copyholds, and the other customary tenures of England, had in reality no better origin than the old hereditary occupancy of the Highlanders; save that the latter was gregarious, the right being rather a general one vested in the clan, than an individual occupancy. But, if we look into the Report of the Select Committee of 1844, for inquiring into 'the expediency of facilitating the inclosure and improvement of commons,' &c. we shall find customary rights—some of occupancy, some of title to the produce of the land—exercised by communities as well as by individuals, and assuming countless varieties of form, but all equally exacting respect from the laws.

We commenced our remarks on this subject with the expression of a hope that 'the Highland clearings' may now be considered as matter of history. There are still, undoubtedly, several dense little clusters of population in the Highlands, which cannot remain in the places where they are—following the habits to which they are unfortunately inured—to the advantage either of themselves or of their landlords. Regretting, as we do, the unceremonious manner in which the practice of the law of Scotland has permitted the Celtic cottagers to be treated, it is evident that that law has run far too long a period in its present course, and has made for itself too decided a channel, to permit of its being now advantageously altered. It might, in their case, be now impracticable for a court of law, or the High Court of Parliament itself, to ascertain what ought to have recognised from the beginning, or at any given period,

as their tenant right. But against any repetition of those multitudinous and simultaneous clearings, which more resembled the removal of a flock of sheep from their grazings, than the termination of so many contracts between landlord and tenant, there is now the protection of public opinion, which has generally condemned the system; while the public of the great towns, and of other parts of the country, on whom the burden of supporting a certain per centage of pauperism for every extensive clearing is liable to fall, will be induced to demand a stringent application of the poor-laws, and to call upon the Highland proprietors to bear the burdens, corresponding with the advantages, of their agricultural improvements.

To proceed to our second instance. The circumstances under which a few of the great Scottish proprietors endeavoured to render it impossible for the Free Church to celebrate religious worship within their domains, rendered their conduct as oppressive as it was rash. While a great portion of the country has felt rather the excitement of the partisan than the mere interest of the spectator, in the singular conflict of theological opinions and trial of wits, which occupy so large a proportion of the 'Report on the Refusal of Sites,' we cannot help thinking that the circumstance of such an inquiry occupying Parliament contemporaneously with the passing of an unusually large number of railway acts, would be calculated to give a neutral party—indifferent either to spiritual independence or to the prices of scrip, but curious in jurisprudential inquiries—no flattering idea of the principle or feeling, on which our legislature most readily interposes, to modify, or soften the exercise of, the rights of property. On the one side, he would find, that, at the command of commercial expediency, and often of local interests, the most valuable portions of the level fruitful land, which is the agricultural boast of Britain, are unceremoniously taken possession of by a forced sale; on the other, he would find that the majority of the population of a district, as large as many a German principality, could not purchase, though they went with the money in their hands, a few square yards of barren rock, on which they might rear an edifice to shelter them during the performance of divine worship. Were the legislature to refuse to interfere in their behalf, strangers would be apt to suspect that there was more truth in M. Sismondi's strictures on our legislation regarding property, than we have been willing to allow. When we run the eye along the topographical application of the evidence of exclusion, we commence in the South with Wanlockhead and Canobie, in the centre of the pastoral hills of the border highlands. We then pass over the rich plains of the Lothians, which, along with Renfrew and Lanark, full of the natural

and industrial wealth of the mine, the manufactory, and the orchard, have no place in the report of grievances. We overleap, in short, the whole of that broad lowland district, where three-fourths of the wealth of Scotland are spread over a quarter of its surface; and it is not till we cross the Highland line that we again find, in the remote headlands and islands of the west, bearing the uncouth names of Ardnamurchan, Acharacle, Trumisgarry, and Uigg, the smallest portion of the most worthless surface of the earth denied to the people for the purposes they hold most sacred. Where the land is valuable, there are no complaints of its refusal—where it is worthless, it is denied. There must be a philosophy derivable from so marked an inconsistency: And it does show that the same law of property, which is just and advantageous where land is highly cultivated, and property is varied and dispersed, may be tyrannical and oppressive, where wide barren districts are in the hands of individual proprietors. The Report of the Committee on Sites contains substantial evidence, that, in populous districts, the ordinary rules of property are sufficient to save the people from intolerance. The Free Church has probably met with an equally large proportion of opponents on the plain and on the mountain, in the city and in the wilderness. But, where property is much dispersed, if one man refuses, his neighbour grants; and the very knowledge that his refusal cannot tend effectually to prevent the obtaining of a site somewhere, will hinder a proprietor from declining a fair pecuniary offer.

It has been maintained, in vindication of the refusing proprietors, that they are no more bound in justice to afford local facilities for a worship they disapprove of, than to give it pecuniary support, or otherwise to make sacrifices for its encouragement. But it must be remembered, that they are not called on to make any substantial sacrifices. The demand made on them has been to part with their property at its full, or generally much more than its full value; and the sole sacrifice they have been called on to make, amounts to the hardship of tolerating a church they do not like. In an argument on the subject, by one of the proprietors, a Professor, too, in one of the Scottish Universities, we have the nature of this sacrifice set forth in a manner that forcibly reminds one of George the Third's reference to his coronation oath, as a bulwark against Catholic emancipation. In answer to the applicants for a site, he says:—

'The communion to which they have attached themselves is hostile to the Established church—indeed, avowedly seeks its overthrow. To that church, I, as an individual, warmly adhere; whilst, by my known engagement as a professor in this university, I am also solemnly bound to do nothing, directly or indirectly, to its prejudice. Can I then, in

the face of this two-fold obligation, be expected to make a perpetual grant of land for purposes of annoyance and hostility to it?' (Q. 4315.)

Of course, every church and sect may be considered, in one sense, as hostile to every other; for there is none—at least we know of none within the bounds of Christianity—that will not admit proselytes into its bosom, and endeavour to aggrandise itself. The professor's feelings towards a church hostile to his own, are quite natural; but it is questionable how far that law is a sound one, which gives him the power of virtually suppressing the church which he dislikes, by refusing it a place whereon to stand.

Let us suppose a government arrogating to itself the power which our law of property thus bestows on the land-owner. There are many of the mediatised states of Germany, not so large as the Highland estates on which sites are refused. If a great kingdom like Prussia, attaching such a state to itself, should employ the authority and power of its strong government to prohibit the majority of the people in the newly attached state from building churches, would there not be an outcry against this tyranny, that would resound throughout Europe? It would, if we mistake not, be considered an outrage upon the tolerant principles of the nineteenth century, not less atrocious than were in their own days, those laws of Victor Amadeus of Savoy, or Louis XIV. of France—which, by going a step farther, refused a place to the worshippers, as well as to the worship. If we suppose such a prohibition enforced, not through the authority of a foreign government exercising the power of the conqueror over the conquered, but by the domestic government of some small state commanding no external aid, we suppose what seems to be impossible. The coercion by any government of a majority of its people in their religious belief, could only be effected by a domination more absolute than that of the Moor over the African, the Tartar over the Chinese, or the Mussulman over the Hindu. Even despotic governments act through the majority—They may suppress, or insult, the faith of a small number; they cannot do so by the people at large. If Lord Macdonald still possessed the sovereignty of his ancestors—if he were Monarch of Skye, with only all the power which a monarch can possess for the internal organisation of his state, instead of a proprietor, having the whole power of the British empire at his command to make good his right, he would not have been able to prevent his people from building places of worship. If the Duke of Buccleuch had possessed the same isolated regal authority on his pastoral estates, we should not have had the extent of his toleration marked by the official intimation, 'That his 'Grace would offer no obstruction to the putting up a canvas-tent 'in the corner of a field, with permission of the tenant!' (Qy. 599.)

It might perplex a person not acquainted with the character of the institutions of this country, to find, that, where a proprietor refused a site among the solitudes of his distant hills, his eye might yet be vexed by the apparition of a floating church moored in the sea, beneath the windows of his marine villa. It would be difficult to explain to understandings not trained under our law of property, why the authority which was entitled to refuse the use of the valueless surface of the rock, should not have the power to carry out the principle, by interfering with the occupation of a portion of the ocean dashing against its base. We are addressing ourselves solely to the law of the case—*what* it is, and what it ought to be. For, on the whole, considering the extent of their powers, and the strong temptation they *must* have felt, in the heat of a fierce controversy, to disable their opponents, we cannot help thinking, that the small number of satisfactorily proved refusals of sites, is creditable to the landed gentry of Scotland. We hope it is creditable to their feelings. We are certain it is creditable to their prudence.

Our next instance of an invidious and dangerous use of the absolute right of property, in the denial of a right of *transit over* waste and unemployed ground, is not perhaps so startling or so shocking: But it is still less capable of any rational vindication: and it illustrates still more strongly the principle, that, as the laws of property are made for the advantage of all, they ought flexibly to apply themselves to the different positions in which the objects of property may be placed, lest, by a hard uniformity of rule, their operation may be found detrimental, instead of advantageous, to the community.

No one will dispute the advantage of protecting the *produce* of industrial enterprise, against invasion by those who have neither, by assisting in bringing it into existence, nor through *any* other sufficient reason, a claim to its possession. Such protection is the premium that induces every man to be industrious and frugal, and to contribute to the common stock of the world's industrial treasures. Thus, wheat fields and vegetable gardens are special objects of the law's protection: and so are pleasure grounds, were it for this reason only, that, to allow of any unpunished injury to that on which man has chosen lavishly to bestow his skill and industry, would introduce an element of dangerous uncertainty into the administration of the law of property. But the application of the same penalties against invasion which protect the farm, the garden, and the park, to mountain solitudes and primeval deserts, is a useless and unprofitable expenditure of the power of the law. To protect in its absolute sense the right of exclusion over tracts of country, which the proprietor has not thought it worth his

while to adapt to the purposes of ownership—which he has neither fenced nor cultivated—would be only giving effect to the tyrannical humour of one man, instead of administering justice for the general benefit of the community. To treat the treading on the bare rock, and the trampling down of wheat or flower plots, as one and the same offence, is not to protect society, but to arm certain individuals with tyrannical powers for the wanton oppression of others.

In a country which, like the United Kingdom, displays on its varied surface every gradation, from the most costly cultivation, to the wildest natural desolation, a certain flexibility in the law of trespass is necessary to the balance of the rights of individuals with those of the country at large. It involves no infringement on the landlord's right of exclusive ownership, to deny him the advantage of stringent methods of exclusion, until he shall have marked the land, as appropriated to his own particular services, by its adaptation to some useful or ornamental purposes. Towards this point our attention has been particularly directed by recent circumstances, rendered conspicuous and put beyond all doubt, by the repeated animadversions of the newspaper press. Sundry proprietors and lessees of large tracts of mountain land in the Highlands, have supposed that they can apply the strictest rules of the law of trespass to these districts—that they can insulate them by a declaratory blockade, and may, by a mere announcement of will and intention, make it as much a trespass to wander in these deserts, as to cross a wheat field, or climb a park gate. If the right thus arrogated should be found to be justified by any latent principle of Scottish law, its application will, nevertheless, be as great a novelty, as if it had been a new law of trespass, created by act of Parliament; and even if it were not denied that it is lawful, the change that it would create, by rendering the wayfarer liable to be excluded from tracts of waste land, over which the people of Scotland always believed that they held, and have always exercised, a right of transit, would be in itself *a practical change*, so important, as to demand the serious attention of the legislature.

It would not become us to anticipate the conclusion which the courts may reach on this novel question; but the grounds, on which it is denied that the law of Scotland justifies a power, first arrogated, we believe, by an English lessee of Highland property, are so far in unison with the principles on which we hold that such questions ought to rest, that we shall venture on a brief outline of them. In England, the law has tended to draw a clear line of demarcation between the rights of individuals on the one hand, and those of the public on the other. The rules regarding trespass have been made strict; but the law for the

protection of public rights of way is equally clear and emphatic. In Scotland, on the other hand, it may be said that the privileges of the public have consisted in the less rigid character of the rights of proprietors: And this is a distinction naturally arising from the different physical character of the two countries. As soon as cultivation renders the surface of the earth valuable, the individual possession of the square acres for productive purposes, and the public possession of narrow strips of land for purposes of transit, come at once into conflict, and require to be severally ascertained. In England, this regularly takes place on the inclosure of waste or open lands. The right of public passage over the whole is given up in return for a few defined lines. In Scotland, we believe that the difficulty of establishing rights of way has needlessly burdened the rapid progress of agriculture with considerable inconveniencies to the public, especially in the neighbourhood of towns: And it has certainly materially abridged there the facilities for exercise, which are a blessing to the common people of a country, second only to those habits of morality and industry of which they are potent auxiliaries. But while, in these fast improving agricultural districts, the public freedom becomes thus liable to a degree of restraint, which, we think, deserves serious attention, in lands left waste it has never been deemed necessary to apply strict rules to the right of transit; because the rights of proprietors have never, until very lately, been so exercised, as to control a general freedom of locomotion.

If we were to speculate upon the probable nature of the first germs of a game law, relating to a country not merely dotted with preserves here and there, but covered with mountains and forests, over which the power of the great landowners was rather that of sovereignty or leadership, than of ownership in the more civilised sense of the term, we should expect to find, that the regulations in question would savour more of police restrictions, on the pursuit of wild animals, than of the limitation and adjustment of strict proprietory rights. Accordingly, we find that the early Scottish game acts* appear only in the shape of restraints on the general right to pursue wild animals; and that this general right appears, unless so far as it was restricted by statute, to have authorised all the inhabitants of the country to hunt wild animals, without reference to the ownership of the ground—so long as there was no breach of inclosure, or entry on cultivated land. The acts are found gradually to limit this privilege to certain classes of *persons;* but it was a remarkable instance of the survival of the ancient spirit of the unrestrained freedom, that it was not decided,

* See 1475, c. 61; 1545, c. 51.

until 1790, that a person who had the proper landed qualification might be prevented from sporting on any land not inclosed, whoever might be the owner. The course of legislation concerning game laws had, however, ere that time, so far tended to establish the principle of the game being an accessory to the land, that the old system of a common privilege all over the country, vested in qualified persons, was no longer admitted by the Court of Session. All these changes, however, relative to game, were held to leave the right of locomotion as it stood. It is therefore argued, that, unless where a party comes under the statutory rules against trespassers in pursuit of game, or commits some palpable damage, the wayfarer who passes over uninclosed waste lands is not liable in Scotland to any prohibition or penalty.

This theory completely agrees with the notion of consuetudinary law, which has been handed down from generation to generation in these wild tracts; and we must also say, that it has an adaptation to the character of the place, and of the people, which would not be found in any law of trespass, which had risen and come to maturity in the midst of agricultural improvements. By the peculiar distribution of the Highland population, small clusters of cottages are deposited here and there in the sheltered recesses of the mountains, or in the flat and fruitful vales watered by the larger rivers. With few exceptions, the high-roads run along the levels of these valleys, and thus radiate, as it were, from the central mountain ranges towards the shore. Carriage roads *across* the ranges of hills between these valleys are comparatively rare, and naturally are very costly operations. There are, however, various lines of communication from glen to glen over the passes among the mountains; and it is evident that, from the general disposal and direction of the high roads, it is a very valuable privilege to the Highlander to be able to cross the mountain passes which lie between the inhabited straths. The distance between two villages, in two adjacent glens, will frequently be three or four times as far by the high-road, as by these passes. It often happens, too, that in the series of ascents and descents over ground alternately craggy and stony, and more or less intercepted by torrents, there is no specific pathway, each traveller having been accustomed to select his own route. Thus, instead of a public property in any definite path, what the people felt that they possessed, was the privilege of wandering over the waste whithersoever they might choose, as a sailor over the sea. Now, it is evident that if the land were cultivated, this is a privilege for which the people would have no occasion; for it is a necessary incident of cultivation, that the surface becomes reticulated, as it were, with marked pathways and roads. It would be difficult to imagine any cultivated district, where the peasant

going to visit his neighbour ten miles off, would have to travel forty miles; yet, if the privilege of traversing waste lands be denied to him, there are many places where the Highlander would now be subject to this hardship. Whatever may be the rights of property, they must surely be made consistent with the right of the public to free and natural communication between one place and another, reasonably understood.

We doubt very much, accordingly, whether there is any other country in Europe where such a right of exclusion is arrogated. It may be put as a question to the whole host of continental tourists —it may be especially put to botanists and geologists—whether there is any tract of barren mountain scenery, where they have ever found themselves warned off the premises? The history of natural science, and of the art of landscape painting, are not disgraced by similar discourtesies in any other part of Europe. It would have given rise to a more justly founded scandal than the Shakspeare story against Sir Thomas Lucy, had we any record of Linnæus being interrupted while botanising in Dalecarlia, or Salvator Rosa while sketching in the Abruzzi; yet we believe that some of the most offensive instances of exclusion in the Highlands, have occurred to naturalists and artists. Such is sometimes the capricious tyranny of civilisation! and we may attribute the anomaly to the circumstance, that within the same island kingdom which possesses these wild uncultivated tracts, the richest agricultural land in the world has long sought and obtained the protection of the laws. It is among these cultivated districts that the law of property has acquired its nicety and precision; and, consequently, the English nobleman can now scarcely quit his well-fenced shaven lawn for the howling wilderness, without hoping and believing that he carries the English law of trespass with him!

It would be leaving our readers but partially informed on this subject, to allow them to suppose that mere caprice, or a despotic spirit, has dictated the exclusions to which we have referred. They have a far more formidable source, in the Nimrod propensities of the English gentry; and the reason why they have first made themselves manifest in Scotland, is because our mountains contain the nearest solitudes to London, suitable for deer forests. It has been stated, in vindication of the exclusion of artists and naturalists, as well as a reason for stopping the peasantry in their accustomed short cuts, that the red-deer must have an untrodden solitude; and that the presence, within a circuit of several miles, of any other human being except himself and his friends, would spoil the sport for which the rich deer-stalker is willing to pay an annual fortune. It is maintained, that every other consideration must give way before the pecuniary sacrifice he is pre-

pared to make. In earlier ages, the preservation of the solitude of the forest was entrusted to the paucity of wayfarers who had occasion to pass through it. With the increase of our population, and the propensity for locomotion, propelled by our great railway system through the country, till it is driven into the smallest and remotest channels, it is easy to believe that, in some places, this negative protection can be no longer relied on. The question will therefore probably come to this—Is the preservation of this species of sport, in the present day, so very important, and so very valuable to the community at large, as to justify restraints on the public, which are practically and virtually new, and must be constantly the cause of very serious inconvenience and annoyance?

The sacrifice of a public privilege, in order to be just and reasonable, must carry its compensation with it, in one form or another. Thus, the same adaptation of the land to productive purposes, which renders the appropriation so eminently advantageous to individuals, is a clear benefit to the public. The benefit to the empire at large, by the conversion of waste into arable land, was generally the justification of the old inclosure acts, under which minor privileges were frequently overlooked. It is the nature of common rights to afford, by the publicity of their exercise, some pleasure or advantage, however small, to numerous individuals clustering round their vicinity, who have neither an interest that they can legally defend, nor a privilege on which they can put a specific value. The standing order for setting apart, in all English inclosure bills, a certain space 'for purposes 'of exercise and recreation of the neighbouring population'—a principle also embodied in the general inclosure act—perhaps went as close as it is practicable to go, to an adjustment of these indefinite interests. Fortunately, however, many portions of the earth are ill available for cultivation, and offer little or no excuse for appropriation and inclosure. These are the rights which the public ought vigorously to defend, or studiously recover; remembering that all such rights are trusts for succeeding generations. The sea shore and the hill top, left open, are sources, at once universal and inexhaustible, of the purest and most elevating pleasures: Appropriate them, and the conterminous proprietor has acquired little more than the churlish assertion of his power to exclude. In this case, the very foundation upon which the justice of appropriation is presumed, is wanting. For all jurists are agreed, that no class of subjects can be made a matter of private property, unless it can be shown that they are more serviceable to the world in that form, than they would have been if left at large.

ART. X.—1. *Twelfth Report of the Inspectors of Prisons (for Scotland, Northumberland, and Durham), presented to both Houses of Parliament by command of her Majesty.* London: pp. 138.

2. *A Plan for the Establishment of a General System of Secular Education in the County of Lancaster.* London: 1847.

WE have no hope that a class of criminals will ever cease to exist in this country; and it will always, therefore, be a grave question, 'What is to be done with them?' The most efficient modes of *preventing* crime, form a distinct question. It is a large subject; nor can we pretend to exhaust it within the limits of the present article. Still, there are certain conditions—directly essential to every successful effort for the repression of crime, on which some reflections may be not unprofitably offered. They are, for example, such as these; that the legislature should see that the penal code, while as merciful as a reasonable philanthropy can demand, should yet be *severe* enough to be *truly* merciful—merciful, that is, to the entire community; that the criminal law, once laid down, should be vigorously and honestly administered; that it should be put in harmony with public opinion, without which the people will not prosecute, nor jurors convict; and above all, that the supply of a criminal population should be intercepted, and kept down by the only available means—Education.

To the first of these topics we recently called the attention of our readers, and we shall therefore say nothing further on it here; beyond remarking that we fear that the history of the Transportation system furnishes some notable exceptions to the maxim of Montesquieu, 'En un mot, tout ce que la loi appelle une peine, 'est *effectivement* une peine.' We hope that the contemplated reforms of penal Discipline will not furnish any similar exceptions.

The legislature having once framed a penal code, it ought to be the determination, as it is the duty of the whole community, to give efficiency to its provisions. But this must depend chiefly on the people themselves; and we regret to say that there are at present especial reasons for urging this topic on public attention. We admit that the laws should be brought into harmony with the sentiments of the community—a point we shall come to presently—and that nothing can be more foolish than to persist in the maintenance of any which the general approval does not ratify; and for the breach of which the injured will not prosecute, nor juries convict. Still, all this does not exempt the really conscien-

tious citizen from the duty of giving laws, while they exist, their full effect, nor justify him in anticipating their constitutional repeal, by deliberate violation of his duties as a juror. It is a most sacred obligation, which every citizen owes to his fellow citizens, that crime should not, if possible, go undetected or unpunished; and it is only when they insure something like certainty of detection and punishment, that any penal regulations can be of the slightest value. A perfect penal system would be one which, only just severe enough to convince society and the sufferer that crime was an unprofitable speculation, should provide for the almost certain detection of crime, and its absolutely certain punishment—a system of which Argus should be the symbol of the vigilance, and Rhadamanthus of the inflexibility. We shall not easily find such a code: But we do trust that all virtuous citizens will unite in a vigorous resistance of that flagrant and profligate doctrine, which we exceedingly regret to have recently seen more than half apologised for, and palliated—that it is the juror's right, not only virtually to make the law (for which he is *not* responsible) what he pleases, but to make the *facts*, on which he has sworn to pronounce as he finds them, also just what he pleases: in other words, if he thinks that the sentence awarded by law is too severe, to mitigate it by pronouncing a verdict at variance with the facts which he admits to be proved, and according to which he has solemnly sworn to find his verdict.

The miserable plea, that his conscience is under two opposite obligations, and that he must obey the higher and more imperative of the two, admits of two decisive answers—either of which is sufficient to condemn him; and to the latter of which, at all events, we may defy any man of common sense to reply. The first is, that he is *not* under two contrary obligations; one of them being simply imaginary, and of his own devising. For the law and its consequences, he is not responsible; he is only responsible for the truthful observance of that oath which he has voluntarily and deliberately taken—to find a verdict according to the facts. But if that same confusion of logic, which leads to these strange conclusions as to his duty, prevent him from seeing this distinction, then let him act on his vaunted plea of conscience, like an honest man—and refuse to serve as a juror, whatever be the consequences. Though we should deem such an individual grievously mistaken, we should respect him. A really scrupulous conscience will submit to any thing rather than violate its dictates; and here the remedy is plain. If it be said that such a course would not be *pleasant*, we reply—we suppose not; but, then, conscience has nothing to do with the *pleasant*. We hope it is not *pleasant* to the juror to violate his oath; and we should hope, that, if he reflects, he will think it

still more unpleasant to do this, than to bear the penalties of refusing to serve, whatever they may be. If, in an alternative so simple, and so readily suggested by a *really* scrupulous conscience, he prefers the violation of his oath, we must deem, and, we think, justly, his professed conscientiousness a mere pretence. Conscience never thus juggles with itself.—If in any respects the law be really too severe, let us endeavour, by all constitutional means, to provide a prompt remedy; but while it is law, let us not say one syllable in favour of a practice, which, under a false plea of conscience, is itself a flagrant crime against God and man, and acts as a premium upon all crime, by leaving its punishment uncertain; which, in effect, transforms each juror into lawgiver and judge, and subjects the decrees of the general will to the caprice of the individual. As we said some years ago—

'Vainly would the eleven half-starved jurors of the old school 'object to take advantage of the general form in which their 'verdict was returnable, in order to falsify their answer on the 'only points upon which they knew their country ever asked 'their opinion, and over which alone it intended to intrust them 'with its power. In respect of every thing beyond those points, 'they have no more right to condemn or to acquit than a 'stranger in the street. Notwithstanding all this, A has resolved 'never to bring in *felo-de-se* on suicide. B will never bring in 'guilty on a duel. C cannot agree to convict under the game 'laws. D objects to capital punishments in forgery; E to the 'number of shillings at which larceny rates the worth of the life 'of man. F has compassion for the concealment of the birth of 'a bastard child; G for the administering medicine to procure 'abortion. H belongs to a club who have agreed that they 'never will set aside a modus, or consent to turn out, what the 'clergy-hater, or rather the tithe-hater, calls the black slug, to 'riot over an acre of English land. K feels that the right of an 'heir-at-law, or of children, to succeed to the family estate, is a 'natural right, and his sense of justice will not let him support 'a will by which they are disinherited; L, on the other hand, 'believes that the will of the testator or founder imposes a sacred 'obligation; his conscience, accordingly, will not allow him, on 'the ground of some technical objection, to be a party to setting 'aside an instrument in which that intention is conveyed. These 'diversities contain but a minute fraction of the discord and 'enormities which must attend the successful delivery of the 'doctrine, that the letter of the law, and the formality of an oath, 'are "carnal ordinances"—dust in the scales of pure and essential justice. An open usurpation of this nature, of the greatest 'of all rights reserved by society to its legislature, is a much 'more dangerous "encroachment" on national authority, on

'the part of every petty juryman who commits it, than our 'ancestors had ever occasion to contend against, under the 'class of arbitrary treasons.' *

Should the present disposition to leniency, in the provisions of penal law, be accompanied at the same time by an indisposition, from the same miscalculating humanity, to give honest effect even to these mitigated provisions, there will be reason to fear lest the nation should some day be in the condition of the worthy constable and beadle of Olney, as described in one of the most humorous of Cowper's pleasant letters, in which he shows 'how 'the beadle thrashed the thief, the constable the beadle, and 'the lady the constable; and how the thief (thanks to the red 'ochre) was the only person concerned, who suffered nothing.'

Another obvious reflection is, that one of the most effectual modes of checking crime is to prevent men from tampering with their conscience—by restricting, as far as possible, the imputation of its deeper guilt, and the infliction of its heavier penalties, to offences which are instantly pronounced flagrant violations of all social obligation, by the consciences of all mankind; which leave no doubt of their nature, invite no casuistry to palliate their enormity, and enlist no sympathy with their commission, or pity for their punishment. Incredible is the mischief that is done by the neglect of this obvious maxim. Not only are all notions of justice in the minds of the common people shocked and confounded by the spectacle of offences of lighter character, or even of arbitrary definition, treated as equally heinous with those of a more flagrant nature, and subjected to similar severities; not only are the prisons crowded with offenders of different degrees of turpitude, who, by their mere association (as is always the case), tend to make each other worse; not only in this way has many a man, who has been committed for a comparative trifle, rapidly passed through the intervening stages of corruption, and come out of prison prepared for crimes of a deeper dye;—but there is a mischief of a yet more subtle and comprehensive nature, inflicted by such a condition of the law, and inflicted before the man has ever entered the walls of a prison at all. It consists in the temptations offered to the conscience to tamper with itsown convic-

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* Edinburgh Review, vol. liv. Art. '*Rossi on Criminal Law*,' pp. 228, 229. We spoke our mind freely, at the time, of M. Rossi's theory of conscience being the basis of criminal law. We should be much less disposed to trust him now with the administration of his theory; since he has changed from a refugee professor to a peer of France, and has graduated in diplomacy at Rome, in the school of M. Guizot. Alas! for men of letters!

tions, and thus gradually to debauch itself. Once let a man bring himself to do that of which he has but a dim perception of its being wrong, or of which he doubts whether it is wrong at all, nay, which he believes is not morally wrong, but which he at the same time knows is against positive statutes, and which he therefore does clandestinely, and with shame; and he is on the top of an inclined plane, from which he will probably slide to the very bottom. He will be led, with increasingly fatal facility, to do other things, the turpitude of which he can never pretend to doubt. Hence the extreme inexpediency of enacting laws which make crime other than what can be easily brought home to the understandings and conscience of the entire community. Some such arbitrary definitions of crime there must be in the laws of every country; but in every wise code they will be limited by the strictest necessity; and offences of this kind will be widely separated from those of a more heinous nature, by the mode of treatment and the character of the penalties attached to them. If we would keep the general conscience in a healthy state, the descent from social innocence to the guilt of a felon, ought to be a precipice, not an easy staircase; the boundary between the two should be the high mountain-frontier of universal morals or the most unquestionable propriety, not an invisible or ill-defined line. It is true that every honest and enlightened citizen will think himself bound to obey the laws of his country, so long as they are laws, however he may doubt their expediency, or struggle for their repeal. There are only two cases in which he will suffer himself to depart from this principle, whether the law be a purely arbitrary prohibition, founded on views of public convenience, or whether it commend itself at once to those principles of our common nature, which are involved in all the systems of law, and are the basis of them all. One is, where the law demands of him something which he conscientiously believes is forbidden him by a yet higher law, and then he will patiently suffer the penalty of his disobedience; the other, when the voice of universal custom has already consigned a law to oblivion, without signifying, by the usual methods, its formal repeal.*

But though these are the only two cases in which the truly enlightened and severely upright citizen will allow his conscience to judge of the propriety of obeying a law, there are multitudes

* Of these laws, by the way, of which there are in our own Statute Book, and in that of every country, many examples—laws which have been buried for centuries, and which no one thinks of either obeying or reviving—all that can be said is, that the sooner they are erased, the better.

of men who are neither enlightened nor severely upright, and to whom an enactment, the justice or propriety of which they cannot perceive, affords just that opportunity of juggling with conscience, which necessarily ends in corrupting it.

Hence the deep wrongs, which for so many years the absurdities and iniquities of our anomalous game laws and revenue laws inflicted on the nation; not only inasmuch as the latter have made criminals of many men, who under a better system, would never have been such; not only as the former have visited the real offences they forbade by disproportionate penalties, besides making other fantastical offences of their own; not merely because both have shocked all reason and offended all prejudice; not merely because they have converted, what, if they had been temperately framed and administered, might have been a consciousness of wrong-doing, into a sense of justifiable resistance to intolerable oppression; not merely because they have inspired pity for offenders, and quenched all sense of their guilt in compassion for their sufferings;—but they have operated still more fatally—by indoctrinating thousands in the 'first easy lessons' of a sophistical morality, and instructing them how to graduate in crime. Hence have those laws been so fruitful a source of crimes far more atrocious than those they prohibited; and nursed and trained the poacher and smuggler into the thief, the burglar, and the murderer.

It were indeed most unjust to deny that much has been done by the legislature of late years to revise these and other laws; but it were equally ridiculous to deny that much still remains to be done. We acknowledge, however, that we anticipate the correction of the principal evils which flow from the sources of crime now in question, rather from the indirect influence of certain recent acts, which do not immediately respect crime at all, than from any direct efforts of legislation. The abuses of our game laws and our revenue laws in particular, will soon be practically corrected by the influence of 'free trade;'—one of the advantages of that great social revolution, probably the least thought of, but not, in our judgment, the least important.

While we assuredly never had any fears, lest, with such a population as ours, any land in England should go out of cultivation, we do anticipate, as an ultimate effect of the repeal of the corn laws, that the importation of foreign corn will be sufficient to alter in many respects the relations between the landholder and the tenant; and will so far affect the market, as on one hand to render the former anxious that the latter should have every inducement to offer as large a rent as he can, and therefore every facility for growing as much corn as he can; and on the other, will oblige the tenant to insist on reducing

the risks of farming, by removing the waste and uncertainty incident to excess of game. The preservation of game on all land which will yield something better, instead of being with the country gentleman the passion it has been, will by-and-by be confined within very moderate limits. It will be as secondary an object with him in arranging with his tenants (no longer so compliant as formerly), as it will be to dictate to them how they shall dispose of their votes. As a consequence, we believe that it will come to pass that in every agricultural district hares and rabbits, pheasants and partridges, will be freely knocked on the head whenever the farmer pleases; that he will so please whenever he meets with them; and that they will ultimately become too few to reward the labours and the danger of the poacher. But this, we admit, will be the work of time.

Free trade will have the same effect, and is already producing it, in relation to smuggling. When the sole object of a tax on foreign commodities is revenue, not protection, that tax will be such in amount, and upon such articles, as will render smuggling for the most part an unprofitable speculation.

If free trade realises only half of the *direct* benefits which have been anticipated from it, it may justly claim the gratitude of mankind; but, whether it realises them or not, we may safely predict, that in its *indirect* moral effects it will be viewed, in the sober calculation of posterity, as not less worthy of their admiration. And among those moral effects, second only to the diminished chances of war, which it certainly promises us, we place the virtual abolition of many laws, the operation of which has been the fruitful source of many of the worst crimes. A bad political economy indeed has been, directly and indirectly, the cause of half the crimes of Europe—fertile in those worst of laws, as Burke styles them, which have 'a trivial object and severe sanctions.'

But while we believe that so large a class of incentives to, and first occasions of crime, will be removed by free trade, we cannot doubt that much may be done by direct legislative effort for the same object, even in the directions in which free trade will operate, and, still more, where it will not; and that government will deserve well of the country, who shall revise our laws with relation to it, restricting all heavier penalties, and attendant infamy and degradation, to offences about which the population cannot have the shadow of a doubt, and the enormity of which no sophistry or casuistry can disguise. *

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* It is curious to see the partialities of our law. If it sometimes treats comparatively light offences with the formality and severity

We have sometimes heard it lamented, that there are no means of dealing effectually with very juvenile offenders. Parkhurst prison, it is said, does not take any prisoners under sixteen. No, truly; and we wish that none ever did. We desire to see no formal prison discipline instituted for infant criminals. The proper remedy for all fairly presumable juvenile

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which should belong to deeper guilt, it occasionally varies its absurdities, by inflicting, for some flagrant outrage, a merely nominal chastisement. It is not an uncommon thing to read in the papers an account of some peculiarly wanton, barbarous wrong, and when the injured parties, unable or unwilling to prosecute themselves, beg that the case may be summarily disposed of, the worthy magistrate imposes his paltry penalty, with a declaration (we have no doubt sincere) of his deep regret that it is out of his power to visit an offence so outrageous with a more suitable pain! Surely it is time that something effectual should be attempted in such cases; in which the power of the magistrate being so limited, and the difficulties, expenses, and uncertainty of suit or prosecution (if the offender be not summarily convicted) so great, there is in effect no sufficient protection to society, and no sufficient preventive of crime. Some flagrant instances of this nature we saw a few months ago detailed in the 'Times' newspaper, accompanied by some very powerful articles on the defective state of the law in this respect; for which the public are deeply indebted to that powerful journal. Indeed, considering the frequent and meritorious labours of the press generally on this subject, it is astonishing that something has not been attempted in the way of remedy. We are of course aware of that sound maxim of legislation, insisted on by all great writers on the subject, from the time of Aristotle downwards, that the more definite the law itself, and the less that is left to the discretion of the administrator, the better. But when the infliction of a petty fine, *or nothing*, is the only alternative in the case of some wanton, barefaced, undeniable wrong, for which hardly any fine can be an adequate compensation to society, we can see no harm likely to arise from allowing the magistrate, in such flagrant cases, to consult (say with two of his brethren); and, in the event of their concurrent judgment, let the law enlarge their discretion, and empower them to inflict a fine of evry much higher amount, with imprisonment in default of payment. If some such plan were adopted, we do not apprehend any ill results from it, at all comparable with the evils it would remedy; and we should henceforth hear, we apprehend, very little of the detestable brutalities and capriccios by which some fools, who have more money than wit, and more vice than either, sometimes not merely disgrace themselves and their country, but do infinitely greater mischief, by rotting all confidence in the administration of justice, and fostering the enmity of the lower orders against their superiors. If ever there was a period when 'even-handed justice' was required to walk among the people, it is now. Wealth and rank will always have their privileges; but that

obliquities is—the school; or if the youth be no longer at school, yet still a boy, the discipline of his masters or employers. For the child, the schoolmaster ought to be magistrate, judge, jury, tribunal—all in one. We do not say that there may not be rare cases of precocious guilt, which may require separate consideration. But such things ought not to be contemplated as *probabilities*, nor any regular provision made for them. It is better that they should be associated with monstrosities of other

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of buying iniquities cheap, ought never to be among the number. If they will purchase luxuries of this nature, for which poverty cannot afford to pay at all, they should be compelled to purchase them at *famine prices*.—For many offences of a wanton and brutal character, we must confess, though no friends to the frequent infliction of corporal chastisement, that, in our judgment, this punishment is the best that could be administered. Its very ignominy, if really felt by such offenders, is no just bar to its infliction. Rather, it is fit that he who has violated all shame, should be punished by it. But this is not the chief consideration. If it would deter others—and we believe that no motive so effectually *deters* from crimes of baseness those who have not yet lost all shame by their commission, as the ignominy of the punishment annexed—the end of the legislator is answered. For the prevention of crime, and not the benefit of the offender, is, we must contend, the primary object of all penal legislation.

In connexion with some of the preceding remarks, it may be observed generally, that the greater the number of cases which can be summarily disposed of, provided they are *satisfactorily* disposed of, the better. Something must be done to abate the necessity of that everlasting resort to imprisonment, which has become so great a nuisance, and which, in addition to other ill effects, must seriously impede all attempts to improve prison discipline. Criminals are needlessly congregated together—itself a fruitful source of crime; offenders of various degrees of turpitude are brought into undesirable contact; and the difficulty of effectually working a reformatory process is increased. We must carefully thin our crowded prisons, if we wish any seeds of wholesome reform to grow there. Some very judicious remarks on the manifold abuses of excessive resort to imprisonment, and especially for short terms, will be found in the Inspectors' Report, just published, pp. xiii—xv. Some of the details, showing the absurd promptitude with which this universal remedy is applied, would be amusing, if the subject were not so profoundly melancholy. 'It will be observed,' says the Inspector, 'by a return in the Report on the prison of Edinburgh, p. 2, that two respectable young women have lately been sent to this prison, for the heinous crime of beating a carpet at a wrong hour!' He may well add, 'It is certainly necessary to prevent the beating of carpets at times and in situations which would disturb the inhabitants, or impede public traffic; but surely this might be accomplished with-

kinds. When a nation deliberately begins to make provision for infant felons, and gravely deals with them by the formalities of criminal law, it may depend upon it, it is fast losing sight of the true guaranties of national security. It were as wise to rely for the ordinary maintenance of the peace upon military law. Prompt school discipline, and its appropriate chastisements, ought to be securely relied upon as the sufficient correctives of any crime which a child may be supposed capable of committing. To put him to prison, instead of to school, is to insure his becoming the criminal he promises to be.*

And this brings us to the only effectual preventive of crime—the influence of Education. To educate the masses—to reclaim neglected multitudes from that gross ignorance, and with it, those temptations to vice, in which they are involved, and to bring them under the influence of a wholesome intellectual and moral training, is the great, the paramount duty of the people of England.

In the heat of the recent education controversy, we regret to have sometimes seen the proposition which affirms the intimate connexion between ignorance and crime, and which a few years ago would have been received as incontrovertible, almost questioned;—at all events, the degree of dependence of the one upon the other, affirmed to have been grossly exaggerated. But those same statistical tables, which appear long since to have demonstrated the fact in question, still remain an unanswerable argument, even if, *d priori*, we could not show the connexion to be inevitable.—Some, again, seem to think, that a point is gained by saying that ignorance is not *so much* the cause of crime as poverty; but this proves nothing, except that it is necessary to remove two causes of crime instead of one. That poverty is a frequent cause of crime, who can doubt? But it is not less true that ignorance is so also, and that by a double influence. She is

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out carrying off the parties to prison.' The culprits are often as diminutive as the offences. 'One lad (a child of twelve years of age) was committed to prison for the novel offence of playing a game called "marbles," to the annoyance of the public;' two others of about the same age, 'for pulling some beans at the top of a field near Newhaven;'—'an offence,' says the frank and sensible Lord Provost, 'of which, when I was a boy, I was more than once guilty; and if the same judgment had been meted to me, I might have been ruined for life.'

* Let the reader ponder the examples given in the preceding note, and the other instances furnished in the pages of the Inspectors' Report, there referred to. They may well suggest matter of profitable reflection to all.

'twice cursed;' she is often the cause of poverty; and thus indirectly of the very crimes to which poverty leads, as well as of those of which she is the immediate mother. Even looking at the elements of secular knowledge alone, who can say—if that maxim of the great Bacon, which is now too trite to be mentioned, be true—how often the want of them circumscribes the sphere of the individual's activity, consequently the means of rendering himself useful to others, and therefore the means of subsistence? Who can doubt, that in an age, and a country like ours—where some acquaintance with the first rudiments of knowledge is necessary for the proper discharge of even the most inconsiderable functions—not to know how to read and write is much such a defect as the loss of one of the senses would be to a savage; that, in the competition for employment, he who possesses that knowledge, *cæteris paribus*, has an immense advantage over him who is destitute of it; and that he has accordingly a far better chance of escaping from the temptations, to which poverty is exposed?

We admit, however, that the mere possession of this knowledge, and even of much more, may be in itself an equivocal benefit; and if nothing farther were involved in its possession, we should doubt, with some recent writers, whether any influence in favour of the benefits of such knowledge, could be drawn from the prison statistics, which so elaborately set forth the numbers of those who *can* or *can not* read and write. But, in fact, the possession of this knowledge is merely taken as an index, as it generally may be, of the influences which have been at work in the very process of imparting it—an indication, that, generally, the individual possessing it has been to some extent *at school*. Regarded in this light, the fact assumes a new importance; for it is not to be forgotten, that in the very process of imparting even the elements of secular knowledge in any decently conducted school, there is much that necessarily involves a species and degree of *moral* training, which, though of but secondary worth in relation to a preparation for another world, is of vital importance in relation to this—the formation, in fact, of certain habits, on the presence or absence of which the character of a really useful or useless citizen absolutely depends. It is sometimes said, that the possession of the mere elements of knowledge has *no* connexion with crime. We have endeavoured to show that even this is a fallacy, by showing the connexion between the possession, or otherwise, of these elements, with the chances of poverty. But, in fact, the elements in question *cannot* be imparted, without much more being imparted with them—without much being done to form that character with which a

political society, as such, and the law-giver, as providing for its safety, have to do.

Compare for one instant the condition of a boy, who is trained in the elements of merely secular knowledge, from seven years of age to thirteen or fourteen, with that of one who is subjected to no such influences, and see what will be the probable effect on society of the two respectively. The former, for six or seven years of the most pliant period of his life, must repair regularly to the scene of his duties, and perform them; he knows, therefore, that there are duties that he must perform, and he early associates in his mind his well-being with their performance; he must repair thither at stated hours during those many years, and he learns the necessity of punctuality and regularity; he is disobedient, and is chastised—or obedient, and is rewarded; and he acquires some notion at least of the necessity of subordination to superiors, and that happiness and misery depend upon it; he is idle, and will not learn; he is punished, and he finds that he *must*—that self-will and self-indulgence are to be mortified; he tells lies, and he is punished; and he learns the value, if not the obligation, of truth; he pilfers, and is punished, and he learns that 'honesty is the best policy;' he meets with daily difficulties in his lessons, which he is daily compelled to grapple with, and he acquires the virtues of industry, patience, and perseverance. We will suppose that he learns nothing more. But, viewed merely as a future *citizen*—the light in which we are now regarding him—this is surely much. In brief, he is brought into contact, on a small scale and among his equals in years and understanding, with all those motives, and all those influences, which *ought* to operate upon him in the greater community of which he is to be a member. Only compare the character with which (supposing for argument's sake that he is brought under no other training) he is likely to enter upon life with that of the idle, vacant vagabond, who passes through that admirable curriculum which commences with chuck-farthing at seven, and ends, probably, in the prison at fourteen; and after half as many committals between that age and thirty, as the miserable wretch numbers years, terminates, as likely as not, at the hulks, or on the gallows! We should be ashamed of insulting our readers by pursuing the parallel, or rather the divergence, of the two cases, into any further detail.

We know it may be said, and it often is said, that such a training, let it be ever so effectual, does not more than very imperfectly reach the conscience, and that it therefore insures no absolute guarantie for the permanent maintenance and uniform exhibition of any excellence; that such a lad as we have sup-

posed, may be all that we have represented, and yet be, as a moral and spiritual being, nothing worth. We grant it: we grant, that, to the individual himself, viewed in relation to his highest destinies and sublime capacities—to his Immortal and Invisible Governor—to that eternal and spiritual empire, of which each will ultimately find himself a subject, and of which all political government is so feeble an image that it ends where the former properly begins,—the excellencies which will constitute a useful citizen, are of very secondary value. But, to the actual existence and well-being of a political community, framed only for specific objects, and limited by them, they become of infinite moment. We are perfectly aware that there is no absolute security for the development of a consistent, steadfast, uniform virtue, which is not radicated in conscience; which does not flow from a purified condition of that heart, out of the 'good treasure' of which, in the striking language of the Divine legislator of Christianity, 'a good man bringeth forth that 'which is good.' But we must contend, that the existence and integrity of a political community must be dependent, and that they have, in point of fact, been in every instance dependent, upon social virtues, which, though they will flow most infallibly, and be the noblest when derived from that source, have in reality had an origin less divine. And of this, the whole history of the world affords us a brief and decisive demonstration. As thus;—no community can exist for a day, in which the great majority of its members do not perform the material acts of duty (from whatever motives) to the society in which they live. There must be an excess of the honest over the dishonest—of those who speak truth over those who tell lies—of those who pay their debts over those who cheat their creditors—of those who obey laws over those who break them; since, if this were not the case, society would be instantly dissolved. Now, while such societies have existed in all parts of the world, and under all religions, *false* and *true*, there has perhaps not yet been one, in which, in the judgment of the largest charity, the majority have been actuated in their conduct as citizens by the sublimer motives above referred to. Where the religion itself has been false, we are at once driven to this conclusion; and even where it is true, we are compelled to admit it as the ordinary rule. To act habitually from religious principle, is the highest style of humanity. To be a useful citizen—at least *not* to be a pernicious one—*not* to be a criminal—is about the lowest; and for one man such as the first, every society will furnish you with a thousand like the last.

Are we supposed to imply, by all this, any question of the infinite superiority of religious training over that which involves

merely the development of the intellect, and the first rudiments of social morality? By no means. We unfeignedly believe that the former training is as much more important than the other, as eternity is more important than time; and the truly religious man a higher form of humanity than the merely blameless citizen: we also believe that he who looks most to the future world will best play his part in this: that, as Aristotle has long since observed, he who is really the ἀγαθὸς ἄνθρωπος will also be the highest type of the σπουδαῖος πολίτης. Yet, true though this be, woe to that community in which the 'good citizens' do not far outnumber those who are, in this highest sense, the 'good men.'

Since, as we have already shown, that species and degree of social worth by which every political community must subsist, and without which it cannot, are and ever have been much more widely diffused than religious principle (being in fact the product of a thousand very mixed influences, of which a laudable regard for reputation, and those *habits* which result from early discipline, are among the most pregnant and important); and since it is the sole object of society, *as such*, to secure certain classes and modes of conduct, without taking cognisance of the interior motives from which they spring, nothing which tends to form and maintain this lower style of virtue can be otherwise than most important. For this reason, we maintain, that that confessedly incomplete education which simply involves the elements of knowledge, and the moral habits necessarily developed and cherished in the process of imparting them, is eminently favourable to the conservation of society, and the suppression of vice and crime; nor can we admit for a moment the conclusion, that the system which gives no more (though, in other and appropriate modes, more *ought* to be given), gives, as is sometimes rashly said, little or nothing. Viewed in relation to the ultimate destinies of man, and to eternity, such knowledge and such habits only enter as infinitesimals into the calculation; viewed in relation to a political community, organised for specific ends and limited to their attainment, they become of infinite moment. Now, we do not believe that there is a *decently conducted* school in the empire, under whatsoever religious sect or party, in which those elements of knowledge are not imparted, and those habits of social morality inculcated, which tend to the amelioration of society, and to form the character of worthy and useful citizens; though there may be, and are, infinite diversities of views entertained as to the precise shade of orthodoxy which will most infallibly take a man to heaven.

By what combinations of effort, or under what conditions, the universally acknowledged wants of large masses of the population

may be supplied, is foreign to the purpose of the present article. Let but the nation be roused to a proper perception of its overwhelming importance, and it will be done—for then it will be seen, that it *must* be done. Yet, as the modes in which the task may be most profitably attempted have been so recently the subject of agitation from one end of England to the other—of agitation, which probably will be renewed in the course of the following session—we cannot discharge our conscience, without briefly recording our views upon the subject; not, we trust, with the bitterness of eager controversialists—for we feel assured that the great bulk of those who are opposed to all government interference in this matter, are as sincerely intent upon the great object (and have proved it) as those who plead for it—but in the form of amicable discussion. Public opinion on this subject is still *a-making* in England; and we are simply anxious, in common with so many excellent men on both sides, to contribute what we can to assist in the formation of a sound judgment.

Of the two important questions, Has the Government the *right* to interfere in the matter of education? and is it *possible* for it to interfere in a country religiously conditioned as our own?—the former would have been answered only in one way half a century ago. The affirmative is now met by an assertion—not indeed absolutely new to the world (for some few maintained it more than twenty years ago, and their opinions elicited some remarks in this Journal *), but never before so vigorously or so extensively supported—that Government is not at liberty to do any thing at all in the matter.

On this principle, we propose to offer two or three remarks; merely premising, what we shall hereafter more fully consider, that if a system of education be *national*, therefore supported by public money, and professedly constructed for the benefit of all, then it must *be*, as well as *profess* to be, capable of universal application, and administered in a spirit of rigid impartiality.

The *negative* in the above question is chiefly maintained by a portion of the Dissenters; and nothing shall betray us into the unfairness of denying, that among them there are many entitled to all respect. It at the same time consists with our knowledge, that among Dissenters are many others equally entitled to our respect, who do not sympathise with this extreme view; nor till very recently was such a principle contended for by any of them.†

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* *Edinburgh Review*, vol. xxxiv. p. 233, *et seq.*

† One of their most powerful and original thinkers, John Foster, even favours a compulsory system of popular education; and thus dis-

That Government has no right in this country to determine the *religious* education of the people, is acknowledged on all hands; our principles of universal religious freedom are plainly inconsistent with such pretensions, and cannot stand with them. But, that it is wrong for Government to aid the education of the people in those species of knowledge which are essential to serviceable citizenship, and those elementary morals, which all religionists alike acknowledge, is another matter.

Admitting, then, that religion is an essential element in the complete education of the *whole* man, but that Government cannot determine what it is to be, has the State the *right* to interfere (supposing it can effectually interfere) for the purpose of promoting the acquisition of those elements of knowledge and social morals, and, above all, the formation of those *habits*, with which, whatever may be his religion, we see, as a matter of fact, that a man may be a useful citizen, and without which (whatever his *pretensions* to religion) we see he can be none?

Whether the State has this *right* in the abstract, would seem to admit only of an answer in the affirmative, if we look at the precise end of all political government. That very end is to secure, on the part of each citizen, such fulfilment of his social obligations towards his fellow citizens, as is consistent with the maintenance of the social union. Now, to bring up a family so as not to be a plague and nuisance to the rest of the community, is one, and assuredly one of the most important, of these obligations; and one, of which the extensive neglect must lead to the dissolution of society. It must, then, surely be competent for the Government, if these obligations, either from wilfulness *are* not, or from poverty *can* not be, fulfilled by an extensive class of the people, to provide for their performance. This, we admit, involves the right, when necessary, to render education compulsory; for this, in the given case, is only saying, that, being charged with the conservation of the social union, the means which are *directly* involved in the attainment of that end, are

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poses of the objection, that it is an infringement on the rights of parents. 'It is here confidently presumed, that any man who looks, in the right state of his senses, at the manner in which the children are still brought up in many parts of the land, will hear with contempt any hypocritical protest against so much interference with the discretion, the liberty of parents; the discretion, the liberty, forsooth, of bringing up their children a nuisance on the face of the earth.'—FOSTER on *Popular Ignorance*. We give the passage, not as pleading for compulsory education ourselves in this country, but as showing what a staunch Dissenter, and even a democrat, may consistently think on this matter.

within the legitimate sphere of Government. It is true, however, that it may be neither necessary nor expedient for Government always to do all, that, under other circumstances, it may be right to do—that is, the people themselves may render the exercise of the right superfluous. And a country is to be felicitated in proportion as it is really qualified, by its habits of self-government, to relieve the State of what may otherwise be among its duties. On the other hand, if we deny the right of Government interference in this matter, in any and all cases, the following consequences seem to be inevitable:—

1. The denial of this right implies, that any man is entitled, if he pleases, to beget a family of half a score of children, and bring them up, not simply with an erroneous creed, but in the ignorance which must make them useless, and in the vice which must make them pernicious, as citizens; imposing them as a burden and a plague on the rest of the community—to be supported as paupers, or to be imprisoned and punished as criminals. Not a few, we imagine, of the honest and industrious members of society would exclaim, 'Really, we have entered 'into no such bargain as this; we have not pledged ourselves to 'the unlimited support of, nor to bear unlimited injuries from, 'our fellow citizens. They owe to us, and we owe to them, cer-'tain obligations; and if so, it implies a *right* of some inter-'ference, on the part of the State, to insure the fulfilment of such 'obligations; though in many cases it be not thought expedient 'or necessary to resort to it.'

2. The denial of this right implies, that a duty, which all must admit to be among their social obligations, and even among the most important of them — that of training the masses of the population in some capacity for the fulfilment of their common duties of citizenship—is to be entirely imposed on those who happen to be willing to undertake it; that a very onerous burden which the whole community is equally concerned in sustaining, instead of being borne by all classes, shall fall only on the benevolent; while the selfish—often among the richest—wholly escape. Even if the voluntary system of education were equal to this burden without having its back broken, it would be unjust to throw a common duty solely on those members of society who choose to perform it; and if it be not equal to the task, we have nothing for it but to maintain the *right* to tax for this object, unless we will say that the matter may be left uncared for.

3. The denial of this right implies, that if there be any country, or any *part* of any country, in which, from the unequal distribution of wealth, the poor, from their poverty, can not, and the rich,

from their apathy, will not, adequately provide for the training of the masses of the population, nevertheless these last endure no wrong, and have no cause of complaint; their ignorance and their misery give them no claims upon society, in virtue of their forming an integral part of it, for instruction in those very obligations, which the society, as such, expects every member of it to fulfil.

4. It further follows from this denial, that Government has the power to punish for crime, without being permitted to take the most obvious and reasonable means to prevent it. This appears to us a most curious paradox. As we once heard Mr Macaulay powerfully but briefly put it, 'We hold, that whoever 'has the right to hang, has the right to educate;'—that is, up to the point which will probably obviate the unpleasant necessity of resorting to the said hanging. Or, as Mr Spedding argues no less conclusively with those who would object to hanging under any circumstances, 'If society is *not* to blame 'for having so many ruffians in its bosom, it *is* to blame for 'over-relaxing its penal code. The failure of all *humane* punish-'ments will drive society at last upon the conviction, that there 'is no hope for a civilised state, but in training up the lowest of 'its people to be friends instead of foes.'

If it be said that there are other things, for example religion, of yet higher benefit to society, which it is acknowledged society cannot secure; we reply, we are speaking of society as *such*, and of men as *citizens*—of the security for the conditions which are essential to the maintenance of the one, and the development of the character of the other, according to *any* theory of society. That a man should be a Christian, and, if so, Episcopalian, Presbyterian, and so forth, is not essential to a community—equally blameless citizens are to be found among all religionists: But that he should be capable of using his faculties and his fingers, of understanding his social duties and obligations, possessed of the habits of honesty, industry, and fidelity:—these are essential to his character as a good *citizen*.

The *abstract* right in question, then, we hold to be as an essential principle; but whether it be expedient to render that degree and kind of education which Government *may* thus insist upon, compulsory, is another question; as well as within what limits, if it interfere at all, it should carry that interference.

The admission of this right does not, as some seem to argue, involve as a consequence that it shall be acted upon to its uttermost extent, and to the exclusion of all supplementary efforts on the part of the people themselves. Take an analogous instance. England has a poor-law—and some such law, more or less, all will

admit to be necessary. But it is not pushed to such an extent as to render any other efforts useless or impossible; nor does it work inharmoniously with any such efforts. Probably the sum total raised by private beneficence annually, in this great empire, equals that raised by the poor rates—but both together are not found more than equal, or even equal, to our necessities.

In a country in the economic condition of our own, we should say that it was *not* expedient to render education compulsory; we can even conceive of a social state, in which it would be best for a government to do nothing at all; while, on the other hand, there may be countries in which compulsion would be desirable, and we believe necessary.

In our own country, we frankly confess that we think that Government should interpose, not only with rigid impartiality, but to a very limited extent; and rather, as Mr Macaulay said, in his speech on the education question, in *aid* of voluntary effort where it is inadequate, and as a stimulus to it where it is deficient, than with any idea of fully supplying its place. If we could contemplate with Mr Baines (for whose abilities, honesty, and public spirit, however much we may differ from him on this subject, we entertain the sincerest respect), the probability of the adoption of a system of all but unlimited costliness, investing Government with dangerous patronage, and inviting the people to a corrupt subserviency—ruining the spirit of independence, and cramping all voluntary effort—we should share in his apprehensions of its disastrous results, and deprecate it as strongly as he can do. But, if the system be merely in aid of voluntary effort—assisting it where it is confessedly feeblest, in remote and thinly peopled districts—correcting the inequalities which flow from the fluctuations of zeal at different times, and the disparity of wealth in different localities—it may be an unmixed benefit. Can any man deny the usefulness of the grants given in this way to the British and National Schools? We hold with Dr Vaughan, 'Where the 'people do least for themselves, the Government must, of neces- 'sity, do most; and where the people are capable of doing most 'for themselves, the Government should do least, and should be 'thankful to see its province reduced daily to a smaller and still 'smaller compass.' *

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* Letter to the editor of the *Morning Chronicle*, August 10. 'It seems difficult to deny,' says the Rev. T. Binney, in some striking remarks appended to his letter to the Secretary of the Committee of Council on Education (itself also well worth perusal); 'it seems difficult to deny, that, consistently carried out, the principle on which the minutes

The second question is, admitting Government to have the *right* of interference to the extent and for the purposes already specified, *can* it exercise that right in a country conditioned like ours?

The most natural method, perhaps, of deciding this question, would be to ask, whether different religious communities could co-operate for a similar purpose—if they pleased? But, if they can, the *nation* can, through its government—for the nation is but the aggregate of its religious communities.

Or if, on the one hand, there be any man who now denies that knowledge is good, he must be looked upon as a fossil relic of a past world—an antediluvian—one who is born behind the time; and if, on the other hand, there be any one who denies the fundamental principles of moral obligation, he, too, must be looked upon as a prodigy, and may be safely left, with his little knot of half dozen atheists, in their corner, to do their worst. Society need not let its great movements depend on the whims of so miserable a minority—neither ought it to do so.

Now, as to the question above propounded, the most natural answer perhaps would be, Why not? Apart from the unhappy effects of our religious differences, it would be thought difficult to conceive why religious parties should not act together as far as they are agreed; and part when they must, but not before.

In theory, indeed, and if we are resolved each to urge his peculiar views with the uttermost degree of pertinacity, there is immense difficulty; in practice, if we but exercised a little magnanimity and a little charity—if there were no disposition to encroach on the one side, or to be jealous on the other—but all were simply determined on the accomplishment of a great object—there would be no difficulty at all.

For, are not all the parties, in truth, perfectly agreed on basis of principle and opinion, wide enough to carry on such joint institutions for such a limited purpose? For example, is there any one who denies that it is eminently desirable that every child—

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of Council were opposed, as that principle was stated and expounded by many advocates, would brand with error, assumption, and wrong, every thing that has been done by Government for the advancement of science the encouragement of literature; the improvement of art; the opening of museums to the public; their formation and support; . . . legislation for colleges; salaries to professors and examiners, with the conveyance to them of legal authority to grant honours and degrees. All these things are done; yet surely *society* would be possible without them. They are done; but by no means to the extent that it has hitherto been thought innocent to advocate.'

if he is not indeed to be of this or that species of religionist, but to bear the *generic* character (to be found in all those species) of a decent citizen—should be taught the elements of knowledge—have his faculties disciplined—his time usefully employed—his mind pre-occupied with what is useful and of 'good report'—and be kept out of idleness, mischief, and temptation? Not one. Is there any man who denies that there are certain universal principles of morals which he is to be taught, and that those principles are agreed upon by *all*?—that he is to speak the truth—to abide by his promises—to fulfil his obligations—to be honest, faithful, just, modest, chaste, industrious—that he is to be obedient to his parents, respectful to his superiors, submissive to the laws? Not one. Is there any man who denies that it is of still greater importance that each child should have these duties not simply wrought into his mind and memory, but should be brought under that daily discipline which is the better part of all instruction, and which can alone convert principles into habits—a discipline which shall necessitate the *doing* of certain actions, and the *abstaining* from others? Again, we say, there is not one.

What, then, should hinder these parties from conjoint action (if they pleased) within the prescribed limits, and for purposes which, *though* limited, are so unspeakably important to society, and about which they are all agreed?

'But the education you have mentioned,' says one, 'is purely secular.' If by 'secular' be meant that it simply terminates in the intellect, it is not true. The elements of morals are not only not excluded, but they are presented to the youthful mind in the shape in which it is best capable of apprehending them—as great facts, whatever their theory may be—(a form, by-the-by, in which all children can best learn the elements, not only of morals, but religion); and what is much more important, these principles are not only taught, but *administered*—administered in a course of daily action and discipline, by which, and by which alone, habits can be formed.

If by 'secular' be meant that such education respects only the temporary well-being of man in his social capacity, we grant it. But, then, that is the proper and immediate object of all political government.

'But a *complete* education,' says another, 'involves' (as we all admit) 'the positive religious element—a particular system 'of religious doctrine; and, *therefore*, this education, not involving 'it, is irreligious and atheistical.' The first part of this proposition we fully admit: it is by no means a *complete* education: But how can that system be *ir*religious, which not only does not

deny the paramount importance of religious instruction, nor supersede it, but which teaches *nothing but* what harmonises with it, and is directly subsidiary and preparatory to it—which is, in fact, administered by parties, all of whom acknowledge its importance, and only do not convey such instruction *together*, because they cannot agree precisely on what they are to teach? A system of instruction may not be *religious*; but, to say it is irreligious, while it confesses the importance of religion, and teaches nothing but what is both directly and indirectly auxiliary to all its influences—is to talk plain nonsense.

'In our combined efforts,' different religious parties might consistently say, 'we do not teach all that is necessary or desirable to develope the *whole* man in all his relations both to this 'world and the next; and we cannot, because we are not precisely 'agreed as to the *all* that is to be taught; but this is no reason 'for our not teaching what we do all think essential to every 'member of a social community.'

The argument of being irreligious and atheistical (hard words, indeed, but happily nothing *but* words), might as well be applied to our laws. You can enact no laws that do not imply the principles of morals in man; but no man calls laws irreligious, for doing no more. Each man feels that it would be ridiculous to say, that that which is not only not inconsistent with religion, but *auxiliary* to it, can be *irreligious*.

The mention of laws suggests another reflection, which will further serve to show the futility of this objection, as applied to the *general* school-training which we have here supposed the object of conjoint effort on the part of different religious communities. A system of law may not be directly religious, and yet its original character will be modified, and the spirit in which it is administered affected, by the religious feeling of the country adopting it; and, in point of fact, Christianity has ever been exerting, in this insensible way, a most important and beneficial influence on the civil institutions of mankind. In like manner, though the system of general education we have described be not in itself religious, it could not fail, in a country like this, of being to a large extent animated by, and administered in, a religious spirit. So confidently do we feel this, that if schools were established to-morrow on such a common basis, we are convinced there would be no appreciable difference in the precepts inculcated—the course of action prescribed—and (what we once more say is quite as important) in the *discipline* enforced—whether the Scriptures were formally agreed upon as a class-book—whether the authorised version were prescribed, or any other allowed (for no version has ever expunged, or can expunge

those great principles with which such schools would have to do, and which are taught in all Bibles, in language which no ignorance can mistranslate, and no sophistry darken) *—or whether a selection from that same book were thought preferable—or whether (which, perhaps, would be better still) nothing was said about the matter at all—we declare our belief, that the result in every school in the empire, set up for the purpose of contributing to make intelligent, useful, honest, and happy citizens, would be substantially the same; and that not simply because there would be, in relation to *such* an object, no appreciable difference in the sentiments of those who would administer them, but because the insensible influence of religious feeling would affect the *spirit* in which they would all be administered. Though Government said nothing of the matter, there would be no fear lest, in a country like this, the Bible should be forgotten.

But a third objector says—'But it is impossible to separate 'the positive religious element from the general course of intel-'lectual and moral training; and, therefore, they must be strictly 'conjoined all the way through.' It is difficult to reply to an objection which it is difficult to understand. If you mean that education will not be complete without the religious element, that is already granted; and provision is only not made for it in *such* schools, because different religious men cannot agree as to what it is to be, and therefore must, as they do, give it separately. If you mean that the different parts of education cannot be given at different periods of life, and the one postponed till the other is completed, that also is admitted. But if you mean that the positive religious element must be interwoven with every thing taught—enter into every subject and every act of education—then we must say that we can neither admit, nor indeed distinctly comprehend your proposition. You say that it is impossible to separate the two to *any* extent. Surely it would be more natural to say that it is impossible *not* to separate them. Did you ever, in fact, know of any system in which they were not separated? You surely do not mean that you are to theologise the alphabet—to teach arithmetic on Arminian or Calvinistic principles—to put grammar and geography on any doctrinal basis? And this every one understands, who requests private tutors to instruct his children at home. He assigns to one, Latin; and to

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* 'Let the appeal be made to facts. Look through all the different sects and parties into which professed Christians are unhappily divided. Where is there one to be found which has innovated on the rules of Heathen life, by substituting vice in the place of virtue?'—*Robert Hall.*

another, geometry; and to another, music; but he never dreams of asking them to combine theology with any of these branches. Morals and religion are otherwise cared for. We may even add, that, practically, as much of elementary moral training would be involved in such a school as we have described, as is found in the majority of our proprietary and other public schools. The direct religious instruction of the pupils is, in fact, chiefly given by parents at home, and by ministers on the Sabbath, and has little connexion—as, indeed, it cannot have much—with the ordinary school routine.

But if the various religious communities of the empire—that is, the whole nation—might consistently work together in such a project, within the limits and for the purposes so often adverted to, then there cannot be a question that it is *possible* for the nation to attempt it in its collective capacity, and through the proper organ and representative of its will—the Government.

Let us suppose, then, the State, in a country conditioned like ours, thus addressing its subjects; and then let it be shown, why the various classes of religionists might not beneficially co-operate in working out the system indicated? What would be the infringement of religious liberty on the one hand, or what the ground for charging the Government with instituting, as is so often said, a 'godless' and 'atheistical' system of education, on the other? 'You have, and ought to have, the right of educating 'your children in that system of religious belief which seems to 'each of you the *true*. I have *formally* surrendered that right; 'and have neither the wish nor the power to interfere with it; and 'so completely do I surrender it, that, if a system of national edu-'cation cannot be framed that leaves it intact, I can have nothing 'to do with it. But while different portions of you entertain the 'most diverse views of the true system of religious belief, you all, 'without exception, agree that certain species of knowledge, 'and certain elements of social morality, are essential to the con-'servation of society, and to the development of the character of 'a good citizen. Without denying—on the contrary, while assert-'ing—the paramount importance of the inculcation of religious 'truth, suffer me to co-operate with you in that which is our *com-'mon* object, and equally important to us all as a *society;* leaving 'you in your own modes, and according to that principle of reli-'gious liberty which I have already recognised, to inculcate that 'system of religious doctrine which seems to you just and true. I do 'not sever these different parts of education, or wish them to be 'severed; nor sanction the principle of their separation, any more 'than the teacher of *one* essential branch of knowledge is sup-'posed to discredit the teacher of some other essential branch.

'I simply maintain my action within the limits of my proper 'functions—that of aiding in the propagation of such knowledge, 'and the formation of such habits, as are acknowledged by us all 'to be essential to the formation of intelligent and well-conducted 'citizens. Is it too much to assume that you—with your twenty 'thousand clergy—your churches—your chapels—your Sabbath 'schools—your private schools—are fully competent to undertake 'the office of direct religious instruction, which, without under-'rating its importance, I acknowledge cannot be prescribed by 'me? May I not be suffered to aid you in that which is no more 'the duty of some particular benevolent persons among you, 'than of the whole community, and which is of common im-'portance to us all?'

We profess ourselves unable to see why Government should not be entitled to say as much as this, and to act upon it. And as regards the *mode* of rendering aid—whether different religious communities chose to work together in the support of schools in common, or preferred, as they generally do, to take a separate course of action, and originate schools of their own—we cannot see why Government should not receive applications for aid from any such school; *provided* (and this seems to us the essential point) that, whatever be the religious instruction, superadded to the ordinary course of school instruction and discipline, there *should* be such ordinary course, from which no British child should be debarred on account of any peculiarities of religious opinion on the part of its parents, or by any necessity of learning any system of doctrine whatever. To be truly *national*, this (as indeed we have often contended in the pages of this Journal) is obviously just and fair.

So far as this condition is not complied with, we honestly confess, that the Dissenters appear to us to have reasonable ground of objection to the present system. But of this presently. On the other hand, we cannot see why the most uncompromising advocate of the Voluntary system of propagating and supporting religion, should refuse all aid from the State on the principles, and for the purposes, now laid down. Surely the State may consistently say, and the Voluntary may without the slightest dereliction of principle accede to it, 'Though your 'ultimate object may be beyond those which limit my province, 'yet, in the pursuit of it, and as a means to an end, you are inci-'dentally doing much which it is no more *your* duty to do, than 'that of the whole community. It is no more *your* duty, as 'a *religionist*, to teach people reading, writing, and arithmetic, 'history and geography, the elements of social obligation and 'decent manners, than it is the duty of a statesman to teach them

'theology. Still you do it. Suffer me, then, where you need aid, 'or where it can render your efforts more successful, to offer it— 'not, indeed, for teaching *religion*, but for aiding in forming the 'young to become good citizens—efforts by which you make 'the whole community your debtors, and for which it is neither 'equitable nor decent that you alone should pay.' At all events, there are (as we have said) many of the most thorough and enthusiastic Voluntaries who can see no inconsistency with their principles in such reasoning; and we must profess that we think them in the right. The only condition of a reasonable participation in such aid, is the opening of the *general* routine of school instruction to the *entire* community, without respect to religious creed, or the demand of submission to religious instruction.

Abstractedly, indeed, we are free to acknowledge, that we should much prefer, to any system of occasional aid by grants, a bill to empower the people to tax themselves, in their several municipalities, for the support of general schools, of the nature we have described, just as they tax themselves for the poor-rates; enacting, of course, that no child should forfeit his claim to the education in such schools, for any religious opinions of the parents, any more than any man should forfeit his claim to the benefit of the poor-rates for a similar reason. The only considerable objection to such a plan is, the extent to which provision for education has already been made in many quarters, and the consequent possible loss of a certain portion of existing machinery. But, in the first place, it is to be recollected, that the people in each locality, having the matter in their own hands, would, for their own sake, be disposed to provide only for their real necessities; and, secondly, that a great part of the existing schools would be as much required as ever in imparting on the Sunday, and on other occasions, religious education to the separate religious communities. That work, too, would be more efficiently performed; Sunday-school teachers having then nothing but religious instruction to impart, and more intelligent and better trained scholars to impart it to.

But if any such plan be impracticable, and we must still proceed by the method of occasional grants, then, the only just plan is, to make it imperative on all schools receiving such grants, that they should keep their general school course open to every British child, without the slightest reference to catechism or creed, or any symbolical book of religious instruction whatever.

On this point, as we have already intimated, the Dissenters have just ground of complaint against one part of the course actually followed. Nothing seems more reasonable, than that grants, given for an avowedly national object, should not be

permitted to be *exclusively* applied by those who receive them. It seems to us that it would be just as proper that the provision for the helplessly destitute should be restricted to those who go to church, as that public money, given for public purposes, should be in any instance *exclusively* applied to those who will consent to learn the Church Catechism. In consistency with this, Lord John Russell distinctly admitted, in the House of Commons, that it was a hardship and a wrong, that, in cases in which a church school was the only school, and in which the children of Dissenters must either have the education given there, or none, they must take it, if they took it at all, with the Church Catechism appended to it. But if it be 'a hardship and a wrong,' something more follows. His lordship, indeed, says, that, though sorry for the rule of the National Schools, he did not make it, and therefore could not repeal it. And this may be true—but if it be 'a hardship and a wrong,' the Government would be justified, before listening to an application for a grant of public funds, avowedly dispensed on another principle, and given for the benefit of *all* classes, in requiring that such a rule should be repealed. Nothing can be more reasonable, than that the National Schools, so long as they are supported by private benevolence, should make the rule in question, or any other rule they please, the condition of admission to them; but when they apply for public funds, avowedly administered by Government for national objects, and with an express intention that they should be so expended, nothing can be more equitable than for the Government to say, 'But such 'grants shall be made only to such schools as dispense with 'every law which is inconsistent with the object of them. We 'cannot be called upon to grant national funds for exclusive 'purposes; it cannot be our duty to entrust them to those who 'will convert them, when obtained, into what *we* admit to be a 'hardship and a wrong.' Sure we are, that if the like were done with any *other* grants, professedly given for national purposes, and their application were thus limited, the abuse would not be tolerated.

Heartily do we wish that all parties would give renewed consideration to this subject, and see whether it be not possible, by the exercise of a little magnanimity and charity—and very little is necessary—to concede something for the attainment of so important an object. Let the Church remember, that in these times, her surest, and, indeed, her only chance of retaining the sympathies of the people, will be in the perfect equity, liberality, and charity of her proceedings; and that every unjust pretension will be rigorously sifted, and inevitably set aside.

On the other hand, we trust that the extreme party amongst

the Dissenters, who have taken new, and, as we apprehend, untenable ground, may be induced to reconsider their position; and to reflect, whether it be not possible for them to co-operate with their more moderate brethren, and the other classes of religionists, in a work so worthy of all the concessions which the uttermost charity can make.

It is very difficult to ascertain the real educational necessities of the nation; but it is admitted on all hands that there is much to be done both as regards the *quantity* and *quality* of the education provided for the lower orders. With Mr Edward Baines, we gratefully acknowledge the prodigious efforts which voluntary benevolence has made in behalf of popular education during the last thirty years; we sympathise with the indignation with which he rebukes certain caricatures of the moral condition of our manufacturing districts; but we are still forced to acknowledge, that there is large scope for further exertion. Nor can any one doubt this, who will but visit the by-places of our large towns, or talk for a while with our rural population. He will need no other testimony than that of his own eyes and ears.

As to the *quantity* of school accommodation required, writers have come to widely different conclusions. Dr Hook stated last year, that it was required for 600,000; the writer of an excellent article in the *Companion to the Almanack* for 1847, thinks the limit nearer half a million; while Mr Baines states in his letters to Lord John Russell, that there is accommodation already for all but 61,345. We fear that Mr Baines has fixed the numbers considerably too low; but, even if they be approximately correct,* a large addition must in effect be made, on the ground that the statement is merely a statement of the *aggregate* provision of the nation, against its aggregate wants. Unhappily, the *distribution* of the provision is an essential element in the calculation. It is no consolation to a benighted son of Corn-

* In one respect, the statements by which Mr Baines reaches his conclusion, are any thing but consolatory. He assumes as the basis of his calculation of the requisite school accommodation (and we fear that he is not far from the mark), that the average term of schooling for all classes in this country is not more than five years—instead of ten!—and that the majority of those who attend the National and British Schools, do not average more than two years. Alas! if this be true, we have something more than school accommodation to provide; and that is, the disposition or the opportunity, or both, on the part of the people to learn. In relation to any discipline with a view to the formation of habits (on which we have insisted so much), who but must see the insufficiency of such schooling as this?

wall, that there is a spare seat for him on the forms of a school in Yorkshire; nor any consolation to a village in which there is no school at all, that there is a supernumerary one in some populous town fifty miles off. The inequality, indeed, with which voluntaryism acts, is one of its defects, and is so far an argument for some central and equalising influence. Its jets must be turned into streams; its sporadic efforts rendered more continuous and uniform.

But, whatever the differences of opinion as to the extent of school accommodation required, there can be none as regards the necessity of increasing the amount and improving the quality of instruction. Though Sunday schools, for example, are institutions far beyond any feeble praise of ours, and among the most precious fruits of religious philanthropy, it is obvious, that, where no other instruction is given, they must, by their necessarily intermitted action, fail in that point on which we have so often insisted—the formation of habit by continuous discipline. To daily schools they are invaluable auxiliaries; dissociated from them, they must fail of much of their effect; and the more so, that, when thus dissociated, they are compelled to give much of the instruction which daily schools would more appropriately supply; and cannot devote themselves to their single and proper object—the communication of religious knowledge. But, in other respects, it is impossible, we think, to deny the grievous deficiencies of our present system of popular education; Mr Baines himself is far too candid a man to do so. Indeed, we defy any body to read the evidence given by such men as the Hon. and Rev. B. Noel, Mr Tremenheere, Rev. F. C. Cooke, and others, without feeling, that no inconsiderable portion of our professed education for the masses, has been little better than a farce. The insufficient number of really qualified masters is only too notorious.

Mr Baines, in his able and frank defence of voluntary effort, assures us, that these defects, both of quantity and quality, are in a course of correction. It may be so; but we should like to see whether the process may not be expedited. We repeat, that we do not yield to him in admiration of the efforts which voluntary benevolence has made in this direction, and are as jealous as himself of any thing that should counteract or repress it. It cannot, we think, be alleged, that what has hitherto been done by Government has had that tendency; the period during which the State has attempted to do any thing, being contemporaneous with the most energetic displays of voluntary liberality. Nor must it be forgotten, that we are indebted for one of the *most* splendid of those efforts, to the menace of Government interference. This was decidedly the case in 1842-3. Looking at the whole circumstances

of that effort, one might be whimsically tempted to say, that, should a Government scheme be found impossible, the next best thing would be, the occasional *threat* of doing something! The effort referred to was a striking proof that *voluntary* and *spontaneous* are not always the same.

It has often been matter of complaint, that the Minutes of Council have undergone so many changes. It is no complaint with us. On the contrary, we hope that they may undergo at least one more;—and that they will require the just condition, that every child shall be admissible to the *general* routine of every school that derives any of its funds from Government grants, without any reference to creed or catechism. As to the other changes in the Minutes—we regard those Minutes as *tentative;*—experiments instituted to see whether it may be possible to devise any methods which may unite the efforts and the suffrages of the great bulk of the people.

There are two circumstances which render our impracticability as a nation in this matter, peculiarly mortifying. The first is, that, *practically,* there is little difficulty in the case: For there *are* schools among us—even large and flourishing Free Grammar schools—in which the children of Churchmen, and of Dissenters of all classes, receive education together; and in which we never hear either of infringement of religious liberty on the one side, or of the want of the Church Catechism on the other. It is only when we come to put down on paper our exquisite refinements respecting the theoretical perfection of religious liberty on the one hand, or the absolute duty of intermingling religion with all instruction on the other, that we are so hard to please.

The second circumstance is, that a large portion of those for whom our educational efforts are required, do not now care one jot about either church or chapel;—they unhappily have not got far enough for that yet—and it would be an unmixed blessing to bring them under *any* system of regular instruction and discipline whatever. In their present condition, they are never likely to care much about either the Church Catechism or the Assembly's Catechism; the Confession of Faith or the Thirty-nine Articles; Apostolical Succession, or the Voluntary System. But they learn wonderfully soon, while we are disputing about such matters, to swear, gamble, lie, and steal; and, instead of being at school, find their way to prison. This is a fact, of which Mr Guthrie, the eloquent advocate of Ragged Schools, is well aware: and he has done as much as any man alive, to warn the public of their danger and their duty. But, unfortunately, he was not able to arrive in consequence at the same conclusion, which,

from the Letter addressed by Dr Chalmers to Mr Fox Maule upon the subject, Dr Chalmers evidently had arrived at.

But, whether any approach to unanimity as to the mode of remedying these evils is to be hoped for or not, we do trust that the nation will be roused to an adequate sense of the importance of the task; and distrust the fallacies which would render it impossible, by implying, either that certain classes of the population *cannot* be reached—or that, if they could, their education has less connexion with the prevention of crime than is generally supposed—or, in short, by anything which may encourage us to sit down in apathy. This, though not the design, is, we are assured, calculated to be the effect of some incautious representations which have fallen under our eye during the last twelvemonth.

That the nation should feel intensely solicitous on this subject, is in our view much more important than the question of the mode in which the task is to be performed. It is a long way from *adequately* feeling its importance yet. When it does, it will be conscious that its life depends upon it; that it is not safe for a nation to retain in its bosom multitudes of neglected wretches, whose only instructors and examples are ignorance and vice—who, from a childhood of idleness and vice, pass on to a youth and manhood of crime—who, without any of the attributes or resources of a rational nature, exhibit little more than a fierce impatience of physical evil, and a fierce appetite for physical enjoyment.

Shall we slumber till some great emergency—some dreadful economic or other crisis—reveals the capacities of evil which the volcanic depths of our society may now hide under but a thin crust?—or shall we prosecute our ceaseless controversies on the subject, till that day comes? disputing upon the best possible mode of doing a necessary thing—till the hour of doing that necessary thing is almost past! Alas! we often fear, that, as armies have sometimes, in the eagerness of battle, been deaf to the roar of elemental strife around them, hardly the most appalling public exigencies will induce us so far to abate our bitter hostilities, as to lay to heart the grave perils of our common country—and with it, of that vital part of our religion, which, amidst all our controversies, may still, we trust, be described as our common Faith.

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DRESS COATS, 38s. 42s. and 47s. 6d. Superior workmanship. FROCK COATS, silk facings, 42s. 45s. and 50s. ALL THE NEW PATTERNS for Trousers, 12s. 6d. 17s. 6d. and 21s. SPLENDID PATTERNS SUMMER Trousers, 10s. 6d. per pair, or 3 for 30s. NEW PATTERNS, for Summer Coats, 7s. each, or 3 for 20s. Morning Coats, and Dressing Gowns, Fishing, and SHOOTING COATS, 10s. 6d. 15s. and 21s. An immense assortment of READY-MADE Vests. Waterproof Taglionis, Codringtons, and Chesterfields, 12s. 18s. and 21s. WATERPROOF Cloaks, 21s. DOUDNEY'S celebrated Spanish Army Cloth Cloak, nine-and-half yards round, 25s. Opera ditto 25s. SUIT OF LIVERIES, complete, 63s. Scarlet Hunting Coat 63s. Ladies' Riding Habits, 63s. and 84s. BEST AND CHEAPEST HOUSE FOR BOYS' CLOTHING. COUNTRY GENTLEMEN preferring their Clothes Fashionably made, at a FIRST-RATE LONDON HOUSE, by post-paid Application, they will receive, free, a Prospectus, explanatory of their celebrated CONTRACT SYSTEM, Statement of Prices and Directions for Measurement. Or, if Three or Four Gentlemen unite, one of the Travellers will be despatched to wait on them.

DOUDNEY & SON, 49, LOMBARD ST. ESTAB. 1784.

NATURAL THEOLOGY.

MUNIFICENT PREMIUMS.

A GENTLEMAN deceased left by his deed of settlement a considerable fund to be applied by his Trustees, at intervals of 40 years from 1774, in the payment of two Premiums, for the best TREATISES on the following Subject:—

"The Evidence that there is a Being, all Powerful, Wise, and Good, by whom everything exists; and particularly to obviate difficulties regarding the wisdom and goodness of the Deity; and this, in the first place, from considerations independent of Written Revelation; and, in the second place, from the Revelation of the Lord Jesus; and, from the whole, to point out the inferences most necessary for, and useful to, mankind."

The amount of the fund to be so applied cannot be less, at any period, than £1600, and, as nearly as can be ascertained, it will on occasion of the next competition, be about £2400. Three-fourths of the fund divisible at each period are appointed, by the terms of the bequest, to be paid to the Author of the Treatise which shall be found by the judges, to be named as after-mentioned, to possess the most merit; and the remaining fourth to the author of the Treatise which, in the opinion of said judges, shall be next in merit to the former, "after deducting therefrom the expense of printing and binding three hundred copies of each of the said Treatises, or of purchasing three hundred Printed Copies thereof, as the said Trustees shall direct to be distributed by them among such persons to whom they shall think the same will prove most useful, or in any other manner that they shall judge proper." These Prizes form, it is believed, the most liberal encouragement ever held out in this way for the promotion of Natural Theology, and will, it is hoped, elicit performances of corresponding value, which may contribute to the farther advancement of that science.

The Trustees, deeply sensible of the importance of the Founder's design, and anxious, as far as lies in them, to do full justice to his wishes, venture to give an assurance that, in appointing the judges at the proper time, nothing will be regarded but that eminence of character and qualification which shall secure an impartial and satisfactory decision.

The Ministers of the Established Church of Aberdeen, the Principals and Professors of King's and Marischal Colleges of Aberdeen, and the Trustees of the Testator, are appointed to nominate and make choice of three Judges, who are to decide, agreeably to certain rules prescribed in the deed of settlement, upon the comparative merits of such Treatises as shall be laid before them; and it may be proper to mention that, to discourage mean performances, the judges are empowered (if unanimous only,) to find none of the Treatises produced of sufficient merit to entitle the writers to the premiums. The Trustees, however, believe that in the present state of the literary world, this is a contingency which can scarcely occur.

The time allowed by the Testator for the composition of the Treatises for the next periodical competition, extends to the first of January, 1854, and his Trustees do now intimate, in compliance with his appointment, that those who shall become Competitors for the said Prizes must transmit their Treatises to ALEXANDER and JOHN WEBSTER, Advocates in Aberdeen, agents of the Trustees, in time to be with them on or before the said first day of January, 1854, as none can be received after that date; and they must be sent free of all expense to the Trustees.

The Judges will then, without delay, proceed to examine and decide upon the comparative merits of such Treatises as shall be laid before them, and the Trustees will, at the first term of Whitsunday after the determination of the Judges, pay the Premiums to the successful Candidates, agreeably to the will of the Testator.

As it tends much to an impartial decision that the names of the Authors should be concealed from the Judges, the Trustees request that the Treatises may not be in the handwriting of their respective Authors, nor have their names annexed to them. Each Treatise must be distinguished by a peculiar motto; this motto must be written on the outside of a sealed letter, containing the Author's name and his address, and sent along with his performance. The names of the successful Candidates only shall be known by opening their letters. The other letters shall be destroyed unopened. The writers of the unsuccessful Treatises may afterwards have them returned, by applying to Messrs. WEBSTER or the Trustees, and by mentioning only the motto which they may have assumed.

Letters addressed as above (Post-paid) will meet with due attention.

Aberdeen, 23d March, 1847.

Brown 4s. 6d. per bottle.
Pale 5s. per bottle.

3s. per bottle.

10s. per doz. large bottles
7s. per doz. small bottles
exclusive of carriage from London.

"THE STANDARD OF COGNAC,"

WHICH IS THE BEST FOREIGN BRANDY.

THE PATENT BRANDY and the GENUINE SELTERS WATER, protected by the Patent Metallic Capsule, the only sure and self-evident safeguard against adulteration, can be obtained throughout the Kingdom at the respective prices above mentioned, or at

7, Smithfield Bars, and 96, St. John Street, London.

PLATE.— A. B. SAVORY & SONS, Manufacturing Silversmiths, No. 14, Cornhill, London, opposite the Bank of England. The best wrought Silver Spoons and Forks, Fiddle Pattern, 7s. 2d. per ounce; the King's Pattern, 7s. 4d per ounce. The following are the weights recommended, but the articles may be had lighter or heavier at the same price per ounce.

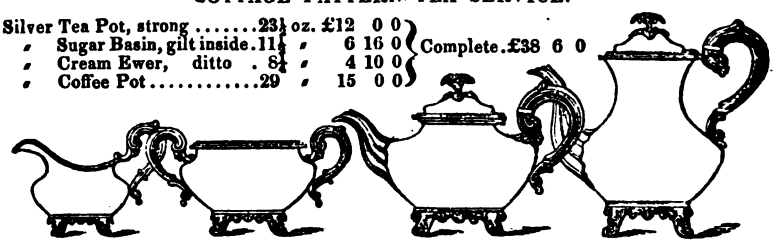
FIDDLE PATTERN.	oz.	£	s.	d.
12 Table Spoons	30 at 7s. 2d.	10	15	0
12 Dessert Spoons	20 " 7 2	7	3	4
12 Table Forks	30 " 7 2	10	15	0
12 Dessert Forks	20 " 7 2	7	3	4
2 Gravy Spoons	10 " 7 2	3	11	8

FIDDLE PATTERN.	oz.	£	s.	d.
1 Soup Ladle	10 at 7s. 2d.	3	11	8
4 Salt Spoons (gilt strong)		1	0	0
1 Fish Slice		2	10	0
12 Tea Spoons	10 at 7s. 8d.	3	16	8
1 pair Sugar Tongs		0	15	0

COTTAGE PATTERN TEA SERVICE.

Silver Tea Pot, strong	23½ oz.	£12	0	0
" Sugar Basin, gilt inside	11¼ "	6	16	0
" Cream Ewer, ditto	8¼ "	4	10	0
" Coffee Pot	29 "	15	0	0

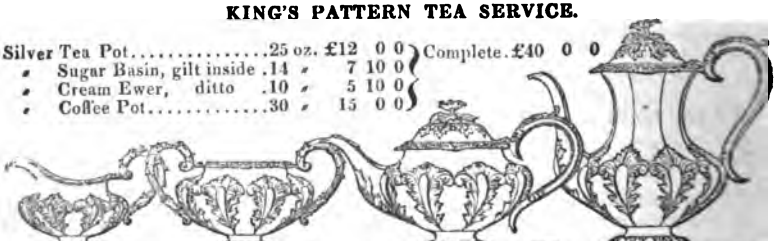
Complete. £38 6 0



KING'S PATTERN TEA SERVICE.

Silver Tea Pot	25 oz.	£12	0	0
" Sugar Basin, gilt inside	14 "	7	10	0
" Cream Ewer, ditto	10 "	5	10	0
" Coffee Pot	30 "	15	0	0

Complete. £40 0 0



NOTE.—A variety of fifty different patterns are submitted for selection in the Show Rooms this Establishment; and a Price Current, stamped as a newspaper, illustrated by drawings, and containing every information relative to the purchase of Silver or Sheffield Plate, may be had on application, or will be sent into the country, free of postage, in answer to a paid letter.

PALMER and Co.'s PATENT MINIMUM CANDLE LAMPS and PATENT MINIMUM CANDLES for NIGHT LIGHTS, may be seen at all Ironmongers, and Lamp and Candle Warehouses. They give a clear, bright, and uniform light, and will be found most useful and cleanly for night lights, as well as for sealing letters and other purposes where a small light is required. Price of the Lamps 4s. each. The Candles, which are made to burn either 5, 7, or 9 hours, in boxes containing 12, 10, or 8 in each, 7d. per box.—Manufactory, Sutton Street, Clerkenwell, London.

PALMER and Co.'s PATENT MAGNUM CANDLE LAMP. The New Patterns for the ensuing season are now ready, and may be seen at most of the Lamp Warehouses and Ironmongers in town and country; they comprise a great variety of beautiful designs in richly Cut and Painted Glass, Enamelled Papier Machée, and Or-molu. These Lamps are now so universally known and approved of, that it is unnecessary to state their superiority over Oil and Spirit Lamps. Purchasers should be very careful to observe whether the name of PALMER and Co. Patentees, is on the Lamps they buy.—Manufactory, Sutton Street, Clerkenwell, London.

PALMER and Co.'s PATENT MID-SIZE CANDLE LAMP. PALMER and Co. inform the Public and the Trade, that they have applied to this description of Lamp a patent improvement, which makes it as perfect, in every respect, as the Magnum, and only inferior to it in the QUANTITY of light; the cost of burning being less than that of the Magnum Lamp: the Candles have three wicks, and give a beautiful bright and clear light, quite sufficient for a moderate-sized room. The name of the Patentees is stamped on the top of every Lamp.—Manufactory, Sutton Street, Clerkenwell.

PALMER and Co.'s PATENT BATSWING and OCTAVE CANDLES, to burn in ordinary candlesticks without snuffing. These Candles have two wicks, and give a whiter and better light than can be obtained from one wick. The Batswings are dry and hard in substance, and 6 to the lb. The Octaves are 8 to the lb.—Sold by all Tallow Chandlers and Oilmen.—Manufactory, Sutton Street, Clerkenwell, London. —Warehouse in Liverpool, Leeds Street, Vauxhall Road.

PALMER'S CANDLES.—The public should be on their guard against imitations of PALMER and Co.'s Metallic Wick Candles, which are sold by many shopkeepers as "PALMER's Candles," and at the same price as the genuine ones. The word **"PALMER"** may be observed on the top of every Metallic Wick Candle that is made by PALMER and Co., and no Candle Lamp that has not PALMER and Co.'s name in raised letters upon it can be depended on as manufactured by them.—Manufactory, Sutton Street, Clerkenwell, London.—Warehouse in Liverpool, Leeds Street, Vauxhall Road.

HARVEY'S FISH SAUCE.—E. LAZENBY and SON, having numerous complaints from Families who are imposed upon by spurious imitations of their HARVEY'S FISH SAUCE, request purchasers to observe that each bottle of the genuine article bears the name of "WILLIAM LAZENBY" on the back, in addition to the front label used so many years, and signed "ELIZABETH LAZENBY."

E. LAZENBY and SON'S ESSENCE of ANCHOVIES continues to be prepared with that peculiar care which has rendered it so justly admired as Sauce for Salmon, Turbot, Cod, Soles, Eels, &c.; and is manufactured only at their old-established Fish Sauce Warehouse, 6, Edwards Street, Portman Square, London.

CHILDREN'S FROCKS, COATS, and PELISSES; Infants' Cloaks, Hoods, Hats, and Bonnets; Long and Short Robes, French Cambric Caps, Day and Night Gowns, Robe Blankets, Lawn and Cambric Nightcaps, with every other requisite in Baby Linen, at SHEARMAN'S, 5, Finsbury Pavement. Several hundreds of Children's Dresses constantly on view, from the useful indoor at 1s. 11d., medium 5s. 6d. to 10s. 6d., up to the rich embroidered Silk Velvets, 84s., with every other article required for a young family; thus obviating the trouble and inconvenience so long complained of in going from shop to shop when juvenile clothing is required. An Illustrated Pamphlet, affording additional information, will be sent free on receiving a paid letter.

PALLADIUM LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY.

ESTABLISHED 1824.

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NEW RATES OF PREMIUM.—The Directors of this Society, with the view of meeting the wants and wishes of the large class of persons who prefer the present advantages of reduced Premiums to a prospective Bonus in the shape of an addition to their Policies, have constructed a New Scale, based on the safest and most approved data, viz. the Experience Tables recently compiled by a Committee of Actuaries, from the records of seventeen of the leading London offices, including the Amicable and Equitable.

The Society now offers the following advantages:—

The lowest Scale of Premium which can be safely adopted. *Example—*

For an Assurance of £100 *payable at death.*

Age 20	£1 13 1
30	2 2 10
40	2 18 7

Other ages at proportionate rates.

Undoubted security, guaranteed by a large capital; an influential proprietary; the long standing of the office; and the satisfactory results of its business.

Facility in the settlement of claims, which are payable within three months from the date of proof.

Liberty to travel in any part of Europe without extra premium.

Loans equivalent to the value of the Policies.

To those who require the advantages of a prospective Bonus, by a small additional outlay, the deed of settlement assigns four-fifths of the profits.

Bonuses may be commuted for equivalent reductions of premium at the option of the assured, by which arrangement the amount originally assured may be kept up at a continually decreasing cost.

Insurances effected on joint as well as on single lives, for short terms or otherwise, and to meet any specified contingency.

Premiums may be paid in one sum, or in any other equitable manner to meet the convenience of the public.

The age of the life assured is admitted on the policy at the time of effecting the assurance, or at any other time, on production of satisfactory proof.

Every information and assistance will be given to assurers, either at the Offices, No. 7, Waterloo Place, London; or by the Society's Agents, established in all principal towns.

J. LODGE, Secretary and Actuary.

October 1847.

EDINBURGH

LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY,

ESTABLISHED IN 1823.—INCORPORATED BY ACT OF PARLIAMENT.

CAPITAL—HALF A MILLION STERLING.

EDINBURGH, 22, GEORGE STREET,
AND
11, *KING WILLIAM STREET (CITY), LONDON.*

President—The Right Hon. LORD VISCOUNT MELVILLE.
Vice-President—ALEXANDER PRINGLE, Esq. of Whytbank, M.P.

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The mode in which this Company is constituted presents to the assured the benefits of Mutual Assurance, combined with the influence and security of a large proprietary all assured with the Company;

Perfect security to the assured, and freedom from all liability;

A right of participating in the whole profits of the Company to the extent of four-fifths.

A principle of division, making the distribution among those who participate in proportion to the amount severally contributed by them;

The highest benefits to all First Class Lives, by no unjust liberality being shown to those who die early;

Very moderate rates, without participation, which, on young lives, are equivalent to a present bonus of very considerable amount;

No entry-money or other charge beyond the policy stamp.

Assurances affected on equal, or ascending or descending scales, or in any other way that the interests of parties may require.

SPECIMEN OF RATES FOR INSURING £100 ON A SINGLE LIFE.

WITHOUT PARTICIPATION.				WITH PARTICIPATION.	
Age.	One Year.	Seven Years.	For Life.	Age.	For Life.
20	£0 17 3	£0 19 11	£1 14 2	20	£1 17 4
30	1 1 3	1 4 8	2 3 7	30	2 7 7
40	1 6 10	1 11 10	2 17 11	40	3 3 2
50	1 15 1	2 4 5	4 1 7	50	4 9 0
60	3 1 8	3 18 11	6 4 4	60	6 15 8

TABULAR VIEW OF ADDITIONS TO POLICIES OF £1000,
OPENED AT THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE COMPANY.

Age of Assuring.	Sum Assured.	Bonus in 1835.	Bonus in 1842.	Sum now Payable.
20	£1000	£100 0 10	£87 3 3	£1187 4 1
30	1000	104 3 0	89 8 0	1193 11 0
40	1000	113 11 11	103 11 7	1217 3 6
50	1000	142 8 8	148 9 11	1290 18 7
60	1000	186 17 2	245 16 8	1432 13 10

G. L. FINLAY, Manager.
WM. DICKSON, Sec.

FEATHER BEDS
PURIFIED BY STEAM

HEAL & SON have just completed the erection of machinery for the purifying of Feathers on a new principle, by which the offensive properties of the quill are evaporated and carried off in steam; thereby not only are the impurities of the feather itself removed, but they are rendered quite free from the unpleasant smell of the stove, which all new feathers are subject to that are dressed in the ordinary way.

Old Beds redressed by this process are perfectly freed from all impurities, and, by expanding the feathers, the bulk is greatly increased, and consequently the bed rendered much softer.

The following are the present prices of new Feathers:—

	Per lb.		Per lb.
Mixed	1*s.* 0*d.*	Best foreign Grey Goose . . .	2*s.* 0*d.*
Grey Goose	1 4	Best Irish White Goose . .	2 6
Foreign Grey Goose . . .	1 8	Best Dantzic White Goose .	3 0

HEAL AND SON'S LIST OF BEDDING,

Containing full particulars of weights, sizes, and prices, sent free, by post, on application to their establishment, 196, opposite the Chapel, Tottenham-Court-Road.

UNITED KINGDOM LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY,

8, Waterloo Place, Pall Mall, London.

97, George Street, Edinburgh. 12, *St. Vincent Place, Glasgow.*

ESTABLISHED BY ACT OF PARLIAMENT IN 1834.

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Earl Leven and Melville. | Earl Somers. | Lord Elphinstone.
Earl of Norbury. | | Lord Belhaven and Stenton.

William Campbell, Esq. of Tillichewan.

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This Company, established by Act of Parliament in 1834, affords the most perfect security in a large paid-up Capital, and in the great success which has attended it, since its commencement, **its Annual Income being upwards of £92,000.**

DIVISION OF PROFITS AMONG THE ASSURED.

In 1841, the Company declared a Bonus of £2 per cent. per annum on the Sum Insured to all Policies of the Participating Class from the time they were effected.

The Bonus added to Policies from March 1834 to the 31st December, 1840, is as follows:—

Sum Assured.	Time Assured.	Sum added to Policy.	Sum Assured.	Time Assured.	Sum added to Policy.
£5000	6 years, 10 months	£683 6 8	£5000	4 years	£400
5000	6 years	600 0 0	5000	2 years	200

The Premiums nevertheless are on the most moderate Scale, **and only One-half need be paid for the First Five Years,** where the Insurance is for Life.

*** Every information will be afforded on application to the Resident Director, E. Lennox Boyd, Esq. at the Office, No. 8, Waterloo Place, Pall Mall, London; or of the

AGENTS,
Edinburgh—P. S. Fraser, 97, George Street. Glasgow—Seton and Son, 12, St. Vincent Place.

ARGUS LIFE-ASSURANCE COMPANY,

39, *Throgmorton Street, Bank.*

EMPOWERED BY SPECIAL ACT OF PARLIAMENT.

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SURGEON.

W. COULSON, Esq. 2, Frederick's Place, Old Jewry.

CONSULTING ACTUARY.

Professor HALL, of King's College.

LOW RATES OF PREMIUM.

Persons assuring in this Office have the benefit of the Lowest Rate of Premium which is compatible with the safety of the Assured, and which is, in effect, equivalent to an Annual Bonus. They have likewise the security of a large subscribed capital—an Assurance Fund of a Quarter of a Million, and an Annual Income of £65,000, arising from the issue of nearly 6,000 Policies.

ANNUAL PREMIUM TO ASSURE £100.

Age.	For One Year.	For Seven Years.	Whole Term.
20	£0 17 3	£0 19 1	£1 11 10
30	1 1 3	1 2 7	2 0 7
40	1 5 0	1 6 9	2 14 10
50	1 14 1	1 19 10	4 0 11
60	3 2 4	3 7 0	6 0 10

One-half of the "Whole Term" Premium may remain on credit for seven years, or one-third of the Premium may remain for life, as a debt upon the Policy, at 5 per cent., or may be paid off at any time without notice.

Policies assigned as a bonâ fide security to others will not be rendered void in consequence of death by suicide, duelling, or by the hands of justice. In cases of death by the above causes, where the policies are not assigned, the gross amount of premiums received will be returned.

Annual Premium to Assure £1000.			Advantages by Assuring in the Argus Office.		
Age.	Argus Office.	Offices dividing Profits.	Annual Saving.	Equivalent to a Bonus of	Or a Policy for
21	£16 5 10	£22 5 0	5 19 2	£367	£1367
26	18 6 8	24 10 0	6 3 4	337	1337
31	20 16 8	27 5 0	6 8 4	309	1309
36	24 1 8	30 13 4	6 11 8	375	1275
41	28 8 4	34 8 4	6 10 0	229	1229

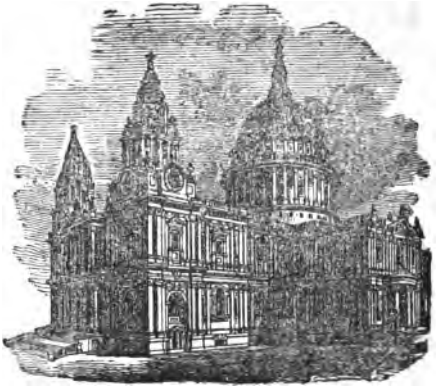
Claims paid in One Month after proof has been furnished.

The Medical Officers attend daily at a Quarter before Two o'Clock, and Policies are issued the same day.

EDWARD BATES, Resident Director.

☞ **A LIBERAL COMMISSION TO SOLICITORS AND AGENTS.**

NUMBER ONE, SAINT PAUL'S CHURCHYARD.



DAKIN AND COMPY., TEA MERCHANTS.

ONLY some few years have elapsed since DAKIN and COMPY. founded
NUMBER ONE, ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD,
during which time Prosperity and Public Favour have attended it.

When they began, they said they would make it "the interest of all who wanted good and pure Teas to purchase from them." That they have done, and continue doing so, must be manifest from the fact, that their business is now, if not the very largest in the Metropolis, most certainly in extent and magnitude surpassed by few.

That "Number One"
HAS MADE RAPID ADVANCES IN THE FAVOUR OF THE PUBLIC
may in some measure be accounted for, when it is considered that it was based on rectitude and liberality, and had for its object public as well as private advantage. Another, and
ONE OF THE PRINCIPAL CAUSES
of the great success that has attended "Number One" is the interest so many people have taken in kindly recommending their friends to purchase their Teas and Coffees at Number One, St. Paul's Churchyard, where all buy their Teas with confidence and afterwards drink them with satisfaction.

So anxious are DAKIN and COMPY. that all should be aware of the truth and of the reality of their pretensions, that if any course save the one they pursue, namely, that of soliciting a trial, lay open for them, whereby they could PROVE their assertions, they would willingly avail themselves of it; but such not being the case, they can only again request that
THE QUALITY OF THE ARTICLES
may be tested, when the truth of what they say will be manifested. So convinced are DAKIN and COMPANY of the result, when comparison once is granted them, that they will willingly forward samples, FREE OF CHARGE, to all parts of the country, in answer to an application for the same. They pledge themselves that the excellence of the goods shall
BEAR OUT ALL THAT CAN BE SAID IN THEIR PRAISE.
They sell a quarter of a pound of Tea; and certainly to purchase a quarter of a pound cannot do much harm either way, and will be sufficient to prove how much can be saved and what a superior article obtained by patronizing the TEA MERCHANTS
AT NUMBER ONE, ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD.

Again, for the convenience of those resident in the country,
THE FOLLOWING SAMPLE-PACKAGES WILL BE FORWARDED, CARRIAGE FREE, FROM
London to its destination, on receipt of a Post-office Order for £2.; 3d. being allowed as the cost of the Post-office Order.

		s.	d.	£	s.	d.
3 lbs. Finest True Rich Congou Tea	at	4	6	0	13	6
1 lb. Very Fine Hyson or Gunpowder	at	5	6	0	5	6
1 lb. Strong Congou Tea for Domestics	at	3	6	0	3	6
6 lbs. Coffee, Ripe and Rich in Flavour	at	1	8	0	10	0
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Girdlestone and Osborne's Classics—continued.

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The Work will extend to 24 Parts, see conditions at length in Part First.

THE PUBLISHERS have pleasure in appending extracts from various opinions of the Work, by gentlemen in every way qualified to judge of its merits—the letters at length will be seen in Part First:—

From the Rev. JAMES ROBERTSON, D.D., *Professor of Divinity and Ecclesiastical History, Edinburgh College.*

THE comprehensive design of the work appears, from the specimen of it which I have had an opportunity of examining, to have been fully entered into by the Editor.

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Having enjoyed for many years the friendship of the Editor, I am enabled to add that his integrity of character and indefatigable perseverance afford a most satisfactory guarantee that, if his health be continued, there will be no falling off in the portion of the work which, I understand, yet remains to be executed.

James Robertson

From JOHN CRUICKSHANK, LL.D., *Professor of Mathematics, Marischal College, Aberdeen.*

IT appears to me fully to make good what is promised in the Prospectus, and to supply a want which has been long and greatly felt. From my knowledge of the talents, attainments, and industry of the Editor, I feel confident that there will be no falling off in the subsequent Numbers, but rather the reverse.

John Cruickshank, LL.D.

From PHILIP KELLAND, Esq., *Professor of Mathematics, University of Edinburgh.*

I have examined with some care the first three parts of your "Imperial Dictionary," and I have derived great pleasure and much instruction from the task.

To the *Scientific Terms* I have paid the most scrupulous attention, and I find them explained in terms sufficiently clear to be understood by all, at the same time that they are strictly accurate.

P. Kelland

From JAMES BOYD, LL.D., F.S.A. Scot., *and Senior Master of the High School, Edinburgh.*

AFTER a careful examination of the first and second Parts, I feel warranted in affirming, that, so far as I am competent to judge, the plan of the work is excellent, and that it is wrought out with great ability. Indeed, until I learned the fact that the MS. had been submitted to the revision and correction of men eminent for their attainments in the several departments of human learning, I was at a loss to comprehend how one individual, even with the years of labour which I know your Editor has devoted to it, could so successfully have performed a task, which must, without such coöperation, have required for its accomplishment the energies of an Intellectual Hercules.

James Boyd

From W. M. GUNN, F.S.A. Scot., *one of the Masters of the High School, Edinburgh.*

I have much pleasure in stating, and I feel it to be a duty to do so, that I deem it a production of the greatest merit, and likely to supersede, for ordinary use, all existing works of a similar nature.

W. M. Gunn

From GEORGE MANSON, *Head-Master of the General Assembly's Normal Institution, Edinburgh.*

SHOULD the successive Parts display the same amount of Editorial ability, and of interesting graphic illustration, as those already published, this work, when completed, will stand deservedly at the head of its class, and will fully justify the title which you have given it—"The Imperial Dictionary."

From ROBERT HISLOP, *Rector, Normal Seminary, connected with the Free Church, Glasgow.*

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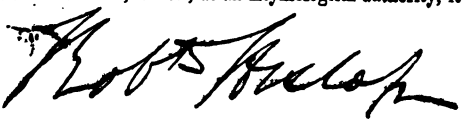

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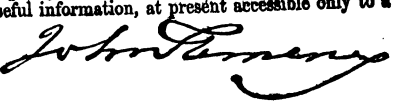
From Rev. ROBT. J. BROWN, D.D., *Professor of Greek, Marischal College, Aberdeen.*

IT appears to me to be very well conceived, and ably executed.

From Rev. JOHN FLEMING, D.D., *Professor of Natural Science, New College, Edinburgh.*

GENTLEMEN,—So far as the three parts of your "Imperial Dictionary" enable me to form an opinion of the character of the publication in which you are engaged, I am satisfied that a great deal of industry and discrimination have been exercised in compiling it, and that the work will place within the reach of many, a great amount of valuable and useful information, at present accessible only to a few. With these convictions I earnestly wish you success in your important undertaking.



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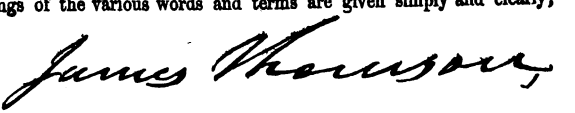

From the Rev. E. COBHAM BREWER, LL.D., *Head Master of King's College School, Norwich.*

I HAVE great pleasure in bearing testimony to the beauty of the type, the clearness of the definitions, and to the great addition of words of recent introduction into our language. I have compared it with several cotemporary publications of a similar character, and hesitate not for one moment to say, it is decidedly the best of those which have come under my notice.

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It is proposed to complete the work in Twenty Parts, each containing Six Plates, and at least Twenty Pages of Letterpress.

PART I. was published on 1st January 1847, and contained the following Views—

PORCH OF ROSLIN CHAPEL, FRONTISPIECE, . .	DAVID ROBERTS, R.A.
EDINBURGH CASTLE, FROM THE GRASSMARKET, .	W. L. LEITCH.
THE WEST BOW, EDINBURGH, ...	GEO. CATTERMOLE.
BARNBOUGLE CASTLE, ...	CLARKSON STANFIELD, R.A.
MORAY HOUSE, EDINBURGH, ...	JOSEPH NASH.
ROSLIN CASTLE, ...	J. D. HARDING.

PART II. was published on 1st March, and contained—

THE BACK OF OLD LEITH PIER, ...	CLARKSON STANFIELD, R.A.
ST MUNGO'S CATHEDRAL, GLASGOW, ...	D. ROBERTS, R.A.
THE NATIONAL MONUMENT, EDINBURGH, . .	J. D. HARDING.
THE OLD GREYFRIARS' CHURCHYARD, SIGNING THE COVENANT, . .	GEORGE CATTERMOLE.
THE HEAD OF THE WEST BOW, ...	W. L. LEITCH.
LINLITHGOW PALACE, ...	D. ROBERTS, R.A.

PART III. is just published, and contains—

THE 'PRENTICE PILLAR, ROSLIN CHAPEL, . .	W. L. LEITCH.
THE FOOT OF THE WEST BOW, ...	G. CATTERMOLE.
MELROSE ABBEY, ...	D. ROBERTS, R.A.
HOLYROOD HOUSE, ...	J. D. HARDING.
EDINBURGH, FROM THE FRITH OF FORTH, . . .	CLARKSON STANFIELD, R.A.
FALKLAND PALACE, ...	D. ROBERTS, R.A.

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OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

THIS will be a very handsome work. It is printed on paper so large as to admit of drawings much beyond the size usual in books, and thus it escapes the degree of pettiness common to ordinary collections of views. The artists engaged upon it are approved workmen; and as a specimen of chalk-drawing upon stone with the point, it is a model of neatness, delicacy, and force. The present part includes five plates, besides the introductory and ornamental one representing the entrance to Holyrood Palace; the five are, Edinburgh Castle, the West Bow in Edinburgh, Barnbougle Castle, Moray House in the Canongate, and Roslin Castle. The view of Barnbougle Castle is a beautiful specimen of Stanfield's art in landscape-portraiture; and is worthily rendered by the artist-lithographer. Figures are thrown into the design, to enliven the view, presenting scenes of past days; a party of armed men and cavaliers crowd the pavement at the West Bow; a sudden fray startles the Canongate with strife. The historical and antiquarian letter-press seems copious and distinct, so far as it goes; but it breaks off abruptly at the foot of the last page given in the Part.—*Spectator.*

The Second Part of this handsome work contains six prints—"The Back of Old Leith Pier"—a capital portrait of the scene, by Stanfield; "St Mungo's Cathedral, Glasgow," D. Roberts; "National Monument, Calton Hill," Edinburgh, J. D. Harding; "Head of the West Bow," W. L. Leitch; "Old Greyfriars' Churchyard, Edinburgh," G. Cattermole; "Linlithgow Palace," D. Roberts. It would be a great improvement if the engravings in each part were accompanied by a short catalogue raisonée, indicating the scenes. In the present set, two of the views are enlivened by representations of historical events, which to the general reader, especially in England, will need explanation. St Mungo's is surrounded by a crowd of the fanatic iconoclasts of the time, who are actively engaged at their work, as that was described by Andrew Fairservice in Scott's "Rob Roy"—"And sae the bits o' stane idols were broken in pieces by Scripture warrant, and flung into the Molendinar burn, and the old kirk stood as crouse as a cat when the fleas are kaimed off her, and a' body was alike pleased." The artist, however, is more theatrical than historically true in some of his costumes; there were no Highland regiments, or Highland uniforms of the stage pattern, in those days. In the Old Greyfriars' Churchyard a crowd of people, strongly excited, are signing their "Solemn League and Covenant," after the nobles had signed it in the church.—*Spectator—Second Notice.*

The First Part of this work commences with "Edinburgh, Past and Present—History of the Castle." "The Castle of Edinburgh," the editor says, "is associated with so many important events in Scottish history, that its annals take precedence almost by right; and it is invested with another and peculiar interest, by the fact that the city itself owes its origin to the fortified and almost impregnable precipices of the castle rock in those early days when men generally sought the protection of such places of strength, and erected their rude habitations in their immediate vicinity." He begins his subject by a notice of this stronghold as far back as the fourth or fifth century; and, in a brief and picturesque summary, brings us down to the time when Queen Mary entered the castle by the West Bow, immediately after the seizure of her person by Bothwell But it is in the graphic illustrations—varied as they are in choice of subject and treatment—that the chief interest of the book consists. "The Castle from the Grassmarket," by Leitch, exhibits the grandeur of the situation and the striking contrast of the forms with the mean and diversified dwellings straggling at its base. The effect, we think, would have been much improved had the details been less insisted on—less defined and more tender. The consequence would have been a greater diffusion of

atmosphere, and more space—in fact, more truth—of aërial perspective. This *may* be a fault of the printing. Had the foreground been less vignette-like, and finished strongly up to the margin, greater effect and perspective would have been gained. The subject of Mr Cattermole's illustration is not named, but it has all the peculiarities of his very romantic style; and the figures are drawn with a correctness and precision—especially those of the harnessed warriors—more usually seen in French than in English versions of similar subjects. Stanfield's Barnbougle Castle is a capital scene; the details of which—whether as regards the boat in the front, with fishermen reclining against it (beautifully drawn), the vessel in the middle distance, or the foreground—are all described with great truth and mastery. The distance is atmospheric—as is the sky; which, by the way, is a beautiful specimen of litho-tint, and gives in the print a good idea of the quality of the painter's execution. The foray in the front of Moray House, Canongate, is "instinct with life and motion"—and a happy example of Joseph Nash's powers in the combination of architecture with figures. Mr J. Harding's Roslin Castle is less to our taste—and not in keeping with the other illustrations, being too vignette-like in character. The share of this artist, however, in the credit of the present number is not small; seeing that all the subjects have been put by him on the stone, and in a manner quite efficient—his execution in lithography being at all times highly characteristic. No one better than he knows how to supply the expressive touch. More atmosphere, nevertheless, in the distance, is much to be desiderated in the present instance. If this be the fault of the printer we know not; for in some styles of printing—as in mezzotint—we know that the engraver is entirely at the printer's mercy. David Roberts's Entrance to Roslin Chapel makes a striking and appropriate frontispiece, with figures in correspondence—nor should the wood-cut cover title by W. J. Linton be overlooked. Altogether—whether as regards illustration, typography, or getting-up—this book is, so far, a tasteful and costly production.—*Athenæum.*

Two Parts of this beautiful work have been issued, and we scarcely know any publication more deserving of public patronage. To every lover of grand and picturesque architecture, and of Scottish story, the illustrations and the letter-press must afford high enjoyment. We need only mention the names of the artists to satisfy all of the intellectual treat here offered. We have views by Clarkson Stanfield, Cattermole, W. L. Leitch, T. Creswick, D. Roberts, J. D. Harding, J. Nash, and H. Macculloch. Most of their productions are brilliant gems of art. The historical, antiquarian, and descriptive letter-press is from the pen of John Parker Lawson, M.A., and admirably well has he commenced his labours. The Siege of Edinburgh Castle in 1640 is a graphic military sketch. Generals Ruthven and Leslie, who had been comrades in the wars of Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden, were the commanders of the contending parties. The gallant garrison, under General (Lord) Ruthven, after defending the castle several months, were starved into a surrender. Many curious anecdotes are given, and for one of the general we must find space. He, Lord Ruthven, had attained the rank of lieutenant-general in the Swedish service, and was greatly esteemed by Gustavus Adolphus for two very different qualifications. He not only always behaved gallantly in the field, but he was so renowned for drinking, that when Gustavus entertained any officers for the purpose of obtaining secret information from them, he constituted General Ruthven "field-marshal, as he called him, of the bottles and glasses, because he could drink an enormous quantity, and yet be very little affected."—*Naval and Military Gazette.*

Considering how fashionable illustrated works have been, it really is surprising that no publisher ever before conceived the idea of presenting to the public drawings of the wild and romantic scenery in which the northern portion of this island abounds. The oversight does appear strange, but is now redeemed, and in a manner that promises to fulfil every wish. Several of the most famed artists have been simultaneously set to work, and their talents are not crippled by any parsimony on the part of the publisher. The views to be represented were too varied for any single hand to depict all with skill, and the country that abounds in architectural and mountain beauties—rugged shores and fertile plains—desert moors and crowded cities—required the combination of talent which Mr Hogarth has been fortunate enough to secure.

The First Number of this beautiful and welcome work is now before us. It contains six drawings by Roberts, Leitch, Cattermole, Stanfield, Nash, and Harding, and each more or less worthy of the name attached to it. The work is most handsomely produced, and, considering the talent employed, is certainly cheaper than the majority of those publications that invite the purchaser by a seeming lowness of price. We have known the sketches which drawing-masters set before their pupils charged more dearly than these handsome impressions, approaching as they do to finished drawings. Without liberal support it is obvious the numbers can

only be continued at an enormous sacrifice, such as perhaps few publishers would encounter; but intrinsic merit must insure the patronage requisite for the completion of an undertaking which, on national grounds, ought to be upheld. The drawings have been lithographed by J. D. Harding, and well has that gentleman caught the style and feeling of each successive artist. We take leave of the present Number, complimenting the publisher for the good taste he has exhibited, and the spirit he has evinced in the production of so interesting and valuable a work, which we can with sincerity recommend to our readers.—*Morning Post.*

The promise of the First Number is fulfilled in the Second. The same masterly hands offer exact delineations of the most salient objects in Scottish scenery, and apply a rich fancy to the pourtrayal of historical incidents. Here we have St Mungo's Cathedral undergoing dilapidation under the fanatic influences of the period, and the Covenanters executing their common bond in the old Greyfriars' Churchyard—the former by D. Roberts, the latter by G. Cattermole. Leitch has supplied a faithful view of the Head of the West Bow, and Stanfield one of his fine pictures of the Back of old Leith Pier. Nothing can be finer than the letter-press of this work—it is quite a typographical triumph. It has not any immediate reference to the plates; but when the whole book is complete, of course the illustrations will be otherwise arranged so as to face the portions of history to which they refer.—*Court Journal.*

Whatever expectations the reader may form of the attractions of this work, from the promising title-page, they are likely to fall short of the realisation which will attend upon an inspection of the work itself. We have here the First Number of a series of large-sized drawings on stone, in Mr Harding's best manner, after original sketches by some of the first landscape-artists of the day. Such an array of names has seldom appeared upon the title-page of any art-publication; and the performances of the artists in no wise fall short of the promise of their names. Cattermole is especially great in the present Number. We can hear the clang of arms as those stout fighting-men pass along the streets, and the old wives come out to speir at them. Nash's picture of Moray House—no mere architectural drawing, but a stirring battle-piece; one of those fierce faction-fights which oft the old house looked down upon, going on, with life-like vigour, in the fore-ground. Leitch's view of Edinburgh Castle from the Grassmarket affords a happy contrast to the above—the buyers and sellers, the market-carts and the market-women presenting an illustration of "Peace," as happily as the other picture illustrates "War." Stanfield, too, has a quiet piece of river-scenery; Mr Harding himself a view of Roslin Castle; whilst Mr Roberts furnishes an illustrated title-page—the subject being a gateway of Roslin Chapel. Altogether we may venture to bestow unqualified commendation upon this truly national work, not forgetting, though it belongs not to this department of our paper, the descriptive and historical letter-press, which, judging by the specimens now before us, has been very worthily executed by Mr Lawson.—*Atlas.*

The present Number of this admirable national work is in no respect inferior to its predecessor. The high opinion which we pronounced when noticing the former issue we may now repeat without any abatement. Roberts, Cattermole, Stanfield, Leitch, and Harding are here before us in all their glory. The subjects are varied and full of interest. Stanfield has one of those bits of coast scenery—"The Back of Leith Harbour," with its fishing-boats, and fish-wives, and ruined pier—in which he is unapproachable. Roberts has a fine and characteristic piece of church architecture—the foreground swarming with figures, which give a national interest and an historical character to the scene; whilst Cattermole claims our attention with one of those mixed pieces of landscape and history, in which we scarcely know whether most to admire the stirring vitality of the groups of figures, or the solemn quiet of the surrounding scenery and buildings. Altogether the promise of the opening Number is more than fulfilled; and we cannot hesitate to recommend even more emphatically than before a work of such artistic merit.—*Atlas—Second Notice.*

This work promises to be one of the most magnificent contributions to the fine arts that have ever issued from the engraver's studio. The First Part has just appeared, and nothing can exceed the beauty and artistic excellence of the plates it contains. The large size of the paper on which the drawings are made takes away the impression of petty insignificance inseparable from the ordinary-sized collections of views. In the first volume six plates are

given, namely—Edinburgh Castle, the West Bow in Edinburgh, Barnbougle Castle, Moray House in the Canongate, Roslin Castle, and the entrance to Roslin Chapel, besides a beautiful introductory plate representing the truly royal entrance to Holyrood Palace. The artists engaged upon the work constitute an art-union of talent, and their names are sufficient to recommend it to the favourable notice of the public. The historical and antiquarian descriptive letter-press is copious, without being diffusive, and does the author, Mr Lawson, great credit. We look forward with confidence to the speedy issue of the Second Part; feeling assured that the patronage of the public will encourage the spirited and enterprising publisher to continue this costly work.—*Pictorial Times.*

"Scotland Delineated," Part II., contains six capital illustrations.—"The Back of old Leith Pier," by Clarkson Stanfield; "St Mungo's Cathedral, Glasgow," by David Roberts; "National Monument, Calton Hill," by J. D. Harding; "The Old Greyfriars' Churchyard, Edinburgh," by Cattermole; "Head of the West Bow," by W. L. Leitch; and "Linlithgow Palace," by David Roberts. "The Calton Hill" is a cleverly managed scene for the effect introduced. The Number is quite equal to its predecessor.—*Pictorial Times—Second Notice.*

The First Part of this work promises much. The field it intends to delineate is thickly studded with grand and interesting spots. Ivy-covered ruins, with the halo of past glories upon them, glens and moors eloquent with romantic legends, grand specimens of ancient architecture, and Edinburgh in the midst of all, may well awaken a Stanfield and a Roberts to enthusiastic efforts. The specimens before us are the works of practised artists—of men well versed in the rules of art, without having the rigid, inoffensive style of mere theorists, men who paint only by rule, please their brother artists, and do not touch the public taste. They are fit schoolmasters for genius—they can teach the grammar of art. The book is far removed above the mediocrity of view books generally, and is evidence of the increasing call for something higher than mere copying, something beyond a tame and fettered copy of streets and mountains. It gives the spirit as well as the proportions and shapes of the scene; and so, with hopeful belief in the good specimens of first-rate men yet to come, we shut the first Number of "Scotland Delineated," and thank the artists for the treat they have given us.—*Douglas Jerrold's Newspaper.*

This is, without any exception, one of the handsomest portfolios that we have ever received, and the only fault, literally the only fault, we find with the work is, that the names of the possessors of the original pictures are not given.* The prints, which include "Roslin Chapel," by D. Roberts, R.A.; "Edinburgh Castle," by W. L. Leith; "A View in Edinburgh," by George Cattermole; "Barnbougle Castle," by Stanfield; "Moray House, Canongate," by Joseph Nash; and "Roslin Castle," by J. D. Harding, are executed in the first style of art, and are the most beautiful specimens of engravings that we have ever seen. If we were to select one more than another as our especial favourite, we should select that of Stanfield's, which is engraved in so perfect a style, that we almost recognise the incomparable colouring of the poetic artist himself. We esteem it as a great compliment to ourselves, that the gentleman who has so patriotically undertaken the publication of this beautiful work of art should have selected us among the few to whom he has submitted this first print of his enterprise, and receiving the offering as no doubt it is intended, we can assure him that we are sensible of its value. We are not aware that we have ever before been called upon to pass our criticism upon any of his works, and amongst the multiplicity of the works of art that have been submitted to our, in every sense of the word, impartial notice, we do not remember, at any time, having been called upon to eulogise anything in particular, proceeding from the studios under his control. The work before us is certainly, however, one of the most exquisite and costly which we have ever beheld. The execution is perfect, the designs beautiful, the views correct and selected with taste, and the getting up of the work itself princely and magnificent. We shall again return to these "Delineations," which partake more of the spirit of "an enterprise" than the sobriety of "an undertaking," but in the mean time we recommend them to all true lovers of the rare and beautiful. Each picture is worthy of a costly frame.—*Bell's Messenger.*

* The original drawings were made expressly for this work, and they are in the possession of the Proprietors.

We have received the Second Part of this beautiful work, and upon rising from the perusal of it were bound to express our opinion, that it exceeded in excellence the First; but upon re-perusing the First, we cannot, with any justice, be guilty of such an expression, as both Parts are equally perfect, and certainly the most costly specimens of the art of engraving that we have ever been called upon to notice in the shape of a periodical. The first plate in the Second Part is "The Back of the Old Leith Pier," by Stanfield, and is one of that eminent painter's most happy efforts. We see the fishing boats drawn up upon the beach, and the fishermen loitering about, mending their nets, and arranging their tackle for the night's fishing. The engraving conveys the idea of a still, calm summer evening, and involuntarily recalled to our mind the lines of Thomson—

"Meanwhile light-shadowing all, a sober calm
Fleeces unbounded ether; whose least wave
Stands tremulous, uncertain where to turn
The gentle current; while illumined wide,
The dewy skirted clouds imbibe the sun,
And through their lucid veil his softened force
Shed o'er the peaceful world."

The next engraving is "The Cathedral at Glasgow," by David Roberts, and we need not say beautifully executed; as are also "The National Monument" (by the by, an exquisite specimen of Doric architecture), by J. D. Harding; and "The Old Greyfriar's Churchyard, Edinburgh," by Cattermole. The grouping in the last engraving is a model; the attitude of the preacher, and the astonishment and admiration of his listeners, are conceived with the greatest power, and executed with most judicious effect. There is also "The Head of the West Bow," by Leitch, and another sketch by David Roberts, called "Linlithgow Palace," both masterpieces in their way. In fact, we cannot too highly express our opinion of this work, the getting up and execution of which are in every way commendable, alike to the enterprising proprietor and publisher and the eminent artists engaged.—*Bell's Messenger—Second Notice.*

This is the First Part of a work which, if it be continued in the same style of excellence, will be one of the most splendid publications that have issued from the Scottish press. The names of the artists, indeed, which appear in the title-page, are a guarantee that the highest efforts of the pencil will distinguish the succeeding Parts. The present one contains six plates—The Entrance to Roslin Chapel (D. Roberts); Edinburgh Castle, from the Grassmarket (W. L. Leitch); West Bow, Edinburgh (Cattermole); Barnbougle Castle (C. Stanfield); Moray House, Canongate (J. Nash); and Roslin Castle (J. D. Harding.) The subjects of these plates, rather than their execution, impart to some of them a character of superior interest. They will all bear the closest examination as works of art; but the view of Edinburgh Castle from the Grassmarket, Moray House, and the West Bow, present such bold, striking, and massive details, especially the first and last, that they cannot fail to arrest the attention. They are, indeed, magnificent delineations. Barnbougle Castle, by Stanfield, is a charming piece of scenery, the distant effects of which are finely brought out by the treatment of the foreground.

The letter-press of this Part consists of a portion of the first chapter of "Edinburgh Past and Present," commencing with a history of the Castle, written with great care, and in a style at once lucid, vigorous, and graphic. There is no ambitious straining after pompous phraseology; but a well sustained uniformity of appropriate diction. The printing is from the office of Ballantyne and Hughes, and reflects credit upon their establishment. The paper, the type, the ink, all are excellent.—*John Bull.*

There is no work in the compass of the united arts upon the subject of which it treats superior to this, the first volume of which is now in course of publication; and Mr Hogarth deserves well of art, as well as society at large, to whom art is addressed, for the spirit, and enterprise, and taste with which he has produced it. "Edinburgh Castle from the Grass Market," by Leitch, is one of the finest views of that noble edifice extant; so likewise is "Barnbougle Castle," from the graceful pencil of Stanfield. "The Nether Bow," by Cattermole, is a piece of bold drawing rarely equalled in works of this nature; whilst "Moray House," in the Canongate, cannot be surpassed for spirit and truth. "Roslin Castle," by Harding, and the frontispiece "Entrance of Roslin Chapel," by David Roberts, are also most admirable for the same qualities. The execution in lithograph is of the first order; and, taken altogether, the work is one of the most spendid and complete ever presented to the world, and as such, may be esteemed in every way worthy of her Majesty's patronage, and deserves that of the public.—*Observer.*

This is one of the most superb illustrative books that have been produced. The artists employed in it, all draughtsmen of peculiar excellence, have vied with each other in giving picturesque life to places famed in Scottish story. The chaste and correct conceptions of Nash, whose sketches are so simple and yet so striking; the Gothic and romantic graces of Roberts, who can so well combine the beautiful with the historical; the exquisite clearness and finish of Stanfield, whose pictures cheer both eye and mind, and the graphic and grotesque style of George Cattermole, who may be truly termed the master painter of the middle ages and other monuments—all appear in this work, in most appropriate and most advantageous contrast. While viewing these few and faithful representations of localities and structures—mighty landmarks of a bygone age—where many a momentous event has passed, we are brought back to those periods in Scottish record, which are of dark, but never-failing interest. This feeling is increased by the admirable plan the artists have here adopted of rendering the views at the moment when some transaction of importance for which they are celebrated, is actually taking place. The effect of such a plan is highly picturesque and dramatic, and adds tenfold to the attraction of the literary portion of the work.

Such works as this "Scotland Delineated" deserve the highest praise. Doing alike homage to drawing, and to history, they elevate our taste for the former, and impress the latter gracefully and indelibly on our memory. The whole book when concluded will be one of really national adornment to the library or the drawing-room.—*The Patrician.*

It has undoubtedly been a matter of severe yet just reproach, that amongst the legion of splendidly embellished volumes with which our press has teemed during the last few years, not one, on a scale commensurate either with the unparalleled beauty of her scenery, or the picturesque grandeur of her ancient edifices, has yet been produced, devoted to Scotland. This censure—fairly merited as it might formerly have been—Mr Hogarth, with his wonted love of art, and munificent encouragement of its professors, has now, however, effectually removed; the present work presenting, under his happy auspices, in appropriate magnificent guise and in faithful portraiture, the most striking and attractive features of that "renowned romantic land."

The First Part of this really national publication is now before us, and contains six superb views; Stanfield, Roberts, Nash, Cattermole, Leitch, and Harding, have supplied the drawings, whilst to the latter artist has been confided the task of their lithography. Where all are so excellent, it may appear somewhat invidious to particularise the merits of one or other of the drawings; we cannot however refrain from citing, as specimens of skill, and possessing extreme beauty, Leitch's view of Edinburgh Castle, Nash's Moray House, and Stanfield's Barnbougle Castle.

Mr Lawson's letter-press contributions are of great interest, and—apart even from the views—will prove extremely attractive, as well to the general reader as to the antiquary and historian.—*British Friend of India Magazine.*

In point of embellishment, this is one of the most splendid works that have appeared, even in this age of taste and improvement. The typography, by Ballantyne and Hughes, reflects credit on the Edinburgh press; and the Views of Edinburgh in the by-gone times, and the surrounding scenery—as Barnbougle Castle, by Stanfield, and Roslin Castle, by Harding, present a lively picture of those picturesque beauties; while the interior views of the ancient city, comprising the Castle, from the Grassmarket, which from the aspect it presents is peculiarly bold and striking; the West Bow, with the citizens in the streets, as in the olden time, with their armour, and the ancient costumes, and the desperate fight which is exhibited in the Canongate with a fidelity and truth that reflects the true image of those rude days—present memorials of the past that impress on the mind the character and manners of those ages far more vividly than any description. Along with those picturesque views the work exhibits a store of antiquarian knowledge; the first Number contains an account of the Castle of Edinburgh, which may be said to comprise a large portion of Scottish history, and it abounds in research and anecdote, which illustrate the manners and customs of the times more than accounts of battles and sieges, and the ravage and desolation of border wars. With the accounts of those public events which form the staple of all history, are interspersed sketches and anecdotes of distinguished families, their genealogies, their different descendants, and their adventures in war or in domestic broil. All this gives a peculiar and lively interest to the narrative, more than is found in the ordinary events of history.—*Edinburgh Evening Courant.*

The First Part of this work, of which we gave a notice in a late paper, afforded a fair specimen of its plan and character, and also of its illustration, at once splendid and appropriate. The best sketches in this Number are "The Back of Old Leith Pier," which is enlivened with figures, and which is quite characteristic; the "Glasgow Cathedral," which is a fine specimen of ancient architecture, and appears, from the presence of numerous troops, to be the scene of some active movement; the "Old Greyfriars' Church," lately destroyed by fire, where a popular preacher is addressing a crowded audience, [the scene here so graphically displayed is the signing of the Solemn League and Covenant;] and "the head of the West Bow," now entirely swept away, of which this sketch presents a characteristic and precious memorial. The narrative, which forms an important part of the work, comprises some of the most interesting passages in Scottish history—connected with the Castle and with the bloody tragedies of which it has been the scene. The sieges to which it was subject by the troops of Queen Elizabeth, by the Covenanters, and finally by General Monk, are detailed with a minuteness that is amusing, and it is enlivened with individual anecdotes, which are not found in other more systematic histories, and which give to the narrative all the graphical interest of a domestic story. Besides these, the intrinsic merits of the history, the work is splendidly executed in all its departments, in the printing as well as in the sketches and the engraving, and well merits the patronage of an age distinguished by fine taste and the progress of the arts.—*Edinburgh Evening Courant—Second Notice.*

We recently visited the original drawings of this splendid national work, which were exhibited in Mr Crichton's saloon, Princes Street; and we have now before us the First Part, newly issued. It has a very magnificent and imposing appearance, and will do great credit to the artists, the publishers, and all concerned in the undertaking. We anticipate for it a wide circle of patronage, not merely in this country, but in every region of the world where Scotchmen are found, either as residents or visitors. In this noble production they will have the scenes and associations of their native land brought before them in vivid and permanent representation. Its castles, palaces, abbeys, cathedrals, classic landscapes, ancient buildings, ruins, and interesting localities, will be treasured up and preserved in this grand descriptive and historical repository.—*Edinburgh Advertiser.*

We are glad to welcome the Second Part of this very splendid work, one of the finest monuments that art has yet attempted to rear to the history and antiquities of Scotland. It is a noble undertaking; and the amount of talent and labour expended upon it is a guarantee to the public that it will be completed in a style worthy of the age and the country in which it appears. The views are—The Back of Old Leith Pier, by Clarkson Stanfield, a highly interesting sketch—St Mungo's Cathedral, Glasgow, from the pencil of David Roberts—The National Monument on the Calton Hill, the view taken from the immediate foreground, with a peep at Playfair's cenotaph on the left—The Greyfriars' Churchyard in Edinburgh, by George Cattermole, with the Castle towering in the back-ground—Head of the West Bow, by W. L. Leitch, with the gable end of Guthrie's church on the right, and the Lawnmarket with its bustling crowds on the left, a corner of St Giles's Church in the distance—Linlithgow Palace, by David Roberts, who has here, with his usual felicity, "embodied in his sketch the spirit of rural tranquillity that now pervades the spot; and which, from the very contrast, leads the mind to revert to the times when royalty held there its court, and when the waters of the lake mirrored the forms of high-born dames and gallant cavaliers." We took notice formerly of the occasional historical associations which the artists had contrived to throw into their sketches; and we have more examples of this in some of the views before us. Glasgow Cathedral represents the extraordinary scene of its "purifying" at the Reformation, when the reformers pulled down the idolatrous statues, took "the saints out o' their neuks, broke them to pieces, and flung them into the burn." The whole process of demolition, the breakings and burnings by the infuriated mob, is drawn to the life. So in the Greyfriars' Churchyard at Edinburgh, the scene is the stirring one of the Signing of the Covenant. The solemn parchment is spread over the flat grave-stone; some in the act of putting down their names; others hurrying to the spot; preachers are urging the crowds to their duty, and denouncing the papistical idolatries of the liturgy which Charles had attempted to introduce into the service of the Scottish Church. The artist has combined in this sketch all the interest of an historical romance.—*Edinburgh Advertiser—Second Notice.*

Nothing shows so unequivocally the extent to which the love of art has spread among the middle classes of this manufacturing, shopkeeping England of ours, as the patronage of large and comparatively high priced, though really cheap, illustrated works, from the hands of our leading artists. Among the most attractive and cheapest of this class, we may place Mr

Hogarth's splendid publication of "Scotland Delineated." It consists of a series of views of the principal cities, towns, cathedrals, abbeys, and other monastic remains, the castles and baronial mansions, the mountains and the rivers, inland loch and sea coast throughout Scotland, from drawings made expressly for this work by Stanfield, Roberts, Cattermole, Creswick, Leitch, Nash, Harding, and Macculloch. The whole are drawn on the stone by that most artistic of lithographers, J. D. Harding, and accompanied by historical letter-press from the pen of J. P. Lawson, M.A.

These names are guarantees for the excellence of their several contributions; but where merit is of a degree so uniformly high, selection for special mention is difficult, if not invidious. The lithography is quite worthy of the originals, and of Mr Harding's name. As a specimen of purity of line and brilliancy of effect, we would point out the plate of the National Monument. We never before saw its equal in lithography. Altogether the work confers the highest honour on both artists and publisher, and we hope that Mr Hogarth will meet with the patronage his enterprise and liberality so eminently deserve.—*Liverpool Journal.*

The magnificent scenery and interesting remains of the greatness of former days, with which Scotland abounds, have not lacked illustrators, numerous being the pictorial efforts of various artists, but not one has essayed his task on a scale commensurate with the subject, or in a style worthy of the bold and magnificent scenery of that part of the kingdom, romantic alike in scenery and history. This reflection on the artists of our country will not, however, longer exist, as under the title at the head of this notice is being published, by Mr J. Hogarth, of the Haymarket, London, a work every way worthy of the noble scenery and views sought to be illustrated. In proof that this is the case, we need hardly do more than state that the drawings have been made expressly for the work by Clarkson Stanfield, R.A., George Cattermole, W. L. Leitch, Thomas Creswick, A.R.A. David Roberts, R.A., J. D. Harding, Joseph Nash, and H. Macculloch, R.S.A., thus securing the pencils of the first artists in this country in delineating scenery which the writings of Sir Walter Scott have rendered of surpassing interest, not only to our own countrymen, but to all the nations of the earth where those admirable tales of history have penetrated. The sketches are transferred to the stone by Harding, an artist whose name in connection with lithography stands pre-eminent. The work is the same size and uniform with Roberts's Holy Land, and the First Part, just published, is a fine specimen of the high perfection to which the art has been brought.—*Manchester Courier.*

"Lives there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land?"

So sang the Wizard of the North, and so sing we on the occasion of the publication of the First Part of this truly national and magnificent work; of which it is not too much to affirm that it is the most beautiful specimen of the class of publications to which it belongs which has yet issued from the press. The objects comprised in its plan are—a series of views of the principal cities and towns, the cathedrals and abbeys, and other monastic remains; the castles, baronial mansions, mountains, rivers, sea coast, and other picturesque scenery of Scotland. This truly national and magnificent work will extend to two volumes, or twenty parts, comprising one hundred and twenty engravings, and about four hundred pages of letter-press. The plates, which are to be executed by Mr J. D. Harding, the first lithographic draughtsman of the age, promise, from the specimens before us, to be of unexampled beauty, and will be engraved from drawings by Stanfield, Roberts, Cattermole, Harding, Nash, Creswick, and Macculloch. The letter-press, which is copious, is quite worthy the noble works of art with which it is associated, and displays not only great taste but extensive antiquarian and historical research. It is from the pen of a ripe scholar, and has evidently been written *con amore*. The paper and typography are in harmony with the other attractions of the work. So far as they are concerned indeed, it is the *chef-d'œuvre* of the Messrs Ballantyne's press. It is dedicated to her Majesty, by her express permission. Altogether, it cannot fail to extend the high reputation which its publisher, Mr Hogarth, has already earned by his previous enterprises in the highest walks of art, several of which reflect honour, not only on the speculator, but on the country in which they have been produced.—*Aris's Birmingham Gazette.*

This costly venture of an enterprising publisher, who ought to reap a golden harvest from his labours, is printed on elephant folio, the lithographs being of such size and elaborate finish that they would pass for engravings of the highest class. Her Majesty has honoured this splendid series with her patronage, and such patronage could not have been better bestowed; though of this the eminence of the artists engaged is almost a guarantee. Of the

plates in this Number, the gems are Barnbougle and Roslin Castles. Thanks to the painter's power and judgment, the former is one of those exquisite views of land and sea on which the mind, however chafed or harassed, dwells with delight and untiring rapture. The water is fluid, the air ethereal. Nothing is introduced to break the charm of repose which pervades the entire scene—all is "calm as a sleeping infant," and both man and nature appear to be enjoying one of those brief cessations from toil and commotion, which are so valuable because they are so rare. "Roslin Castle," with its mouldering wall and ivied keep, tells another moral, and intimates as distinctly as if they were depicted the daring strife, the bloody fray, the wanton havoc, and the consuming fire, which must have shaken, riven, and despoiled walls so colossal and cyclopean, that they seem to have once possessed the power of almost withstanding the slow and stealthy step of even time itself, the destroyer of all things. The work is strictly one of national interest, and should therefore receive national patronage. —*Bath and Cheltenham Gazette.*

The writings of Sir Walter Scott awakened an interest in the breasts of the "Southron" respecting Scottish scenes and subjects that has never since slumbered. Work after work has been successively put forward with the view of presenting to the eye the localities rendered memorable by the events of history or the pen of genius. The present promises to be the crowning effort. It is a splendid publication. The illustrations are after subjects by Stanfield, Cattermole, Roberts, Creswick, Leitch, Harding, and other artists of established reputation, and afford excellent specimens of chalk-drawings on stone. The opening part contains five plates, viz.—Edinburgh Castle, perched on the top of the massive rock that rises in the midst of the "Auld Town;" the West Bow, in Edinburgh, with hostile armed parties passing each other with scowling looks—the incipient stage of a quarrel similar to the one we read of in "The Abbot," where George of Seyton and his party encounter the followers of Lord Leslie; a beautiful view of Barnbougle Castle, displaying much artistical skill; Moray House, in the Canongate, with a spirited picture of a street fray; and Roslin Castle. The introductory plate represents the entrance to Roslin Castle, a handsome arch, with figures. The work is dedicated, by permission, to her Majesty; and will, no doubt, find a place on the tables and in the libraries of the more opulent classes.—*Bristol Mercury.*

We have never yet seen any work that is at all to be compared to this, of which the First Part is now before us. To delineate the objects of interest, both natural and artificial, with which so romantic and picturesque a country as Scotland abounds, is a bold undertaking, and we must add, is, in the present instance, as boldly commenced. The work is dedicated to the Queen, with her Majesty's approbation, and is brought out in a style of excellence in every respect befitting such exalted patronage. The array of names which the title page exhibits includes such a portion of the artistic talent of the age, as sufficiently indicates the happy results that may reasonably be expected, and of which the most satisfactory specimens are here produced. The literary department, too, we feel assured, from what we have already seen, has been entrusted to appropriate and able hands; and if the undertaking be carried out with the same spirit as it is commenced, which we see no reason to doubt, it will be unhesitatingly pronounced a matchless illustration of the scenery, antiquities, and history of the interesting portion of the United Kingdom to which it relates.—*Bristol Mirror.*

We warmly expressed our admiration of this splendid publication on the appearance of the first portion, and its continuation, which is now before us, possesses equal claims, in every respect, to our approbation. The conception of such a work was a grand one, and the execution has been hitherto carried out in strict accordanee with the design; there is a character of magnificence about it, which is well sustained in all its departments. We cannot but consider this splendid publication in the light of a national work, and in that character it appears to us to possess strong claims to a national reception.—*Bristol Mirror—Second Notice.*

The Second Part of this national and beautiful work has just reached us. It contains six views of renowned spots in Scotland, every one of which is executed in a manner that some years ago would have gone far to justify the price of the whole part. The first is a view of the Back of Old Leith Pier, the pier renowned in Scottish song, exquisitely rendered from a drawing by Stanfield; the second is one more particularly interesting to the citizens of Glasgow, representing the ancient Cathedral of St Mungo; and that great event connected with it which is so well known to all who have read the history of the Reformation in

Scotland. Number three is a view of the National Monument, on the Calton Hill, by Mr Harding, beautifully designed, but giving no indication of its position on a hill, which we think is a mistake. Number four is a representation of the Old Greyfriars' Church, Edinburgh. A stern old Covenanter is standing upon a tomb, holding forth to a numerous auditory, while at his feet a man is signing a document intended, we suppose, for "the Solemn League and Covenant;" while the old Castle stands looming in the back-ground, and completes the grand effect of a striking design. We should think that a line engraving of this would command a ready sale in Scotland. Number five is the Head of the West Bow, Edinburgh, from a design by W. L. Leitch; and Number six, Linlithgow Palace, by David Roberts. Both of these views are good; the latter eminently so, being quite equal to the best of his many excellent drawings in his celebrated series on the Holy Land. The letter-press in this part is wholly occupied with an historical account, very well written, of Edinburgh Castle.—*Glasgow Argus.*

This is unquestionably the most magnificent publication ever devoted to the illustration of the historical and romantic scenery of Scotland; or rather it is the only one in which the delineation of the "land of the mountain and the flood" has been attempted in a style and at an expense worthy of the subject. It is intended to contain, when complete, "a series of views of the principal cities and towns, particularly of Edinburgh and its environs, and of the cathedrals, abbeys, and other monastic remains, the castles and baronial mansions, the mountains, sea coast, and other grand and picturesque scenery throughout all Scotland." The subjects for illustration are of the most noble and beautiful kind,—the scenery of one of the most picturesque countries in the world, almost every spot of which is hallowed by the romance of history, and possesses its own traditions of great and moving events. The theme is worthy at once of the highest efforts of art and of the most learned antiquarian, historical, and topographical research; and we do not know that it is possible to apply them to it in a manner superior to that exhibited by the First Part of the work now before us. The names of Stanfield, Roberts, Cattermole, Leitch, Harding, Nash, Creswick, and Macculloch, prove that the highest artistic talent will be employed to furnish the one; while that of Mr Parker Lawson is an equal guarantee of the learning and ability of the other. The artists have one and all entered into the spirit of their work; the drawings possess vigour and truth, warmed by the enthusiasm of art and the love of the beautiful. The letter-press of the present Part is a history of Edinburgh Castle, and a view of the historical events of which it was the scene, interspersed with curious anecdotes of bygone periods, written with the elegance and original research for which Mr Lawson is already celebrated, as a writer on Scottish history and antiquities. In conclusion, we recommend this work to the patronage of our readers, assured that, when completed, it will form by far the most splendid reflex of the beautiful and interesting scenery of Scotland ever attempted in a uniform publication.—*Berwick Warder.*

This is a magnificent undertaking; and little short of imperial patronage can compensate the courageous publisher for the trouble and expense of it. The fine taste and enterprise of Mr Hogarth have been already generally recognised, from several pictorial works issued to the public, one of which, Finden's Royal Gallery of British Art, we had occasion to notice favourably, some time ago, in reference to M'Clise's noble picture from Gil Blas, destined to furnish one of the engravings of the series. In the publication before us, Mr Hogarth has, with a liberal speculation, engaged the talents of some of the best artists in England—Stanfield, Cattermole, Leitch, Creswick, Roberts, Harding, Nash, Macculloch—names of sufficient celebrity to guarantee—to those who have not yet seen it with their own eyes—the merit and brilliancy of its execution. Large pages of letter-press, exhibiting the beautiful perfection of the typographical art in England, accompany the lithographic plates. The letter-press is written by J. Parker Lawson, M. A., a man erudite in all the traditional and authentic antiquities of Scotland, and is agreeably accompanied by notes, full of names, dates, and quotations—things which gratify by association and make recitals picturesque. In every respect the work is quite a regal affair. It would make the finest ornament in the world for a drawing-room table. But, speaking of the work as regal, we must remember that matters that were once the enjoyments of Kings, are now brought down, by the bright beneficent arts, to the level of the Commons. Though this work is to be found, at the present moment, on a table at Buckingham Palace, it may as fitly grace the home of the honest trader or private gentleman.—*Cork Examiner.*

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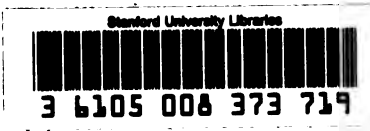

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